The Saturday Evening
# POST
January 28, 1961 – 15¢

## LOVE MADE ME AN AMERICAN
By Olympic Champion Olga Connolly

## I WAS A CAMPUS COP
By Yale's Ex-Police Chief

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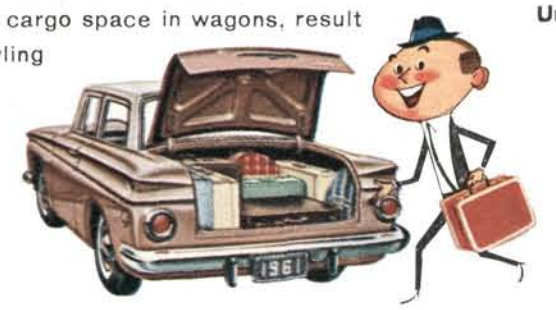


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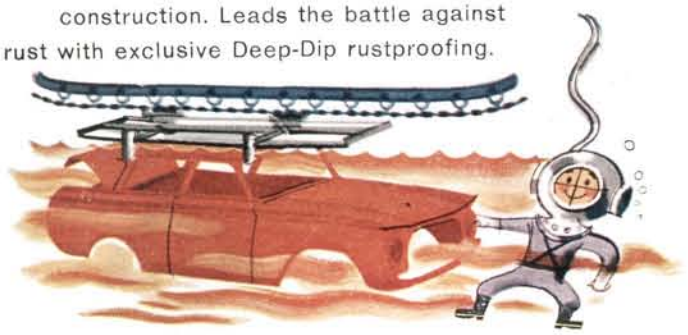

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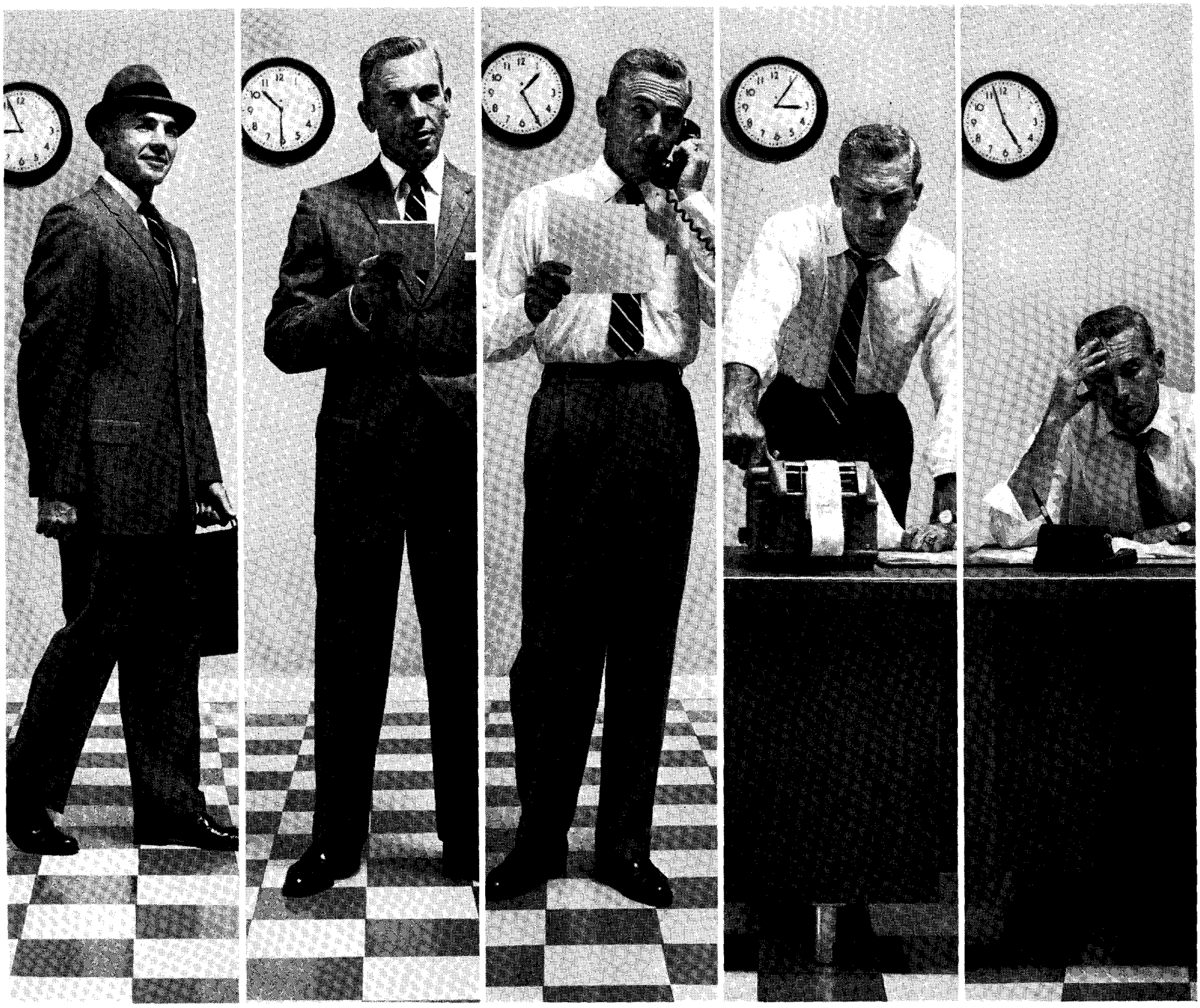
# When you're weary with DAY-END FATIGUE



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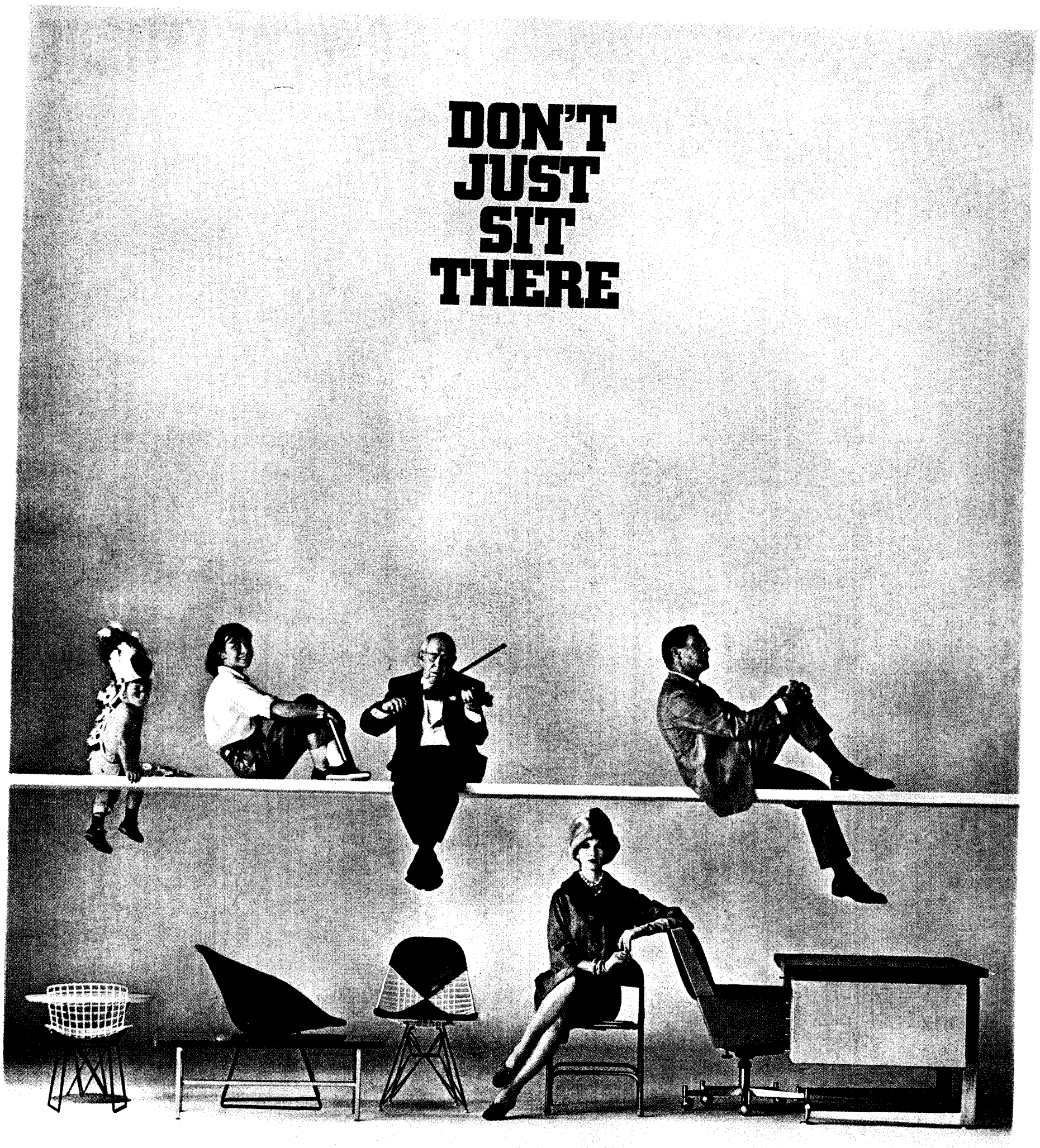
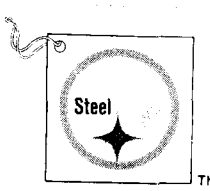


## sit there in style on steel

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## THE COVER

A blizzard zeroed in on Icicle Avenue last night, and this morning—gangway!—the sleds are taking over. This is the sort of weather that makes a person appreciate the sled's advantages over the automobile. For instance, a sled doesn't need antifreeze, chains or windshield scrapers. There are no speed or age limits for sledding. Sleds are easy to start, even on the coldest mornings. (*Especially* on the coldest mornings.) You can drive a sled no-handed, and if you run into a snowdrift, why, what could be more fun? If we get the drift of artist Earl Mayan's scene, schools were closed today, but it's business as usual for the wage slaves. Mayan seems to find this highly amusing, which is what one might expect from an artist who can curl up in his cozy studio until the snow melts.


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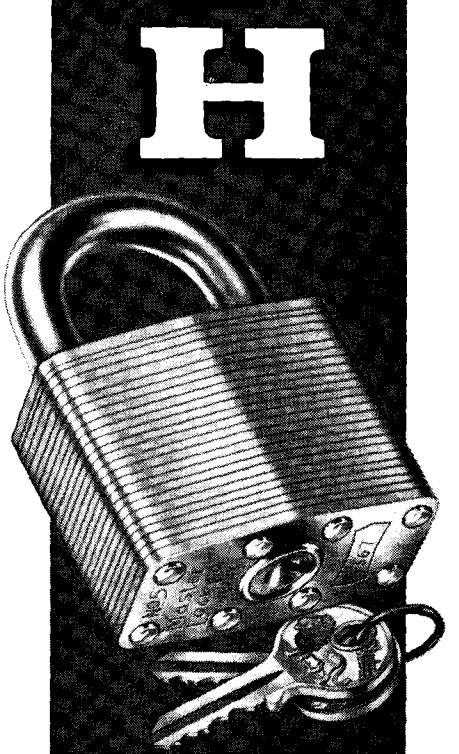

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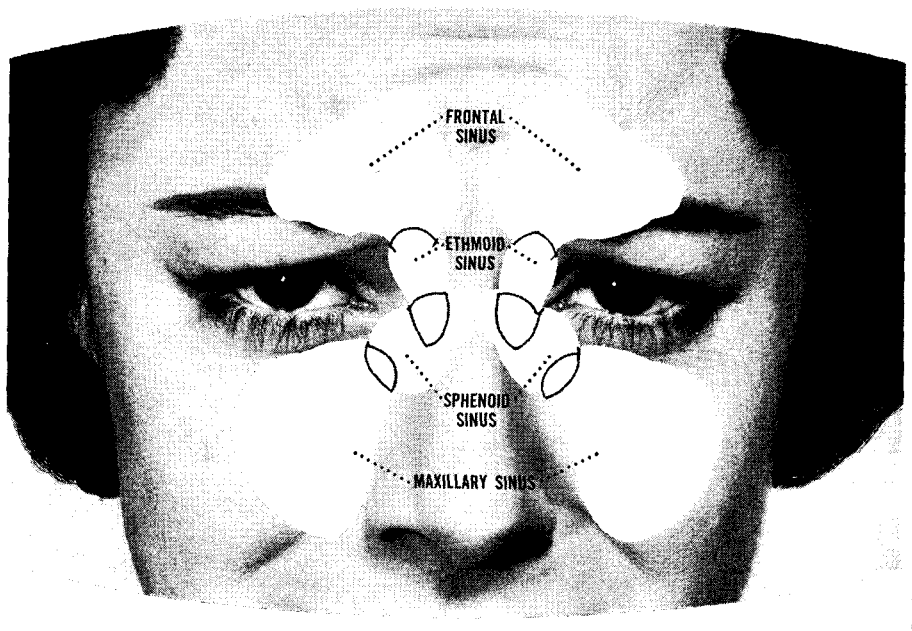


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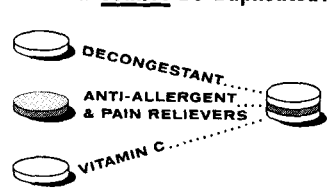


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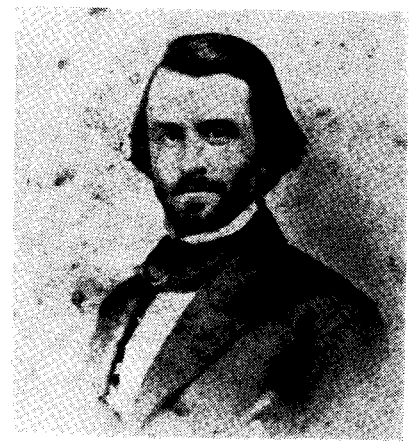
# Letters

## Grandpappy and the Flag

Dear Sirs:

In your article WHO FIRED THE FIRST SHOT? [THE UNTOLD STORIES OF THE CIVIL WAR, 1, by Ashley Halsey Jr., Dec. 17] you not only cast aspersions upon Capt. George S. James's claim to that title but neglect to include his picture



*Captain James, C.S.A.*

among your photos of the other contenders. Here is one from the Confederate Museum, Richmond, Va.

LEE A. WALLACE JR.
*Arlington, Va.*

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Ashley Halsey Jr. should have been ashamed to admit that his grandpappy was so little and narrow-minded that he shot down a U.S. flag and would not allow one on his place as long as he lived.

My grandfather was also a Southern farmer. He went broke supporting the Confederacy. He disliked Lincoln very much and thought so well of Edmund Ruffin [said by some to have fired the first shot] that he had me named for him. But when the final decision was made he accepted it with the dignity that befits a gentleman and lived out his life loyal to the U.S. flag and the Union.

RUFFIN S. MERONEY
*West Asheville, N.C.*

## Batting for Baker

Dear Sirs:

I usually enjoy your highly readable magazine, but in the article DELIGHTFUL EASTERN SHORE [by Beverly Smith Jr., Dec. 17] I discovered a glaring error that

almost resulted in a mob being formed here in Truro and marching to Philadelphia with the purpose of lynching any persons having anything to do with the terrible mistake which I am about to relate. It is stated in the article that "Home-Run" Baker had a lifetime batting average of .307, while in reality his career average was .308. . . . I would not complain of any small or insignificant error, but I feel justified in sounding off about such a great injustice!

JAMES FLEMMING
*Truro, Nova Scotia*

● *Baker got 1838 hits in 5985 times at bat; his batting average—rounded off to the nearest billionth—was .307101086. Next question, please.*
*—ED.*

## From the Friars

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for your article THE FRANCISCANS by Ernest O. Hauser in your Dec. 24–31 issue. It is the first I have read in a secular magazine where St. Francis is not drooling over birds. . . . Mr. Hauser clearly shows that St. Francis and his followers do have a message for the twentieth century.

FR. MANFRED SCHEXNAYDER, O.F.M.
*Saint Clement Friary*
*Cincinnati, Ohio*

Dear Sirs:

After twenty-seven years of living the life, I find this article expresses much which I have failed to do in explaining it to others, as is my duty in the office of Vocation Director.

In last Sunday's sermons in the parish at Westmont I indicated this article as being fully trustworthy from which to learn about us Franciscans.

FR. FABIAN MERZ, O.F.M., *Secretary*
*American Franciscan Society for Vocations*
*Westmont, Ill.*

## Do Foreign Kids Get Better Schooling?

Dear Sirs:

Your article on European vs. American education [IS EUROPEAN EDUCATION BETTER THAN OURS?, by Dr. George Gallup and Evan Hill, Dec. 24–31] struck home. I was educated in France, and there is simply no comparison. My fourteen-year-old son attends a local high school and gets good marks, but in France he would be considered a dunce.

ALBERT FRENCH
*New York, N.Y.*

P.S. This is not intended as a reflection on my son's intelligence, mind you, but European scholastic standards are infinitely higher.

Dear Sirs:

I received my first eight years of school in Holland. . . . In comparing the systems, however, I prefer the American. . . . I am now going to college, and that wouldn't have been possible in Holland.

J. VAN LUIK
*Los Angeles, Calif.*

Dear Sirs:

One of our main reasons why we just have emigrated from Switzerland is school. The oldest of our four children is eight years, and he sometimes had such a lot of homework he had not finished them by 9:30 P.M. and almost fell asleep. I was very sorry for him, and I feared those tiresome school years ahead of our children, when they had to learn things they

(Continued on Page 6)

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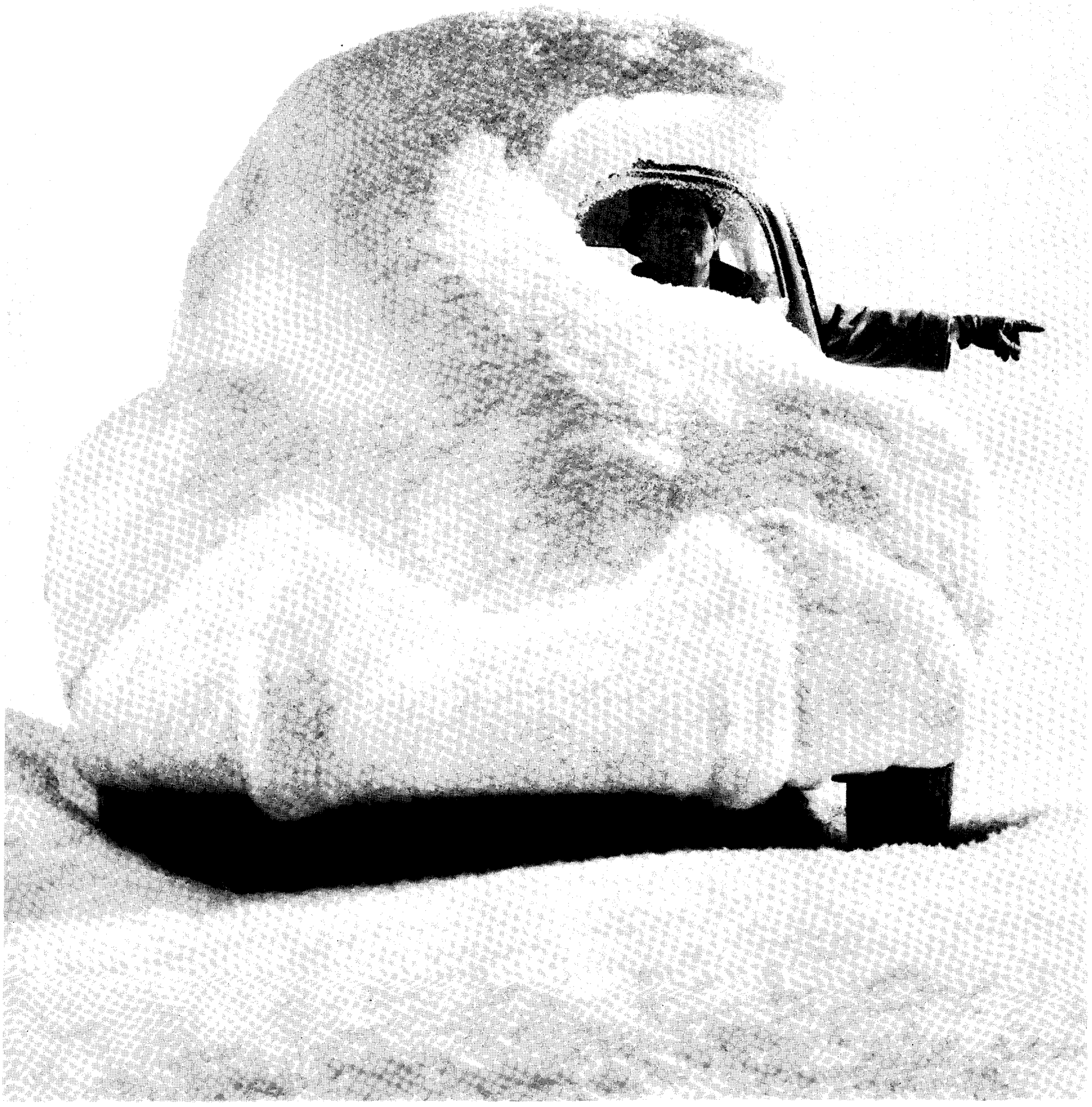

# A Volkswagen, obviously.

It's easy to spot a Volkswagen.

Even with enough snow on it to hide the beetle shape.

It's the one that keeps moving.

A Volkswagen will even go up icy hills when other cars won't go at all because we put the engine in the back. It gives the rear wheels much better traction.

That's half the problem.

But the engine can't just be there. It has to keep working.

So we cool the VW engine with air, not water. There's no need for anti-freeze, no chance of the block cracking. (No possibility of boiling over in summer, either.) And there's no draining. No flushing. No rust.

You can park a VW outdoors in sub-zero weather or dig it out of a snowbank; it's ready to roll as soon as you turn the key.

If you happen to live where ice and snow are no problem, don't think you can't judge the VW's extraordinary abilities.

Just try it in sand or mud.

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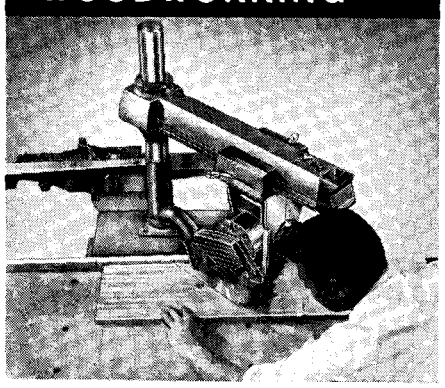

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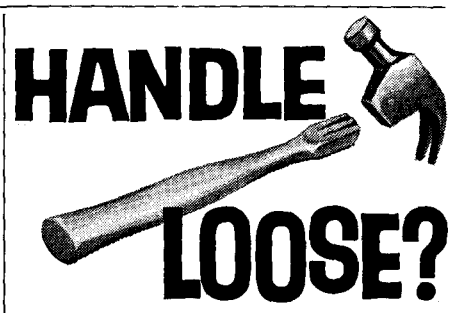
# HANDLE LOOSE?



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Most amazing of all — results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

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This substance is now available in *suppository* or *ointment form* under the name *Preparation H®*. Ask for it at all drug counters.


# Letters (Continued from Page 4)

would never need. I do think American school children are much happier.

MRS. G. RUPPEINER
*Baton Rouge, La.*

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for the wonderful article. Perhaps statistics will open the eyes of those who have been unwilling to hear of our shortcomings. . . .

When our son started school, I was in for a jolt. I soon saw that he wouldn't have to strain his little fingers learning to write just yet, nor would he have to do any arithmetic, spelling or phonics. There wasn't even a grade on the report card. He was either "adjusting well" or "fairly" and that was that. . . .

I'm all for setting up national standards and lengthening the school year. Just paying a teacher higher wages isn't going to change things.

MARGARET KOEHNLEIN
*Waukesha, Wis.*

Dear Sirs:

The survey points out that a high percentage of American children wish to remain in school longer than most European children do. But how many of them really want to *learn?* I believe the proportion is small. Somewhere along the line the students become mere participants in "school-day adventures." Going along with the crowd is their means and end.

RUTH HOLMES
*Montgomery, Ala.*

Dear Sirs:

I have never seen much virtue in comparing what we do in education in America with what is done elsewhere. . . . Is not the *product* of the public schools sufficient evidence that the schools have been failing miserably? . . . Most of the twelve years of the public schooling is a frightful and odorous waste. The boys and girls themselves will tell you so! The high-school diploma measures nothing, save that the graduate has been around that long.

JULIUS SUMNER MILLER
*Professor of Physics*
*El Camino College, Calif.*

Dear Sirs:

When I want subtle propaganda designed to court me along the road to Federal control [of education] I'll listen to Jack Kennedy and his friends. I don't expect to find it in what I had hoped was a conservative magazine.

AL FISHER
*Boise, Idaho*

Dear Sirs:

I would like to point out that your comparisons of European and American education are based on four of the most homogeneous and advanced European countries, with a combined population of 155,000,000 people. . . .

Among the 175,000,000 Americans there are some 20,000,000 Negroes, Puerto Ricans, Mexicans, etc. It has been well established that in the elementary grades, on the average, the children of these people are two years behind the average whites. In addition there are now some 10,000,000 of foreign birth living among us . . . plus many more millions of only partly digested foreign stock.

If the children from the above groups were excluded from the American sample, we would have a fairer comparison.

CHARLES E. JOHNSON
*Clarkston, Wash.*

Dear Sirs:

Setting the entrance requirements for teachers' colleges so high "that they no longer will be forced to make teachers out of inferior material" may help. But it won't help very much unless at the same time the courses required for state certification are likewise upgraded.

SALLY DETMOLD
*Port Washington, N.Y.*

Dear Sirs:

Among their "more comforting findings about the American child" the authors list their assertion that "he gets more physical punishment from his teachers, except for the English child" and "from his parents, except for the German child."

This is comforting?

OTTO A. WALTER
*Allenspark, Colo.*

## Her Husband Cooks Her Dinner

Dear Sirs:

Re the cartoon by Tom Hudson in the Nov. 26 issue: Who invited him indeed! Probably the tired hostess behind that sink, or the working wife who came home to find "surprise" guests waiting for her. Congratulations to Mr. Hudson! He must understand. . . .

When I get home from my office at 5:30, my husband (who gets home at 4:30) has dinner waiting. We don't call it "spoiling the wife"; we just call it "working together for better understanding and a happier home." . . .

So, who invited him? I would—again and again and again!

CINDY SCHALK
*Pasadena, Calif.*

"O.K., you guys, what do you say we give the gals a break? Ed, you can wash and Harry and I will dry."

**Post Picture Credits**

*Reading across pages, then down:*

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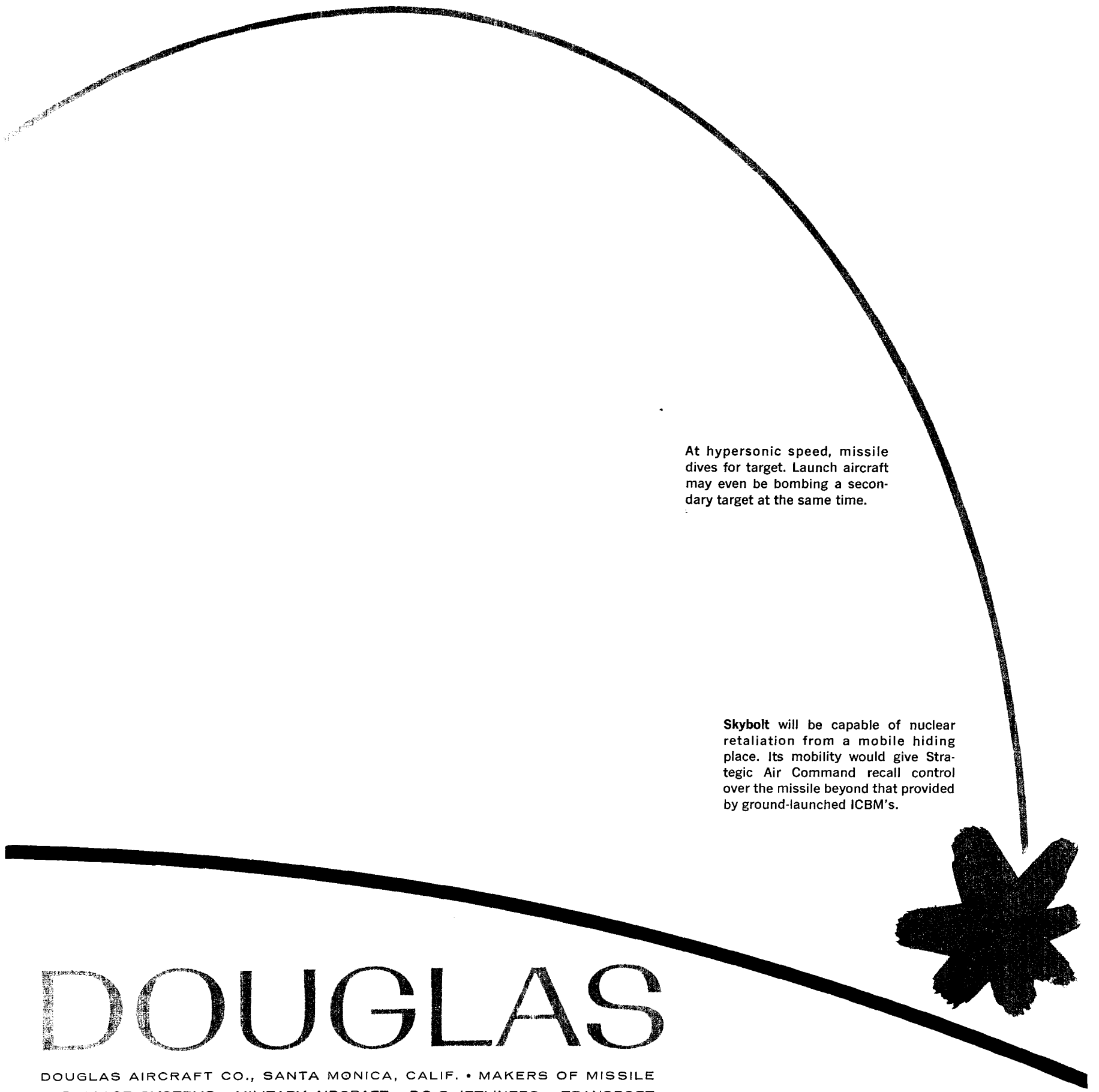

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# Editorials

## Should a Senator Be Bound by His Party Platform?

By SENATOR
THOMAS J. DODD (DEM.)
OF CONNECTICUT

What is a party platform? Is it a document written on tables of stone, commanding obedience by elected officials, regardless of their own beliefs or their obligation to their constituents?

If a platform is considered merely as a statement of principles, as an indication to the people of the general view within a party, as one avenue of guidance for elected officials, it has a valid place. But if the party platform is to become supreme, and if conformity to its dogma is to become the new test of political integrity and advancement, our present political system will suffer a paralyzing shock from which it will never recover. Elected representatives will cease to be responsible to their reason, their consciences and their constituents, and become responsible instead to party platforms, to political conventions and to that vague abstraction called the will of the people, as divined by party bosses. The forms of our republic may linger on as picturesque relics of the past, but the substance of representative government will vanish.

I think we should take a good look at the platform-making process. As one who has testified before resolutions committees, served on them, presented planks to the national convention and campaigned repeatedly for public office, I have come to question the value of platforms, both as indicators of the public will and as significant factors in elections.

Those who serve on resolutions committees spend four or five dreary days listening to the pleas and demands of all the major and minor pressure groups in the country. This testimony is heard in an arenalike atmosphere to the tune of cheers, boos or the bored rustling of the watching crowd. While the show is going on out front, a small group in the back room, composed largely of staff members who are not even convention delegates, writes the party platform. In the end it is the product of the back room that is rushed to the committee for adoption, often in the wee hours of the morning under time pressure which permits no real chance to debate more than a few of the planks. The committee swiftly adopts a 400-point blueprint for the future, which is rushed to the convention floor for perfunctory ratification by voice vote. Under the latest innovation, the platform is not even read to the delegates before they pass on it. Instead they are shown a dramatized version, filmed weeks before the convention, which covers some of the highlights.

Conceived in a partisan atmosphere, patched together in headlong haste, adopted without deliberation, riddled with promises to self-seeking groups, pointed toward the winning of an election rather than the governing of a nation—party platforms represent our political process at its weakest point.

The American people have no real voice in platform making. Not one voter in a hundred ever sees the platform of either party, and those who do see them have no way of indicating whether they support or oppose specific provisions. The only way the people could truly be said to ratify platform planks would be to place each plank on the ballot, like referendum questions, to be voted up or down. A ridiculous process, you may think, an impossible burden on the voter. And so it would be. But is it not far more ridiculous to pretend that the people have passed upon a platform when they have not?

Under the American system, people vote not for platforms but for persons, on the basis of what they seem to be, what they have done and what they say they will do. The people control their representatives by accepting or rejecting them on Election Day, not by passing upon individual questions of policy.

A United States Senator should never be the controlled tool of a political platform. He is the representative of all the people of his state and a representative of the nation. He has, as well, a duty to those who have gone before him and those who will come after him. His task essentially is the search for truth in matters of government. He can determine the truth only by studying each problem carefully and honestly, using all the resources of his office, and making an independent decision based upon his own judgment and conscience.

All the processes of the Senate are founded upon this view of representation. Exhaustive committee hearings and investigations, volumes of testimony, careful consideration of the mail of constituents, long days of debate—all presuppose that senators will base their final judgment not on last year's party platform but on today's evaluation of the facts presented.

To study and restudy each issue in the light of increased knowledge and changing circumstances, to admit mistakes when shown wrong, to stand against the popular tide when convinced of being right, to measure the claim of each special interest against the claim of the national interest, to distinguish between the call of partisanship and the call of patriotism—this is the duty which history lays upon the members of this Congress and this Administration.

---

## There's No Winter Sport Quite Like Skating on a Windswept Millpond

When winter comes, millions of American kids in our northern latitudes keep time to *The Skaters Waltz*. In cities, and even small towns, the youngsters skate mostly on flooded playgrounds or community ball fields and parks; instructors are often available; supervisors or police cruisers rule out unnecessary roughness. There is often a public-address speaker on an extension line to provide appropriate music; and the kids wear handsome, well-fitting shoe skates. All this is a far cry from the "good old days."

A generation or so ago we took to the pond or a strip of the river and often skated literally on thin ice. We learned to skate by trial and error—and often the biggest error was to go on the river or pond at all, because retribution waited at home for disobedient kids, especially when they had been through the ice as well as on it.

The pleasure outweighed the payment, and we managed to survive to remember it nostalgically. For music in those days there was the wind in the shore-lining trees, the bright crackle of huge bonfires that couldn't be permitted within town limits today and the clean rhythm of sharp steel shaving the ice around the beckoning bend of the river. There were knock-down, drag-out games of hockey, with a tin can for a puck, without supervised interference.

Kids in those days seldom saw a "shoe skate," except in a newspaper picture of a pro hockey player. They were glad to get hand-me-down "key skates" or "clamp skates" which could be wound up like a clock—if ten kids had one key among them—or clamped on the sole of the shoe somewhat on the principle of an old-fashioned fruit-jar top. Both systems purported, with the aid of a leather strap or maybe a piece of old rope, to secure the skate fore and aft, but neither did. Even kids who had learned to race the wind would find themselves flat on their faces or vice versa when a skate pulled away from the sole or clawed away the vulnerable heel. The fanciest skaters usually took the worst flops—and got the loudest jeers.

In the old days it was a real service for a boy to put on his best girl's skates, warming away the slush on the clamp with his icy fingers, or blowing the snow out of the key with his hot breath. When he knelt in front of her on the snowy bank, while the leaping flames from the bonfire reflected on their faces, and the other kids circled around them and chanted, "He's proposing, he's proposing," the boy was likely to blush happily. In those days—before "togetherness" had invaded the kindergarten—maybe the girl did too.

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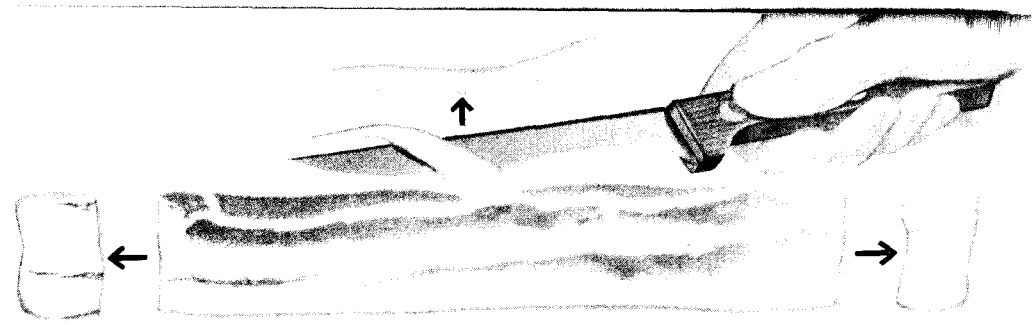

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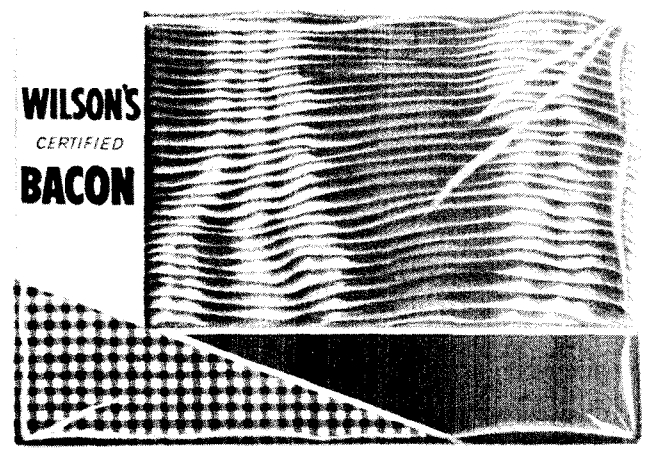


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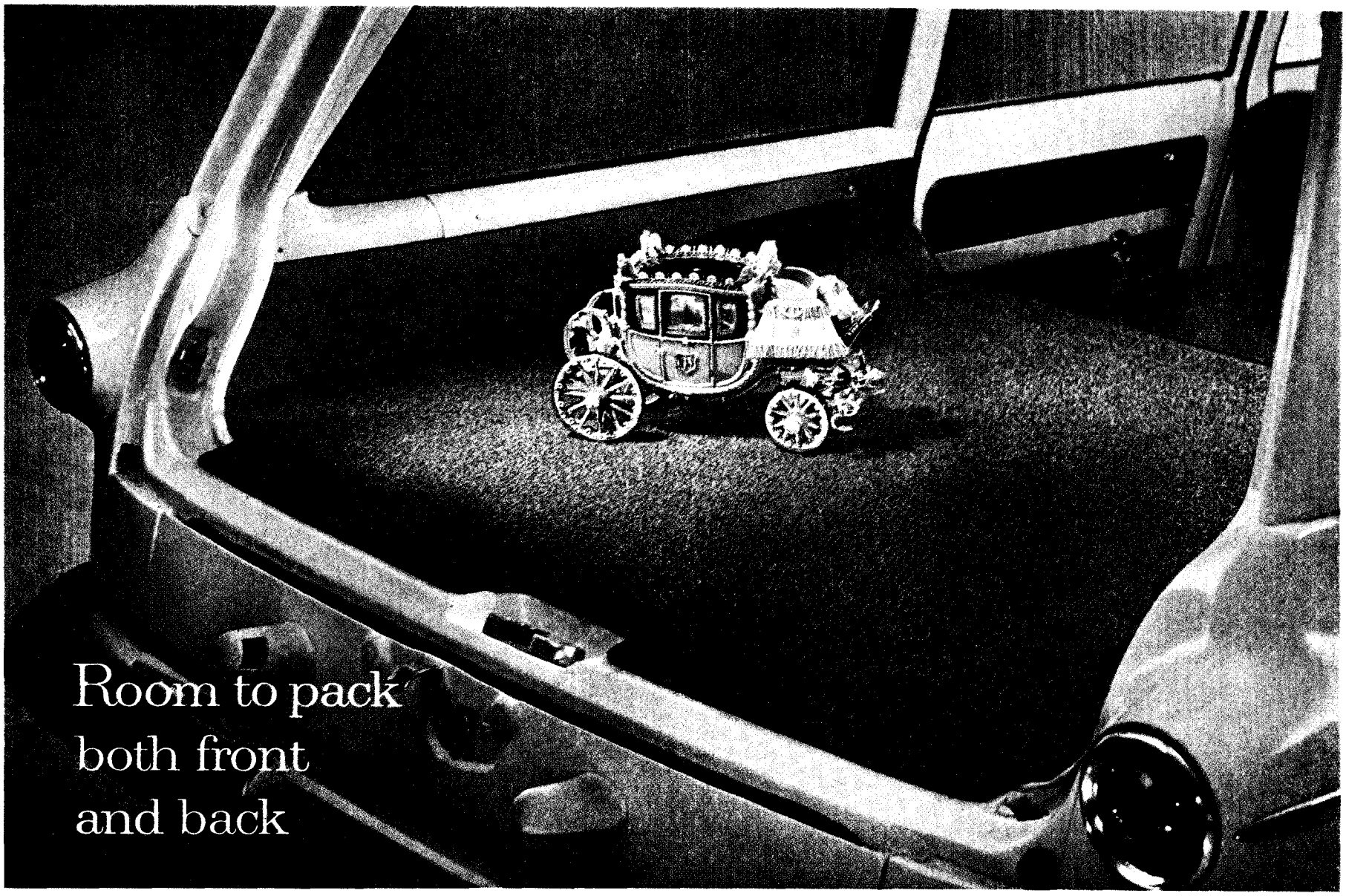


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The Connollys—Harold, Mark and Olga. Harold teaches English in Santa Monica, California, where Olga has achieved her dream of living "five minutes from a beach."

# Love Made Me an American

## A former Czech Olympic star tells of the storybook romance that took her from behind the iron curtain to a new life in the U.S.

By OLGA FIKOTOVA CONNOLLY

I was running along the Santa Monica Beach one day last year. The question an old man had asked me was still on my mind. At first I laughed it off, but then I remembered how many times I had heard it before. *Why do all these people ask me if I am a wrestler?* I wondered. *Do I look like a person who would particularly enjoy grappling on a sweaty mat?*

That incident might very well have been the last blow to my injured vanity, but when it happened I was completely preoccupied with something which seemed far more important: the hard training for Olympic competition.

I had a difficult time with my training. There was something lacking—not hard work or determination, but something else I just couldn't pin down. My husband was the one who found the trouble. "Olga," he observed one afternoon, "I have noticed for quite a time already that you don't enjoy your workouts. You go through the motions in throwing, but your mind is elsewhere."

Then he explained why it was different for me in America in 1960 than it had been in Czechoslovakia in 1956. Taking care of my home and husband and giving constant attention to my little baby Mark diverted my interest from athletic activities. Furthermore, I was working part time in a laboratory and studying part time, with hopes of one day resuming medical studies. Moreover, I was feeling responsible for putting us into debt because I wanted to go to the Olympic Games again. Most married American amateur athletes



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have financial worries when it comes to international competition, and when there are two competing in one family, the problems double.

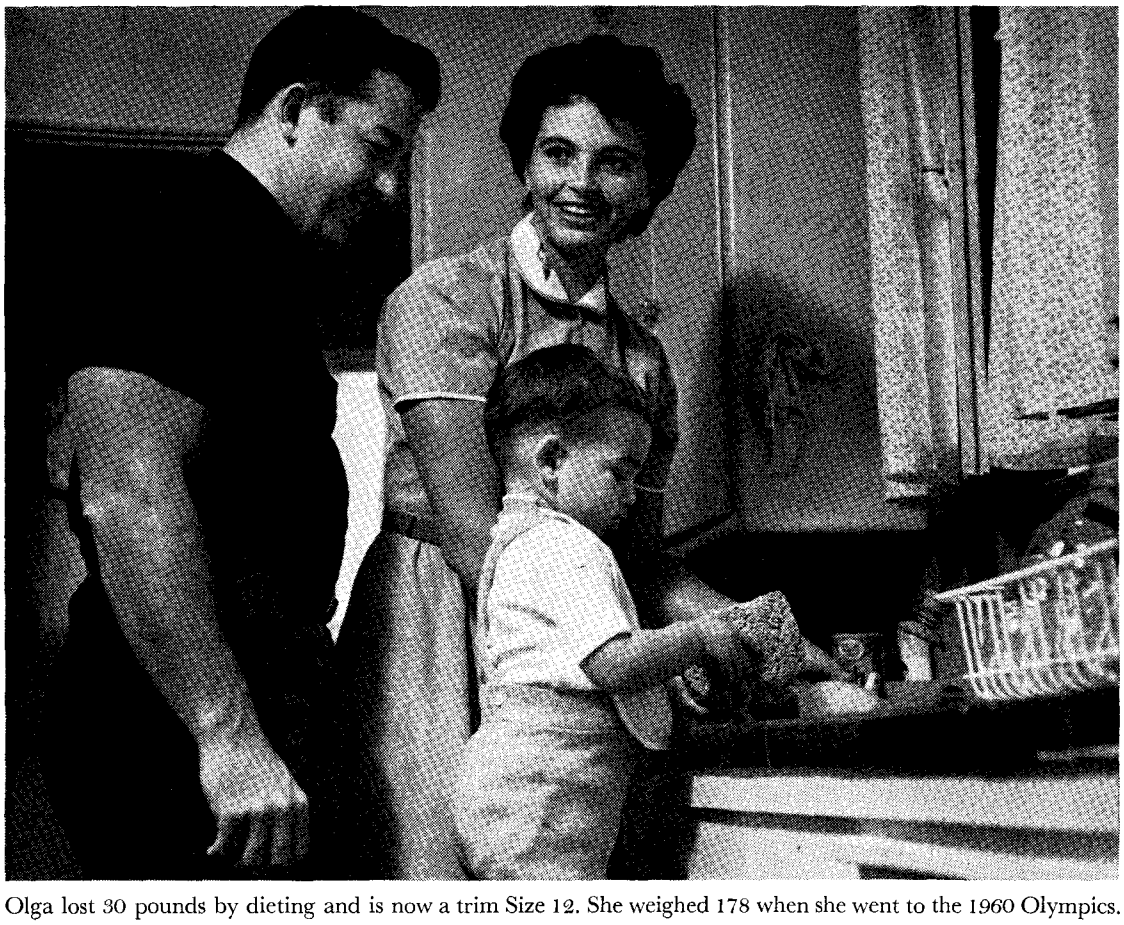
I have been engaged in sports for a long time. Ever since I was a little girl I have loved the beauty of perfect motion. When I was small I loved to dance for my parents to the exciting radio music of the Czech folk songs. Long walks with my mother and father through the fields on the outskirts of Prague were also among my favorite childhood joys.

I learned to skate when I was four years old. Figure skating was a great love of mine during the war. Although I was taking no formal lessons, I learned many of the routines as I saw other children practice them. When my skates became too small for me, I wore them on my bare feet. I wouldn't say anything to my mother, knowing that my parents couldn't afford to buy me a new pair. My toes became so seriously frostbitten that today my husband sometimes whispers in my ear, "I love you—even with your curly little toes."

March 27, 1957: The boy from Boston won his Czech bride, but only after he had cut through miles of international red tape that almost kept them apart.

Mark Fikota Connolly weighed eleven pounds thirteen ounces at birth, May 1, 1959. Olga calls him "my first great achievement in the United States."

When I was about fourteen the kids from the neighborhood asked me to play European handball with them. This is a game which can be compared to basketball, but instead of baskets there are goals, as in soccer. The first position I tried to play was that of goalie. I stayed in the handball goal for three and a half years, becoming the youngest member of the Czechoslovakian national women's handball team. But just when the experts said I had arrived as a top player the game started to lose its challenge for me. Therefore, when a basketball team was formed in my school, I joined it.



Olga lost 30 pounds by dieting and is now a trim Size 12. She weighed 178 when she went to the 1960 Olympics.

After two years I became adept enough at the pivot to make my second national team, this time in basketball. However, I never became a top player, chiefly because by this time I was in my senior year of secondary school and preparing for final exams.

Some years before, I had slipped from a roof and seriously fractured my arm. The six weeks I spent in the hospital gave me medical ambitions. While in the gymnasium (the equivalent of high school plus two years of college) I had taken volunteer-nurse courses and worked in the hospital every weekend.

In 1952 I passed the entrance exams for the Medical School of Charles University in Prague. After entering the school, the amount of time I could spend on the basketball court was drastically reduced. Besides, the team had been assigned a new coach, whom I didn't care for too much; and since he reacted to me in about the same way, I found myself most of the time on the bench. Eventually I found myself something else to do.

Hiking and skiing with my friends, in order to get some of nature's fresh air and sunshine, became my every weekend recreation. In the spring of 1955 a fellow student found somewhere an old rubber discus. He brought it to school and said, "Olino, learn to throw this, and you will go to the Olympics in Australia next year." Everybody laughed.

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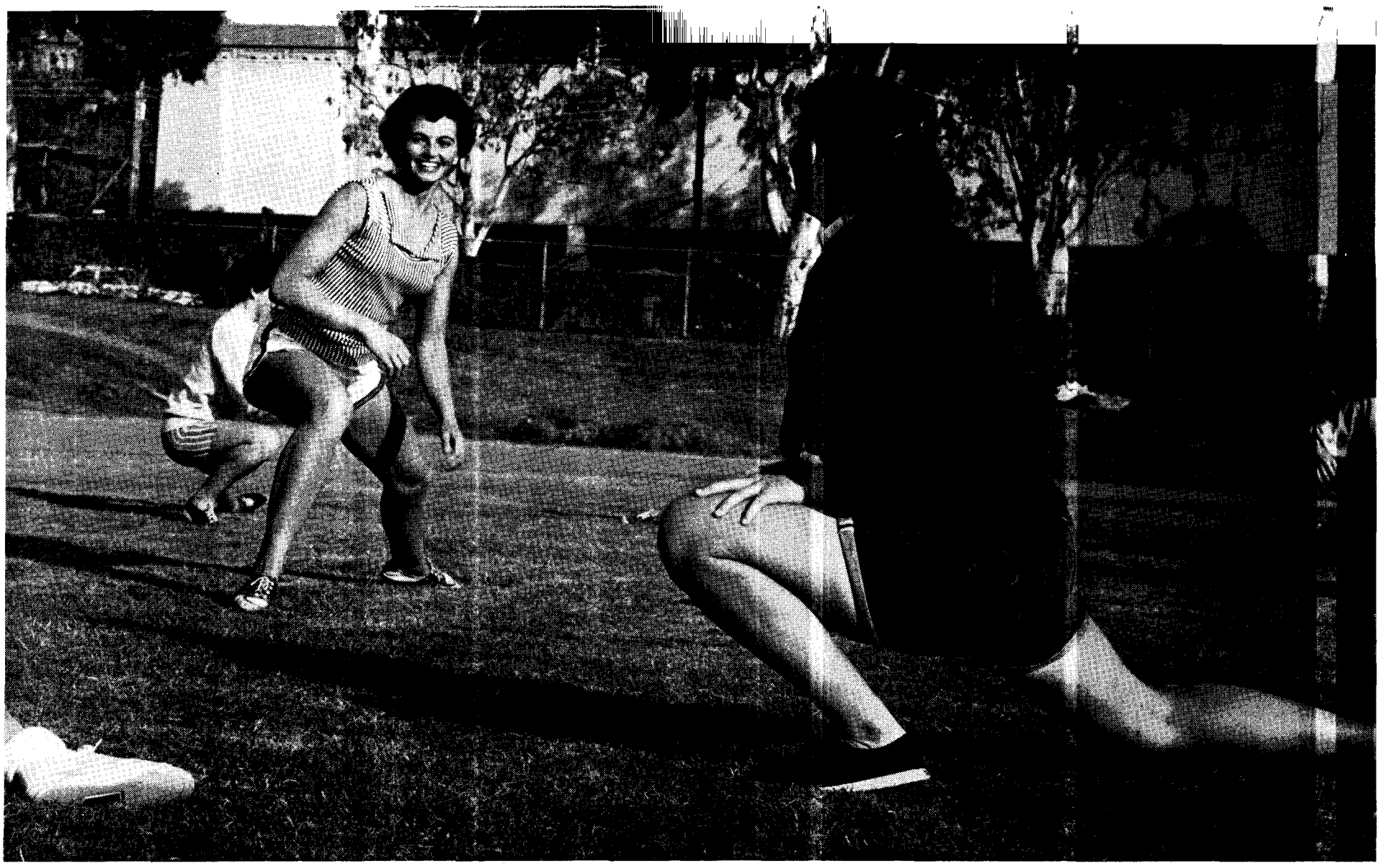


In her crusade to arouse American interest in women's sports, Olga helped organize a group of girl athletes in Los Angeles. Here she is coaching one of the sessions.

"Yes," said another voice, "we'll start saving for the victory celebration now. A bottle of champagne for your return."

"Just get a big one," I answered.

An old coach I knew was the director of a sports school for youth, only ten minutes away from my student quarters. After a visit with him, I declared at school, "I am betting one bottle of champagne with every one of you that I will go to Melbourne."

How would you rearrange your daily schedule to add a two-hour track-and-field workout to a full day of lectures, studies and laboratory work? I did it as follows: I worked out at five A.M., then rushed to the streetcar and to school, came home, ate a huge meal, took an hour's nap and then got up to study. After midnight I took a few practice spins, with a book serving as a discus, before quitting for the day.

Summer vacation came as a welcome change, believe me. I moved from Prague to Libis, a small town about twenty miles distant, where my parents lived and worked in a chemical plant. My daddy, who himself used to be an athlete, became so enthused about my training that he was never absent during the workouts. His fervor infected even my mother, who up to then had never been too keen to see me in basketball or handball matches, because she was always frightened I would twist my ankle or break a rib. My mother became my truest fan in the coming track-and-field competitions.

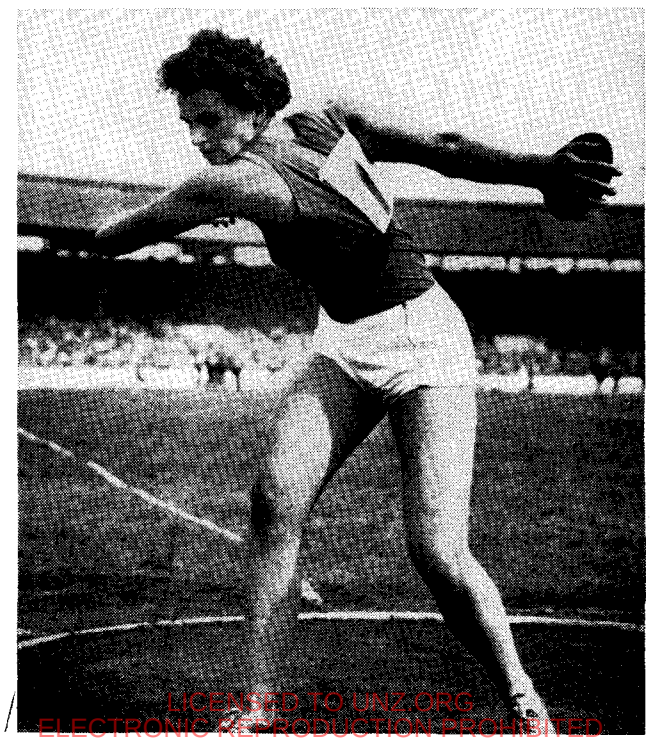
There were several great meets in my first summer of throwing. To my sweet surprise and to the bitter disbelief of my opponents, I always managed to make one or two fair enough throws to get third, second or, sometimes, first place. With the fall came the championship of Czechoslovakia. A 156-foot throw gave me the title and the nomination to the national team in track and field. My fellow students now really started to save for the champagne.

Another school year came, and with it the five-A.M.-to-one-A.M. race again. By the spring of 1956 the schoolwork was absorbing me completely, and in a series of pre-Olympic competitions I performed rather poorly. Still I continued my training routine—sprinting, jumping, throwing and gymnastics. Once, while doing a few tired last-minute push-ups before climbing into bed, I fell asleep in the center of the carpet. I woke up in the morning with the rug design neatly printed on my face.

With the help of all the saints, I passed the hardest of all my examinations, pathology—the final one before the summer vacation. Totally exhausted, I retreated to my parents' house. After four days of sleep, interrupted only by short walks and meals, my dad and I headed for the stadium. My discus flew that day as though it were equipped with a rocket.

In fifteen official competitions between then and November, I (Continued on Page 52)

The Connollys in action. Olga set a new discus record in the 1956 Olympics. She met Harold at the Melbourne games, where he also won a gold medal. His record-breaking hammer throw added ten feet to the pre-1956 mark.



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# THE CASE OF THE SPURIOUS SPINSTER

## BEGINNING A NEW PERRY MASON MYSTERY

## BY ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Sue Fisher had to sign the register in the office-building elevator because it was Saturday morning and all the offices were closed.

Sue had been looking forward to a restful weekend, but a wire announcing that Amelia Corning was due to arrive from South America on Monday morning necessitated a lot of last-minute statements and reports. So she had promised Endicott Campbell, manager of the Corning Mining, Smelting and Investment Company, that she would come in Saturday morning, finish typing the reports and have everything available the first thing Monday morning.

The situation was further complicated by the fact that in addition to an arthritic condition which confined her to a wheel chair, Amelia Corning was rapidly losing her eyesight. In fact, there were rumors from South America that she had already lost her vision to such an extent that she could only tell the difference between light and dark, and people were hazy, blurred figures whose features were completely obliterated.

Susan Fisher had been with the firm for more than a year and knew Amelia Corning only by her stiff, cramped signature which from time to time appeared at the bottom of irascible letters or brief instructions.

By ten-thirty, when Sue Fisher was well immersed in her work, she heard the patter of running feet, then the sound of knuckles on the door and a childish treble saying, "Oh, Miss Sue—Miss Sue."

For a moment Sue Fisher's face softened. Then she frowned with annoyance. Carleton Campbell, the boss's seven-year-old son, worshiped the ground she walked on, and Sue, in turn, was strangely drawn to the youngster. But Elizabeth Dow, the governess, was, Sue felt, more and more inclined to wish off some of her responsibilities and disciplinary problems on Sue's shoulders.

Sue shut off the motor on the electric typewriter, crossed her secretarial office, entered the reception room and opened the door.

Carleton Campbell, his eyes shining with eagerness, held up a shoe box for her inspection. "Hello, Miss Sue. Hello, Miss Sue," he said.

Elizabeth Dow, moving steadily and deliberately on her low-heeled, heavy walking shoes, came marching down the corridor. Sue put her arm around the boy, kissed him, then stood waiting for Elizabeth Dow, who very typically refrained from greeting Sue until she was close enough so there was no necessity of raising her voice.

"Good morning, Susan," she said formally.

"Good morning, Elizabeth."

"I dropped in because they told me you were here this morning."

"Yes," Sue said. "I have work to do."

"I see," Elizabeth Dow said, her voice showing her utter indifference to the urgency of the matter. Elizabeth Dow was affected only by problems which were important to Elizabeth Dow. Other persons' problems made not the slightest difference to her.

"Sue," she said, "would you be a dear and watch Carleton for thirty minutes? I have a very important personal appointment and I just can't take him with me—and you know you're the only one he'll stay with."

What Susan saw stopped her cold. The box was filled with green currency.

Sue glanced at her wrist watch. She knew the thirty minutes would be at least forty-five and might well be an hour.

"Well ——" She hesitated and again looked at the watch.

"Oh, please, Miss Sue," Carleton pleaded. "Let me stay here with you. I want to talk."

"All right," Susan said, "but you're going to have to be a good boy. You're going to have to sit in a chair and watch Sue work. I have some important statements to get out."

"I'll be good," Carleton promised, climbing into a chair and seating himself with his hands folded on the shoe box.

Elizabeth Dow, apparently fearful that something would happen to change Sue's mind, headed for the door. "Not more than thirty minutes," she promised and was gone.

Sue smiled at Carleton. "What's in the box?" she asked.

"Treasure," he said.

Sue regarded the box with sudden apprehension. "Now, look here, Carleton," she said, "you haven't anything alive in that box?"

He smiled and shook his head. "This isn't my treasure box," he said. "It's daddy's."

"What do you mean?"

"Daddy keeps his treasure box upstairs. Last night he let me put my treasure in his closet. He said he'd trade treasures with me any time I wanted. So I took his treasure."

Susan regarded the box thoughtfully. "Did I understand you right, Carleton?" she asked. "This is daddy's treasure?"

"It's my treasure now," Carleton said. "Daddy said we could trade treasures, but he'd want his back and he'd give me mine back."

"What about your treasure box? What kind of a box was it?"

"Just like this," Carleton said. "Daddy doesn't buy shoes in stores. Daddy buys shoes by mail."

(Continued on Page 84)

Illustrated by James R. Bingham

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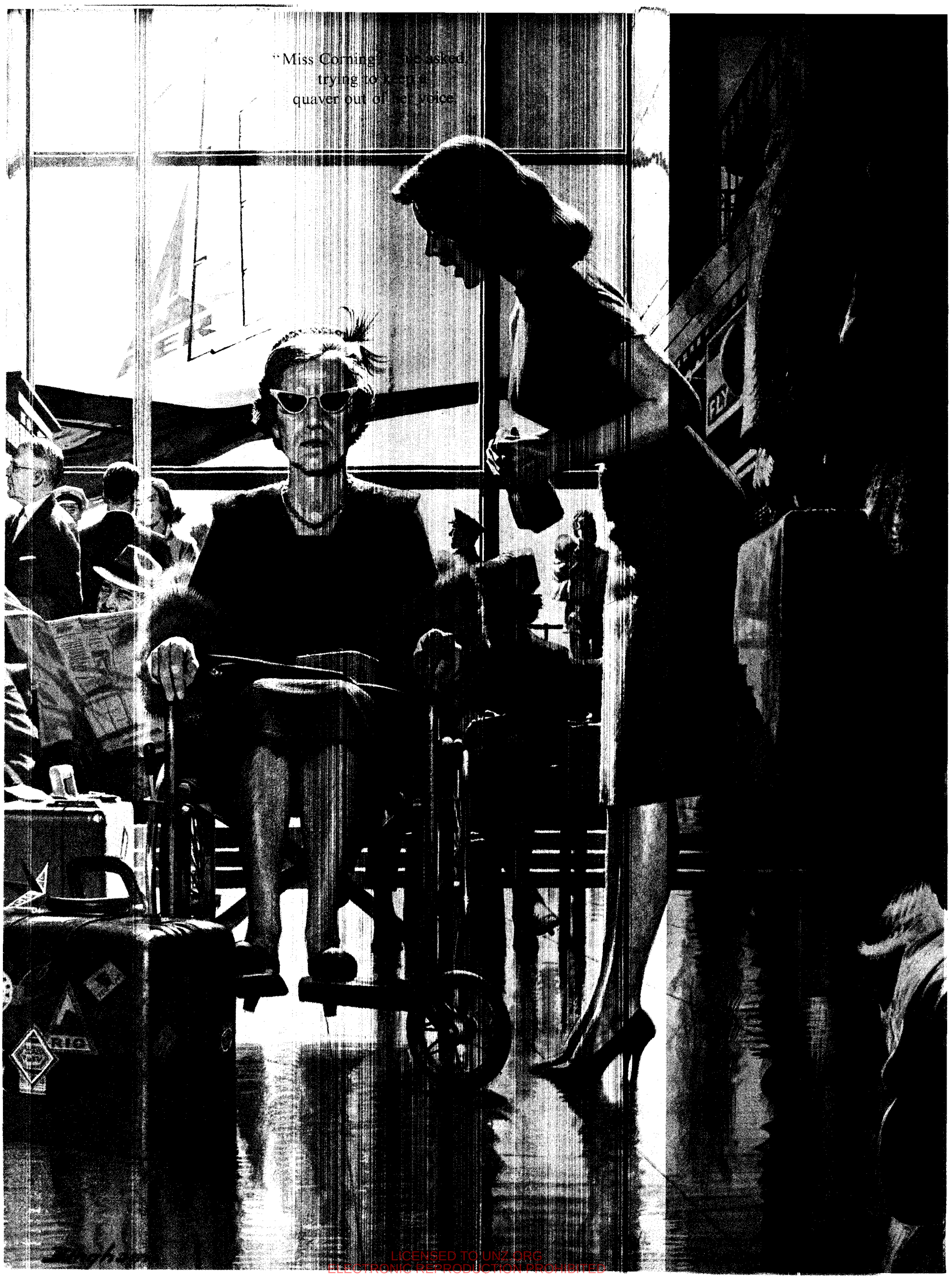


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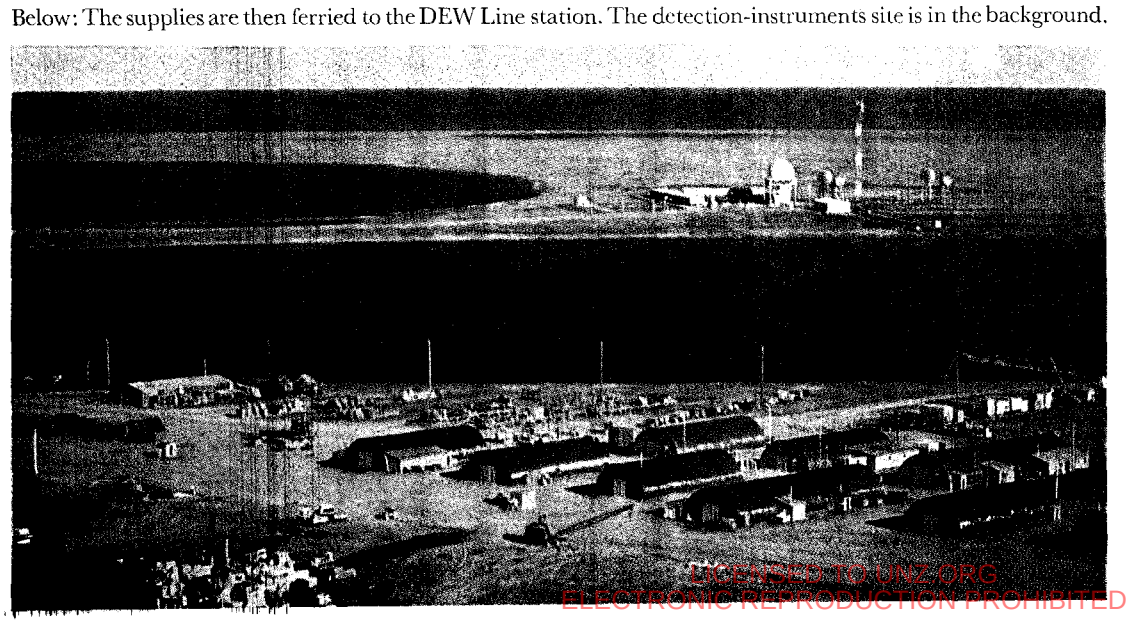
# THE ICE IS THEIR ENEMY

By William L. Worden

Above: Offshore near Point Barrow, *Barge 539* transfers supplies to smaller barges with its three red cargo booms.

Below: The supplies are then ferried to the DEW Line station. The detection-instruments site is in the background.



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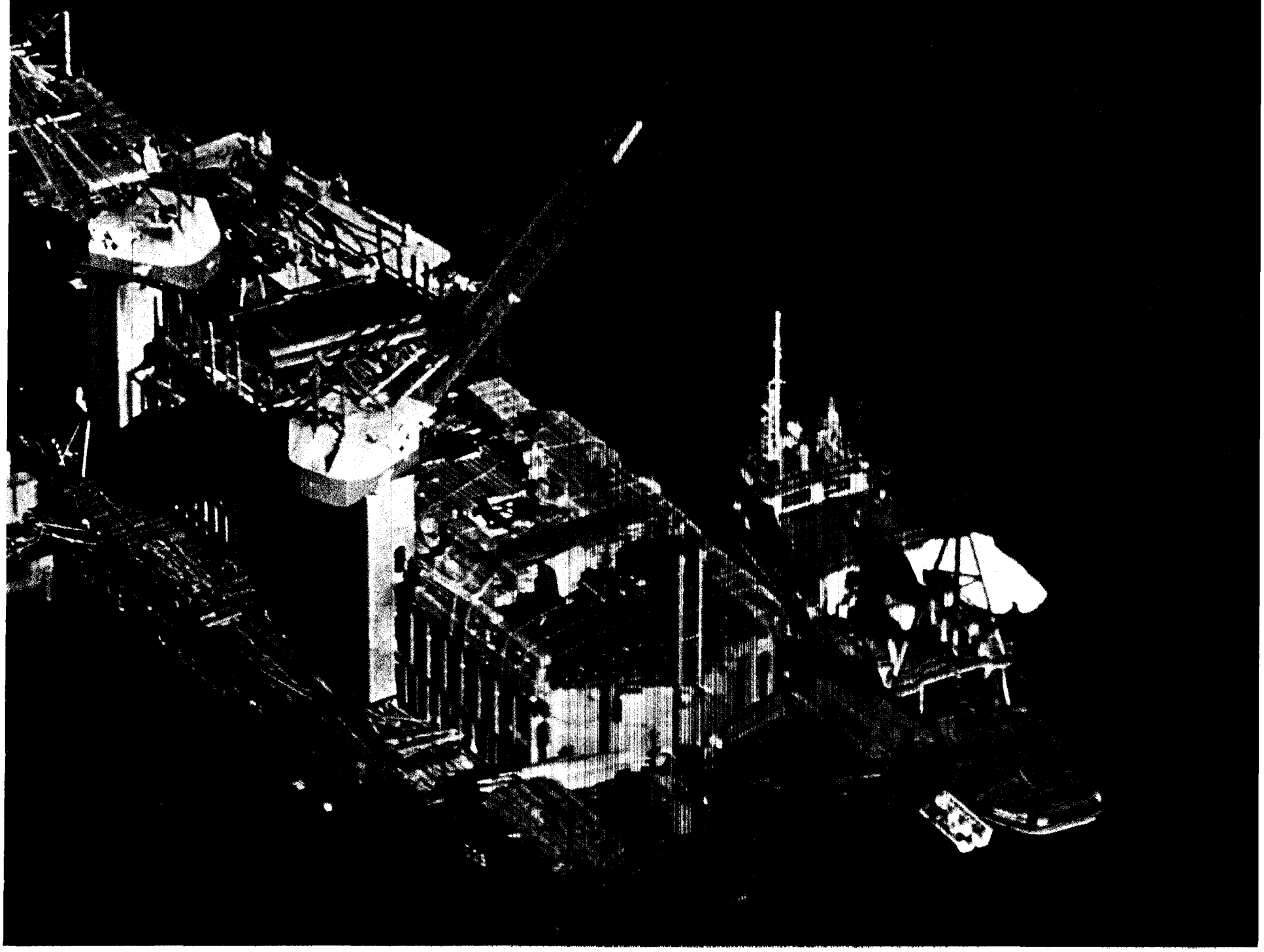
The place where Archie Adirin fell into the Arctic Ocean has an improbable name—Liz C. As usual, the water was about thirty-three degrees above zero. So was the air. Archie took a fifteen-foot, unplanned dive from the bow ramp of the *Peyaka*, a onetime tank lighter converted to a power barge, and for a few seconds the whole affair was mildly funny. The *Peyaka* was anchored, and a convenient ladder was only a few feet from where Adirin came up, spitting salt water.

But the humor vanished. Skipper John Covey was the first to realize that Adirin

# The story of a handful of rugged seamen who buck icebergs and outrace winter to supply our northernmost defense line.



already was so shocked he could not pull his own weight out of the water. Covey quickly lowered a pole, then ran aft with the man in the water clinging to the pole's end. When he reached a spot where the *Peyaka*'s outer deck is only a couple of feet above the water, other crewmen grabbed Adirin's shoulders and hauled him aboard. He trembled with shock for an hour, then went back to work as a deck hand. If he had stayed in the icy water another five minutes, almost certainly he would have died.

Although Adirin still views arctic water with cautious respect, his experience really was not exceptional in the Arctic Resupply Mission for Distant Early Warning Stations in Alaska. This mouth-filling title describes an annual attempt by a few bearded civilians to outrace winter, outwit polar ice and float awkward ships where really there isn't enough water to keep ships afloat.

If they succeed, everybody gets home, a profit is realized, and men in some of the most isolated spots on earth get enough supplies to make their winter fairly comfortable. If they fail, the winter on the DEW Line can be long and miserable, profits can vanish, and ships can end as derelicts crushed in the ice, their crews requiring rescue by helicopter or dog teams from the frozen sea. In this annual cliff-hanger of the Far North, Archie Adirin and about thirty men like him were actors last year. The stars were John L. (Jack) Bullock, who bet his equipment and reputation that the job could be done, and Ronald Riley, a sometime Oregon logger, who did it.

Delivery of supplies for the DEW Line has been a major problem ever since these multiple radars were established in the 1950's to warn the North (Continued on Page 78)

Photographs by George Burns



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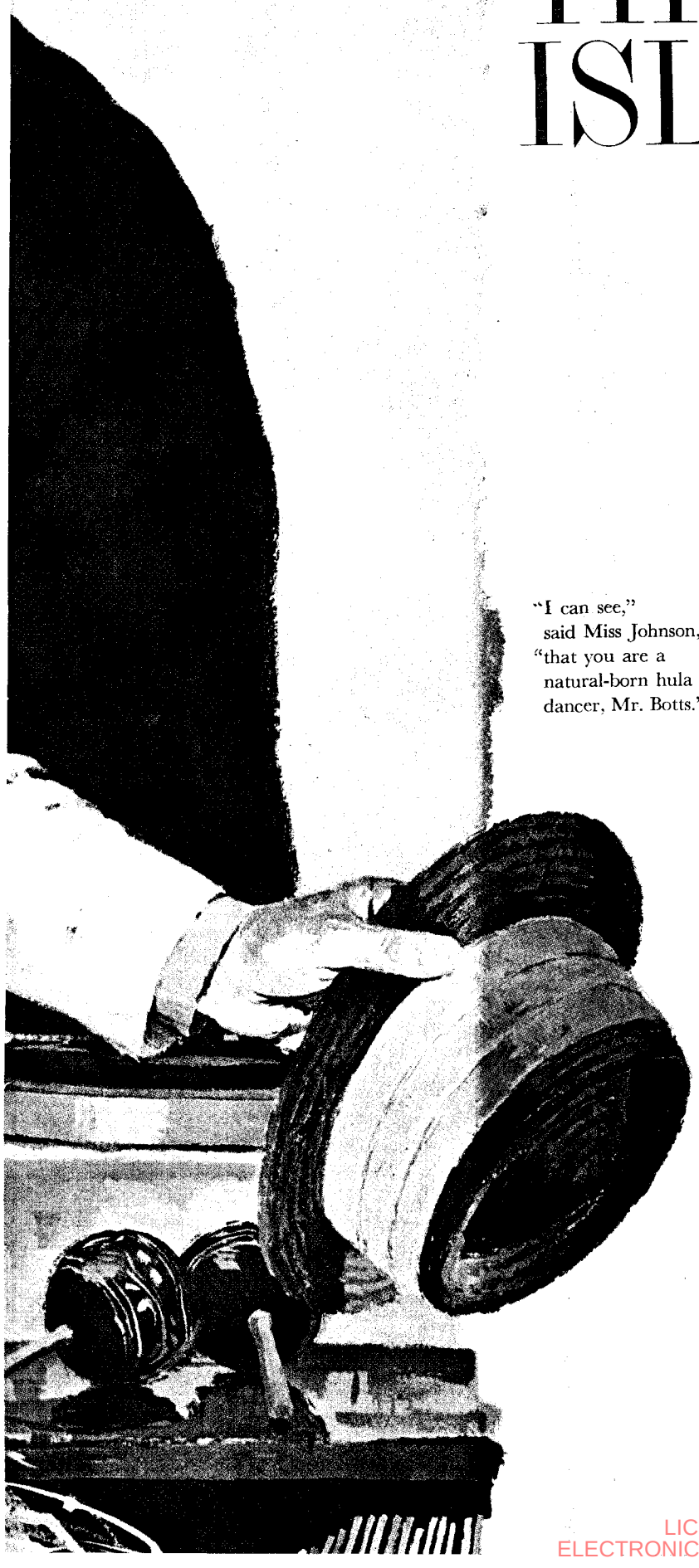
# BOTTS IN THE ISLANDS

## *Why was the world's greatest salesman making a fool of himself at Waikiki Beach?*

*By WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON*



"I can see," said Miss Johnson, "that you are a natural-born hula dancer, Mr. Botts."

EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS
OFFICE OF GILBERT HENDERSON, PRESIDENT

Tuesday, March 1, 1960

MR. ALEXANDER BOTTS
SALES MANAGER, EARTHWORM TRACTOR CO.
BOYLSTON HOTEL
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

*Dear Botts:* I have an important job for you. The Earthworm Company is being sued for ten million dollars by the Goodwill Tractor Company. They claim that the automatic reverse-ratchet mechanism, which we have recently introduced on many of our machines, is an infringement of a patent they took out two years ago.

Our chief engineer disagrees. At a conference this morning he said, "The Goodwill Tractor Company did not originate that ratchet mechanism. It was in use long before they took out their patent."

"If," said our chief attorney, "you can prove prior public use of this device, the patent will be void and we'll win the suit."

"That's easy," said the chief engineer. "Over fifty years ago, when I was a small boy on a farm near North Bohemia, Maine, my father owned a very unusual corn harvester. It was invented and built by a local blacksmith and Jack-of-all-trades named Ebenezer Bean. This harvester incorporated a device exactly similar to our ratchet mechanism."

"Was it ever patented?" I asked.

"Probably not," said the chief engineer. "The harvester was a sort of homemade contraption—the only one of its kind ever produced. But I can swear it contained the exact ratchet mechanism the Goodwill Tractor people think they invented."

Our attorney was pessimistic. "I don't question your accuracy," he said, "but an opposing lawyer could knock your story full of holes. He could point out that you are an interested party, and that this is a mere boyhood memory of more than fifty years ago. We've got to have something more tangible."

"Listen," I said, "I was reared on a farm. I know that farm machinery—when it's worn out—is often abandoned here and there in fence corners and elsewhere. If we could locate that old machine and bring it into court with evidence showing it is older than the patent, would that be what you call more tangible evidence?"

"Certainly," said the attorney. (Continued on Page 62)

Illustrated by Walter Skor

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# I Was a Campus Cop

The ex-chief of the Yale University police reveals how he outwitted unruly college students for 38 years—and sometimes was outwitted by them.

Captain Creamer (right) reminds Yale president Whitney Griswold of Griswold's own undergraduate capers.

St. Patrick's Day, 1959: Someone threw a snowball. Then 1000 Yale students plunged into a full-scale riot.

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By Capt. THOMAS F. CREAMER
as told to Joe Alex Morris

It was my good luck to serve as a police officer and—as a reporter once said—a kind of chaperon on the campus of Yale University for almost four decades, during which I witnessed from a ringside seat the high jinks, the heartbreaks, the triumphs and the higher education of thousands of young Americans.

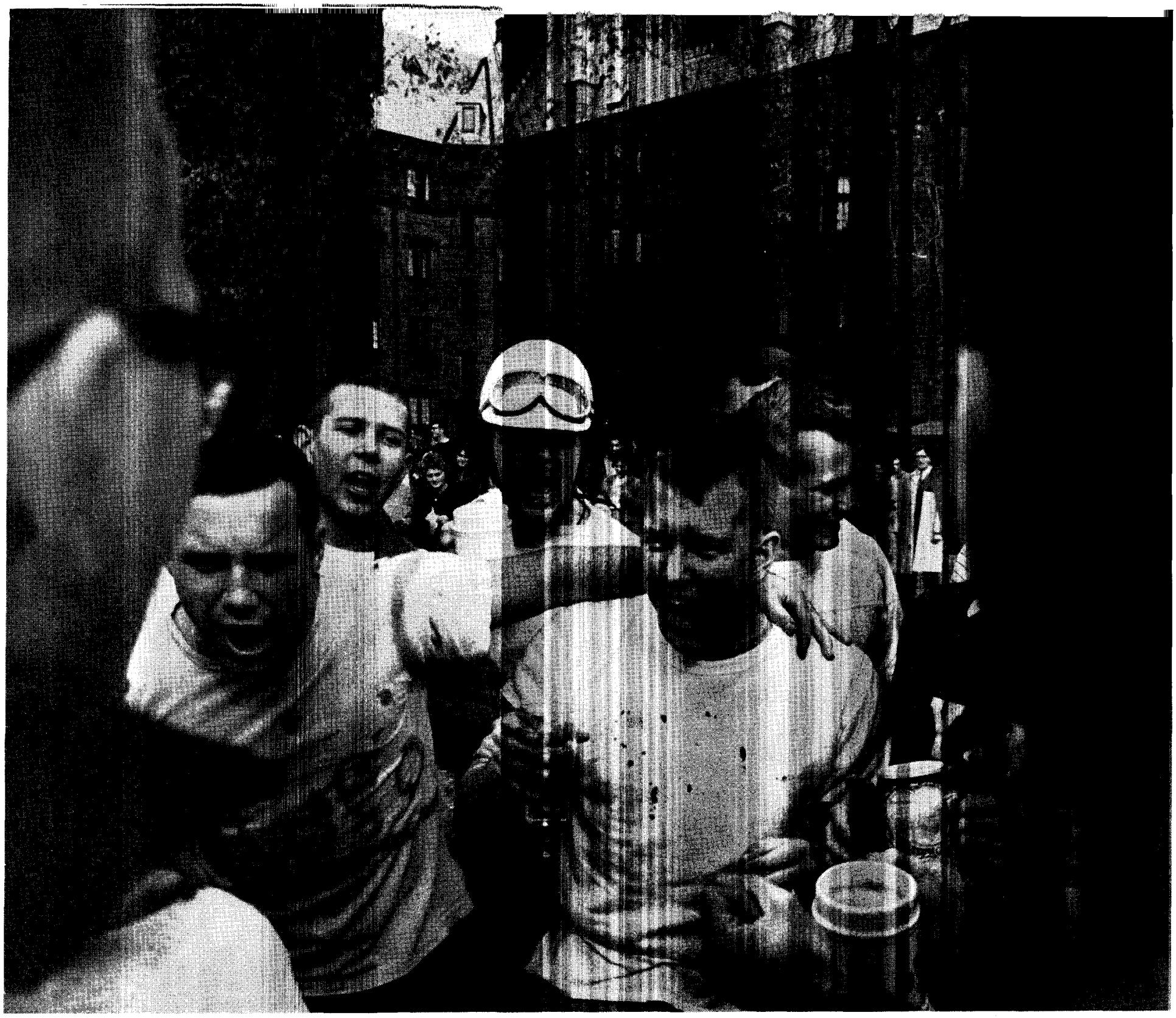
Before my retirement in 1960 I was often asked to write about my experiences. I do so now only in the hope that what I saw from the inside will help parents everywhere to avoid the mistakes that can wreck a student's future at that critical time when he is struggling to become a mature adult with an identity of his own.

To put it briefly, far too often the most difficult problem on any campus is not the education of the students, but the educating of parents to the fact that they should not try to run or dominate their children's lives. I'm not going to preach a sermon. But I've watched so many fine youngsters being exposed to education from the days of Flaming Youth and Stutz Bearcat roadsters in the 1920's to the atomic age of the 1950's that I know from personal experience—as I will make clear later—the dangers of the "parent problem."

Before going into that, however, I want to say that after thirty-eight years as a campus cop, I believe today's students are far more serious and work much harder than those of a generation or so ago. Competition is stiffer, and our campus populations generally are more able intellectually. Students drink less than during the days of prohibition, when there were campus bootleggers and organized booze parties at which some youngsters seemed to feel duty bound to guzzle everything they could lay their hands on. And today most students have less to spend than did those of the zany and reckless 1920's.

But I would not want parents to assume that, as a result, there are no longer any campus disciplinary problems. Far from it. Like every other college, Yale has to contend with the small minority of students who risk the tragedy of expulsion by violating rules such as those pertaining to hours in which feminine guests may visit dormitory rooms. These rules, incidentally, have been enforced with special vigor since an unhappy incident in 1960 that led to the expulsion of twenty-one students from the university.

Another problem common to all colleges is the phenomenon known as a student riot. Such disorders take many different forms and are almost impossible to foresee because they usually grow out of some completely inconsequential incident. A Yale melee in 1952, for example, started with a trivial argument between two campus ice-cream vendors. But such situations



Horseplay on Yale's Old Campus: "With college boys," says the author, "a cop can never be sure that he's ahead of the game."

can unpredictably get out of hand in a flash when, on a fine spring day, hundreds of young men suddenly decide to blow off steam after a long period of hard, grinding study. In this instance some 1500 students disrupted the entire New Haven business center and battled 100 police and a fire company for an hour before they were driven back behind the campus fences. It was only later when the excitement had ended and the facts had to be faced that the ringleaders realized the "fun" had not been worth the price of expulsion from college.

Such disorders, of course, are senseless and indefensible. But, in general, there is nothing mean or vicious about most student high jinks, and I feel that we would be in a sorry state indeed if our young men didn't have the ability to laugh occasionally at themselves and their elders and to blow off steam in ways not always approved by college authorities.

Now, why do they go out of control at unexpected moments? I've often tried to solve that puzzle in my own mind and I've discussed it with numerous psychologists. I don't believe there is any single answer, but, at the same time, there are various factors and combinations of factors that help explain the phenomenon. On almost any campus today students work harder than they did a generation or so ago and they work in a highly competitive atmosphere. All through the often gloomy winter months they are under steadily increasing pressure. Sometimes, the psychologists say, the students feel they have the weight of the college on their backs and resent the authority of the college over them. In addition, they are living in a kind of closed academic society that tends to cut them off from the world, and social pressures inevitably build up.

Then comes a fine, warm spring day that stirs the sap in the trees and arouses in young men an intense urge to action. That's when both the campus police and the city police put up their guard and prepare for trouble. Sometimes, psychologists explain, the students are inclined to transfer their resentment against the authority of the college to resentment of the police—and the result is a senseless and, for some, a tragic riot.

I also believe that it is important for parents to understand that today their sons are far better supervised on the campus and are much better off in every way than past generations of students at Yale or any other college. In the nineteenth century at Yale, for example, the hazing of freshmen went on from the opening until the end of the school year. The often unpleasant early spring weeks were called the "freshman rains," and the sophomores regularly beat up the first-year men on the debatable theory that they were responsible for the weather. Freshmen (Continued on Page 56)

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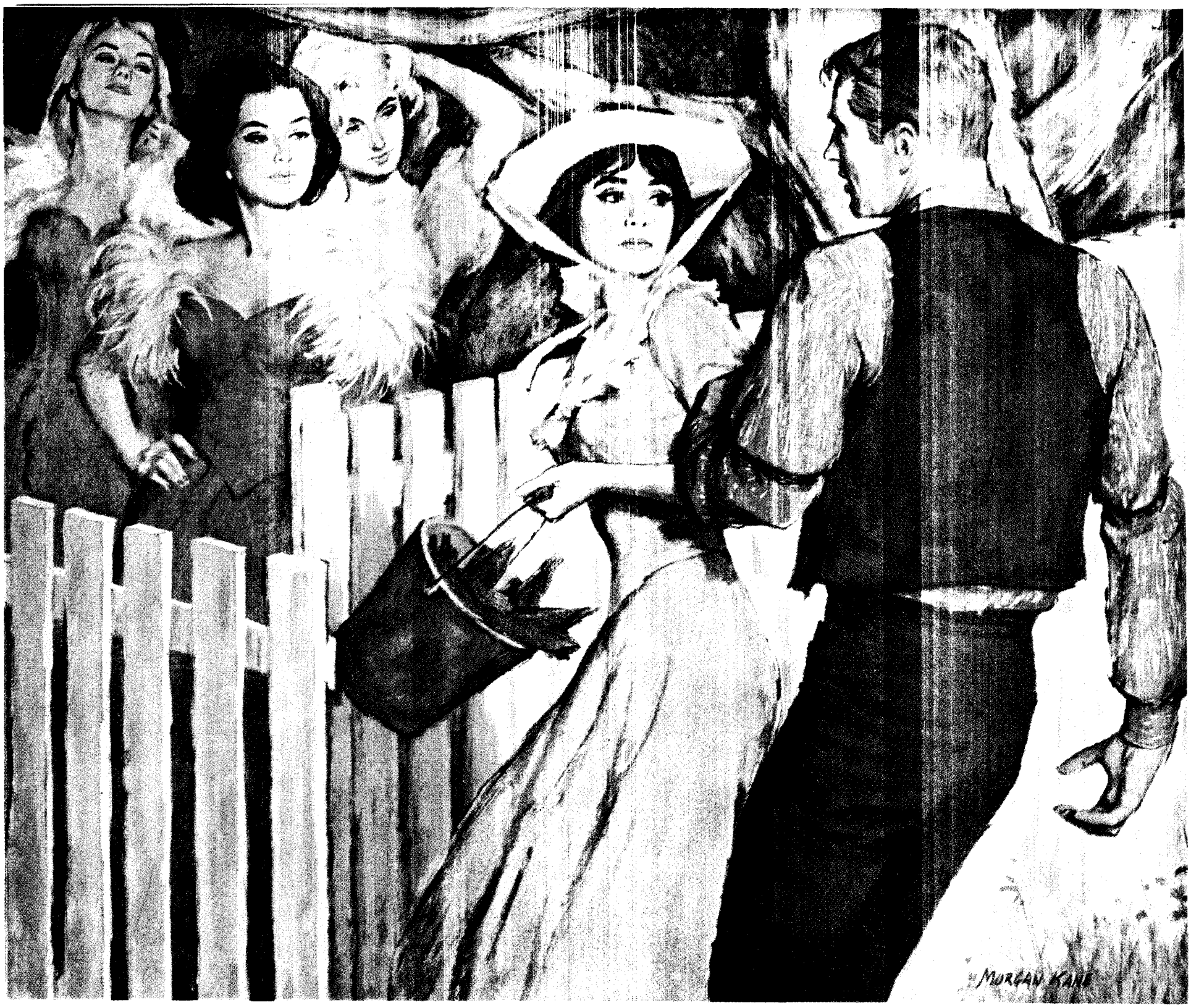


'Don't open that gate!" he said. "Don't you know enough about this town to know where you are?"

# ON THE DEVIL'S DOORSTEP

No one was going to prevent Eudora from earning the money she needed.

By LENORA MATTINGLY WEBER

Eudora was wakened by the clatter of the kitchen stove. She sat up in bed in the bronze dawn and felt under the pieced quilt for the two mounds that were her small brother and sister—the Two Littles, papa always lumped them.

It couldn't be mamma and papa in the kitchen. They had started out three days ago for Denver, leaving the almost-seventeen-year-old Eudora in charge. They would be two days making the sixty-mile drive in the wagon, two days of papa's dickering for a mower and mamma's visiting her family—and two days returning.

She heard then the clunk of boots, the snorts of profanity. Murdock was back from Antelope. At intervals the bent and bowlegged cowhand rode into town to get a haircut. He often came home with his hair as long and even more disheveled than when he left, but never until his pockets were empty. There was a saloon on every corner in Antelope, and the town had eight corners.

Eudora was out of bed and pulling a wrapper on over her muslin gown, her sooty black braids tangling in the collar of it. It would take strong coffee to keep Murdock on his feet till the chores were done.

He was not alone in the lantern-lighted kitchen. Her younger brother Timmy was there. One look at his swollen jaw, the pain in his eyes, and Eudora breathed out, "Your tooth's worse! I thought the salt pack would make it better." (Continued on Page 41)



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# WOMEN SHOULD NOT PLAY DUMB

By HANNAH LEES

## It's about time, says the author, that females quit concealing their intelligence to preserve their charm for the boys.

Considering how many words the women in the United States must exchange in the course of a day with their husbands, boy friends and bosses, it may sound silly to say they can't talk to men. If they aren't talking, what is it we keep hearing? Well, *The American College Dictionary*—and fascinating reading it is—gives seventeen different definitions of the word "talk." No. 1 is, "To make known or interchange ideas and information by means of the spoken word." No. 6 is, "To make sounds imitative or suggestive of speech." I have been doing some listening, and Definition 6 seems to me much closer to what most women do in conversation with men than Definition 1.

"Oh?" . . . "No?" . . . "Not really?" . . . "I didn't know that." . . . "How fascinating." . . . "Tell me more."

Is this interchanging ideas and information? It isn't as if women have none to exchange. They are probably more loaded with ideas and information than at any other time in history. They simply don't dare draw on them if a man is within earshot—probably because they have been brainwashed systematically for centuries.

The other day, searching for something in a book of quotations, I came to the heading WOMAN. Sixteen of the first twenty-one quotations tore woman down. Six of those sixteen suggested that she is a good deal more attractive when she keeps her mouth shut.

"It is thy place, woman, to hold thy peace and keep within doors," said Aeschylus back in the fifth century B.C.

"Silence gives the proper grace to women," said Sophocles about forty years later.

"Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection." That is from Timothy in the New Testament.

"To be slow in words is woman's only virtue," was just one of Shakespeare's comments.

"A man says what he knows, a woman says what will please," said Jean Jacques Rousseau about the time of George Washington.

And less than a hundred years ago Nietzsche remarked in print, "When a woman inclines to learning there is usually something wrong with her sex apparatus."

I am not so bothered that these famous men should have reached these remarkable conclusions. I am annoyed that a contemporary reference volume seems to consider them immortal. Clearly a good many men still think they are true or, anyway, wish they were. Rousseau's comment probably goes right to the heart of the matter. Women keep trying to say what will please men because, from the moment they are old enough to give a thought to love, they are constantly told they better had. *Men can't stand knowledgeable women. Men can't stand having a woman disagree with them*, they keep hearing. And since any woman would rather be loved than be right, they play safe—and dumb.

Here is Elsa Kimme, a highly intelligent suburban housewife. She works with the League of Woman Voters committee on zoning laws to keep her suburbs suburban. At a dinner party she finds herself next to Dan Watts, who manufactures transistors (Continued on Page 67)

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Must we butcher our landscape to make way for our booming suburbs? A park official describes

# THE BATTLE TO SAVE THE TREES

By CHARLTON OGBURN JR.

"The generality of Americans . . . have an unconquerable aversion to trees; and whenever a settlement is made, they cut away all before them without mercy. . . . They are looked upon as a nuisance, and the man that can cut down the largest number, and have the fields about his house most clear of them, is looked upon as the most industrious citizen, and the one that is making the greatest improvements in the country." So wrote an Irishman, Isaac Weld Jr., of his travels in the United States in the years 1795-97.

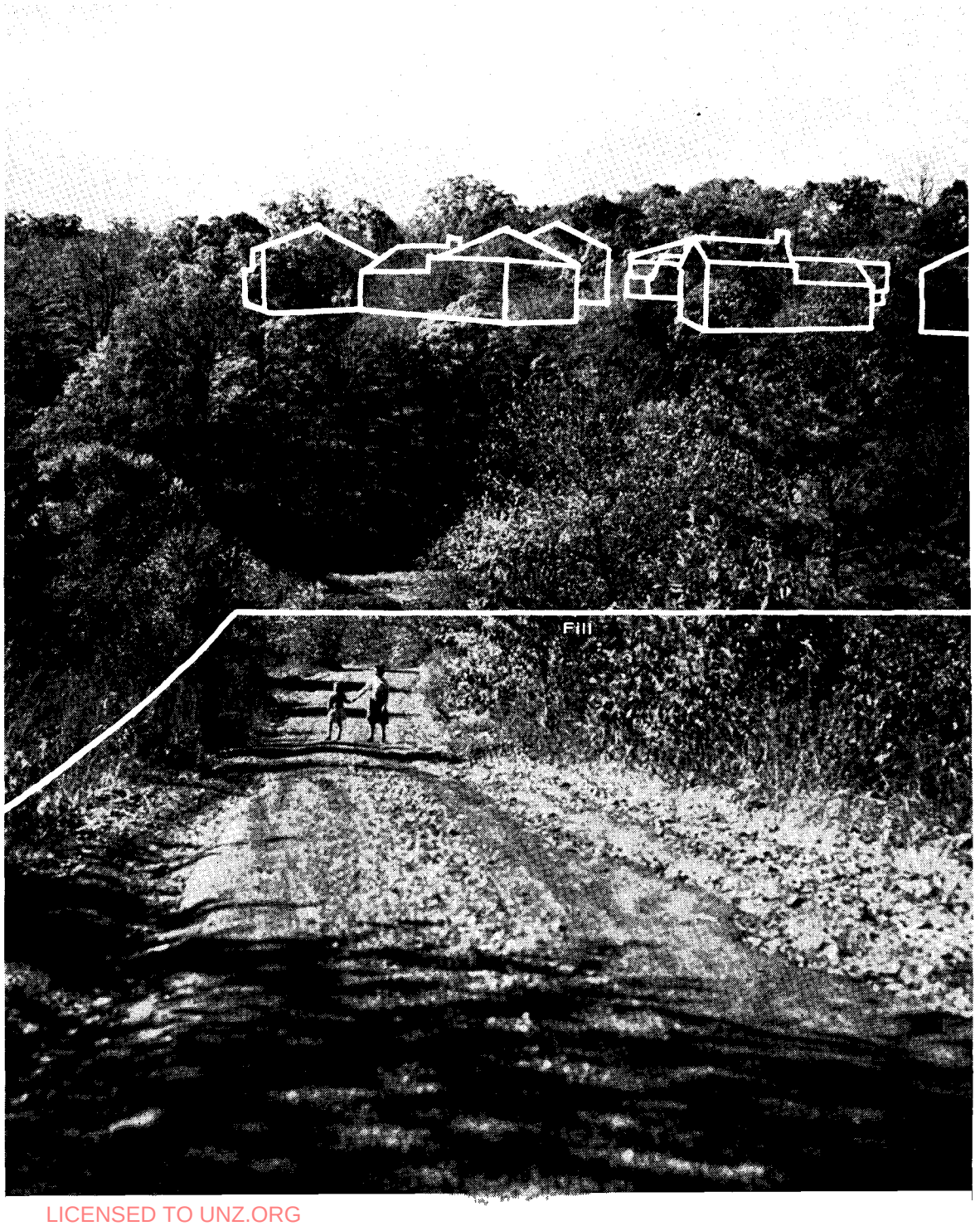
In those days, as our visitor conceded, the face of the country was overspread with trees. Nothing could be farther from the truth today, but still on the outskirts of our cities where the New America of the suburbs is coming into being, the remaining stands of trees are being attacked with much the same zeal that Isaac Weld lamented. He found it "strange, that in a country where the rays of the sun act with such prodigious power, some few trees near the habitations should not be spared, whose foliage might afford a cooling shade . . . ." Today, as I watch the bulldozers clear the way, scrape the landscape clean for new subdivisions, I find it still strange, even frightening. Must we ruthlessly destroy our countryside in order to live in it?

As a member of the Park Authority of one of the fastest-growing counties in the nation—Fairfax, Virginia, just outside Washington, D.C.—I am forced to witness more destruction of the landscape than is seen by the average suburbanite. For example, there was a sixty-acre tract, mostly forest, near a proposed park site in Springfield, Virginia. When I first saw this forest it was an intricate community of oaks, dogwoods, orchids, mosses and lichens, squirrels, mice, woodpeckers and moths; its spongy topsoil teemed with microscopic organisms. On my next visit, a few days later, nothing remained but some piles of charred, slowly burning tree stumps. A shopping center was going in there.

Such a scene is characteristic of other developing areas. In California, developers wreck whole hills, encircling them with gouged-out terraces to multiply house sites. An aerial view of the outskirts of any of our expanding cities shows houses laid out like trains of boxcars, in uniform ranks on a denuded plain. From the ground, the bare, bleak vistas of regimented homes with only telephone poles and television aerials breaking the expanse of roofs are as depressing as the sight of slums, if in a different way. A supplier of kitchen equipment, a man who has built model houses and has worked with builders all over the country, expressed a judgment which few, even in the building industry, would dispute, when he said, "A good ninety per cent of all housing tracts must be featureless, badly laid out and totally barren."

Why is this so? Can we do anything about it?

Recently I set out to try to find some answers to these questions. From enlightened land planners, architects and builders I have learned that we do not need to destroy our countryside in order to live in it. We can meet the demand for millions of new houses and still preserve trees and our natural landscape.




## BEFORE

A tract of land near Philadelphia as it appeared twenty years ago. The white lines show where houses were later built and the valley filled.

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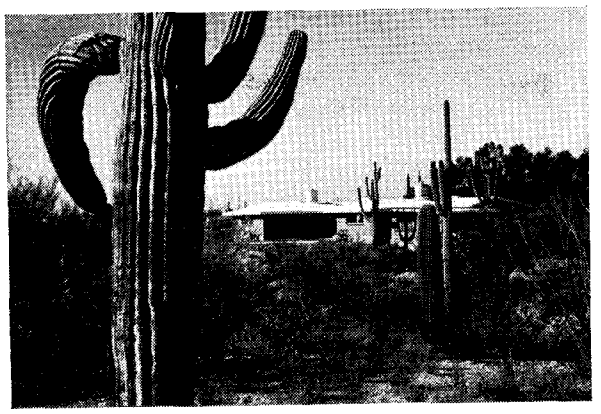
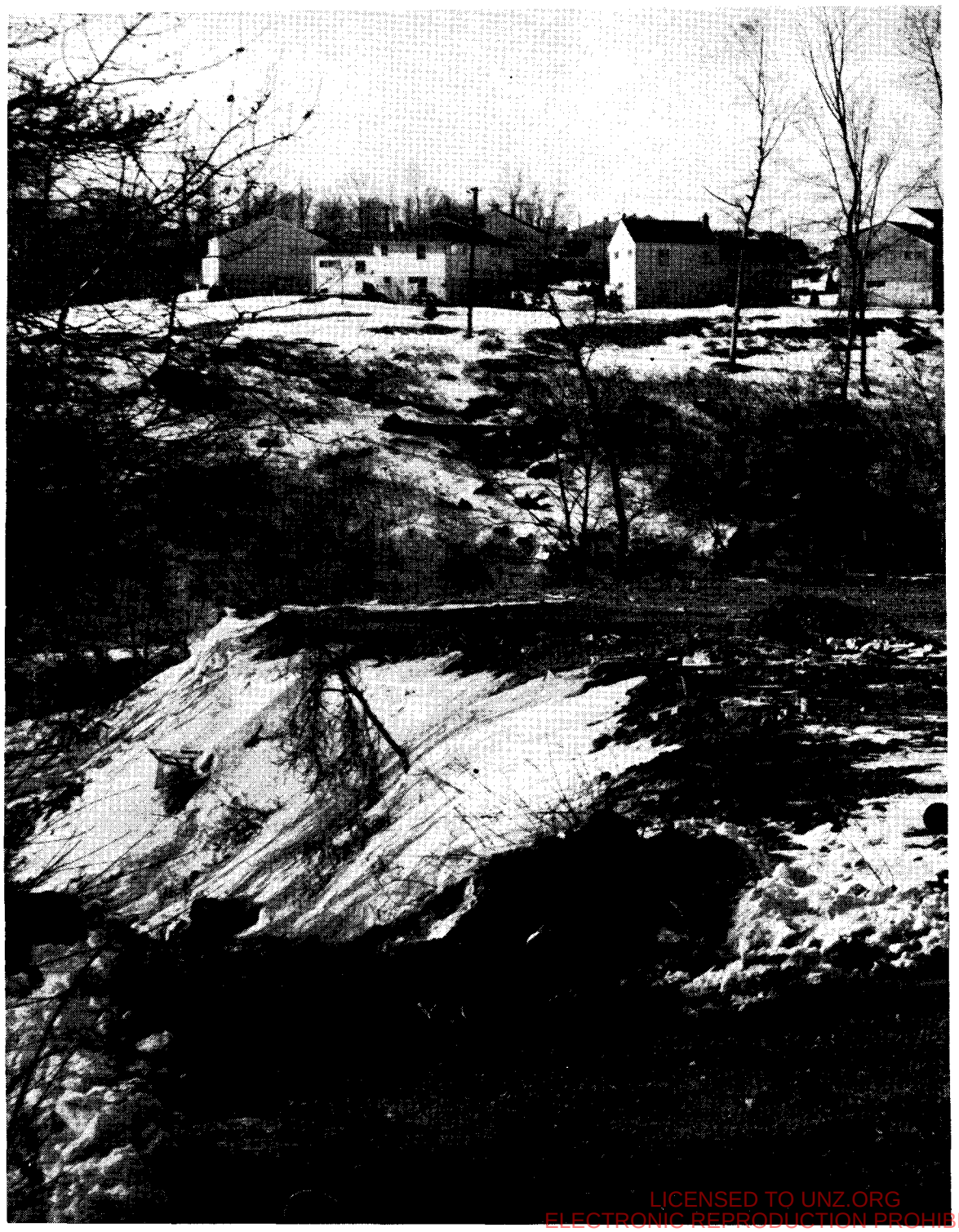
Potomac Overlook, Md.: Architect Lethbridge (left) and builder Bennett saved these trees.



Oracle Road Estates, near Tucson, Arizona: Homes were carefully placed to allow these giant saguaro cacti to remain.

Fawn Ridge, near Peekskill, N.Y.: At a cost of $300 per lot it was possible to save the trees in this development.

But I also learned that the problem of curbing the bulldozer is a lot tougher than I had imagined—that it is going to take a far wider exercise of vision than is being displayed today. Also, in the long run we face some difficult choices in land use by, and housing for, our increasing population. It is estimated that in the next fifteen years our metropolitan population will increase by 60,000,000, and of these, 25,000,000 will move into new houses in suburbs. This is just a fifteen-year projection, looking no farther into the future than World War II lies in the past. Will the land for the oncoming developments be scalped and flattened, or will the new dwellings be fitted into the existing terrain with minimum destruction of trees and undergrowth, of stream beds, rock outcroppings and contours sculptured by geologic aeons? The answer will make an important difference in the kind of country we have to live in—and in the kind of people we are. Or so I believe.



## AFTER

Denuded landscape: This picture was taken recently at the same location as the one on the opposite page. Government regulations often make it difficult to save original topography.

Let us look first at some practical reasons for saving and living with trees. A thirty-five-foot oak or maple having a total leaf surface of about 4000 square feet will evaporate more than thirty-five gallons of water during a summer day, according to computations by Prof. Paul J. Kramer of Duke University. By evaporation and deflection of the sun's rays, the Urban Land Institute, Washington, D.C., points out, a tree will reduce the heating effect of the sun on the area below it by as much as a half. But even more informative than figures is the experience of driving into a wooded park after dark in the summer. City streets, cooked to as high as 135 degrees by the sun, radiate heat all night long. In a tree-shaded area the temperature drops with the sun.

In our country, with its history of rampaging rivers and gullied hillsides, no one should have to be reminded of the function of natural plant cover in holding soil and water. The story of erosion and of the siltation of streams and rivers, which destroys aquatic life, clogs channels and causes floods, has been told frequently and well, but generally in terms of bad farming practices. Less well understood is the extent to which the damage is compounded by bulldozing off the vegetation and the topsoil, during the development of subdivisions. The District of Columbia's famous Rock Creek, which winds through its chief park after draining an adjacent part of Maryland, tends to flood twice as badly as it did twenty years ago. You know why when you read a statement by Harold P. Guy of the United States Geological Survey pointing out how the water-holding capacity of the watershed has been reduced, as for example in a subdivision in Kensington, Maryland, from which "nearly all of the trees were removed and the natural waterways were altered." After this scalping, each inch of runoff from rain falling on the area carried about 250 tons of sediment into Rock Creek, or about fifty times as much as from an equivalent undeveloped watershed. Further reading tells you that in the Washington area as a whole the streams now move about 1,000,000 tons of sediment a year, helping to explain why game fishing has (Continued on Page 68)

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By
GEORGE
BRADSHAW

# IMAGE OF A STARLET

**Perhaps the best time for an actress to write her autobiography is while she is still young and living every minute of it.**

AUTHOR'S NOTE. Miss Agnes Fury has a good idea. She is, I had better explain, an actress, or rather, a potential, an aspiring actress, and as such she has noticed with a calculating eye the very large number of biographies of performers which have recently been published in magazines and as books. However, she has an objection to almost all of them: they are written when the actress is old—in her thirties or even forties—and when her memory, to judge by the results, has begun to fail. Too much is skipped over, glossed over or just plain left out, so that you get nothing much more than a catalogue of success—unless, of course, the book is one of those in which everybody is drunk, which is another story.

(It is Miss Fury's conviction that an artist's early life and struggles are quite as interesting and important as her later life and triumphs—Miss Fury is twenty-two. She also believes there is no time like the present to set things down—when events are new in your mind; that in no other way can you preserve the fresh, sweet scenery of the moment. Of course, like any actress, Miss Fury is too busy to do this herself, and so must resort to "—as told to."

(Miss Fury's plans for herself are rather grander than most actresses'. She feels she does not want to limit herself to simply one ghost writer. She is certain that as an actress she will run into many authors, and she expects to extract a chapter from each of them during the time he is in her confidence. And I believe she imagines that as she gets older the authors will get better. In her dreamy eyes I think she already sees the cover of her book—*The Life of Aggie Fury*, by Arthur Miller, John Steinbeck, Tennessee Williams, Ernest Hemingway, William Inge, Lillian Hellman, William Faulkner, and so on. I sometimes wonder uneasily whether in such company there is going to be space for my name, the author of Chapter Five.

(The first four chapters, incidentally, are not yet written. I suggested that maybe I should begin at the beginning, but Miss Fury thought not. For Chapter One, the history of her family, her birth, her early childhood and what the world was like generally in those far-off mythical days of the Nineteen-forties, she wants an Akron author—she was born in Akron, Ohio. And for Chapter Two—"Beginnings of an Education," including her eye-opening experience of first setting foot on any stage in a high-school production of *Mourning Becomes Electra*—she will probably need an Akron author too.

(Someone, in other words, who knows Akron thoroughly, although she is not quite sure yet who this will be. But for Chapter Three—a long chapter of at least a hundred pages describing her college days in the Drama Department of Carnegie Tech—she has several candidates. There were many, many playwrights among the students in her day, and it doesn't seem too much to hope that one of them will turn out to be famous, and so oblige her.

(And for Chapter Four—the descent upon New York with a diploma, a thousand dollars, youth, beauty, talent, ambition and hope, all the blue-sky, white-cloud hope of twenty-one—she has a candidate, a poet. His name is Iago Jones, at least that is the name he writes poetry under and the "Jones" obviously is real enough, and she has known him since the first week she arrived in town. They both lived in the same romantic, ratty little rooming house on Leroy Street in Greenwich Village. He would certainly seem to be the perfect candidate, for he writes well—in fact, very well—I have read some of his stuff—and he saw her constantly all during the time she had the thousand dollars and afterward when she had to go to work: perfect, that is, except for one circumstance.

(The Ford Foundation, in what seems to be an officious, interfering way, thrust upon Iago Jones the sum of ten thousand dollars on the theory that with it he could write in peace. Well, you would think the Ford Foundation would know what any normal, well-adjusted, American poet of twenty-four in this day and age would do when he got his hands on ten thousand dollars. Iago Jones did it. He went out and bought himself a business.

(It was a coffeehouse—Espresso Shop on Cordelia Street, and with all that money Iago was able to fix it up handsomely, and since he was already a kind of figure in the Village, the place was a success from the start.

(That of course brought its own problems. So busy was Iago ordering coffee, hiring waitresses, making change, going to the bank, engaging guitar players and firing chefs, that there was no longer ten minutes a day left for writing. While this naturally didn't bother Iago—as any poet will understand—it did upset Aggie and, for all I know, the Ford Foundation. With Aggie it was personal. What about Chapter Four?

(So we come to Chapter Five. When she was in high school, Aggie's father had insisted that between bouts with Euripides and Noel Coward, she learn shorthand and typing, just in case.

(Well, I need a typist, not daily, but a couple of times a week. I am always losing them because of the irregularity, so when someone told me about Aggie I called her up. She said she would be delighted to come.

(What did I expect? In my day an actress if she felt low went to Lily Daché's and bought herself a hat, but I know this is no longer the case. Nowadays she calls up her psychiatrist, and poor Miss Daché can starve.

(Aggie was a great surprise. She did not wear black tights or those fierce pointed shoes or white lipstick: her hair, medium blond, was brushed and brushed, her stockings were nylon, her suit looked like Chanel, although I don't suppose it was, and just to make sure we weren't living in grandma's day, she had a slash of green make-up across her eyes. It looked fine, I am surprised to say, and altogether she was the sort of secretary you dream about and never, never get.

(I will not bother you with how I happened to write Chapter Five; only remember that beautiful young girls have persuaded elderly authors to accommodate them before this. All references made to people and places will be self-explanatory, I think, except perhaps for "the Class." This is the acting school she went—and goes—to, run by Alex Rhodes; it is very well known among the young.

(So I, who have been a close observer of Aggie now for seven months, write down as told to me. . . .)

## CHAPTER FIVE

It was in that winter of 'Fifty-nine–'Sixty that (A) I got my first (Continued on Page 64)

Illustrated by Joe Bowler

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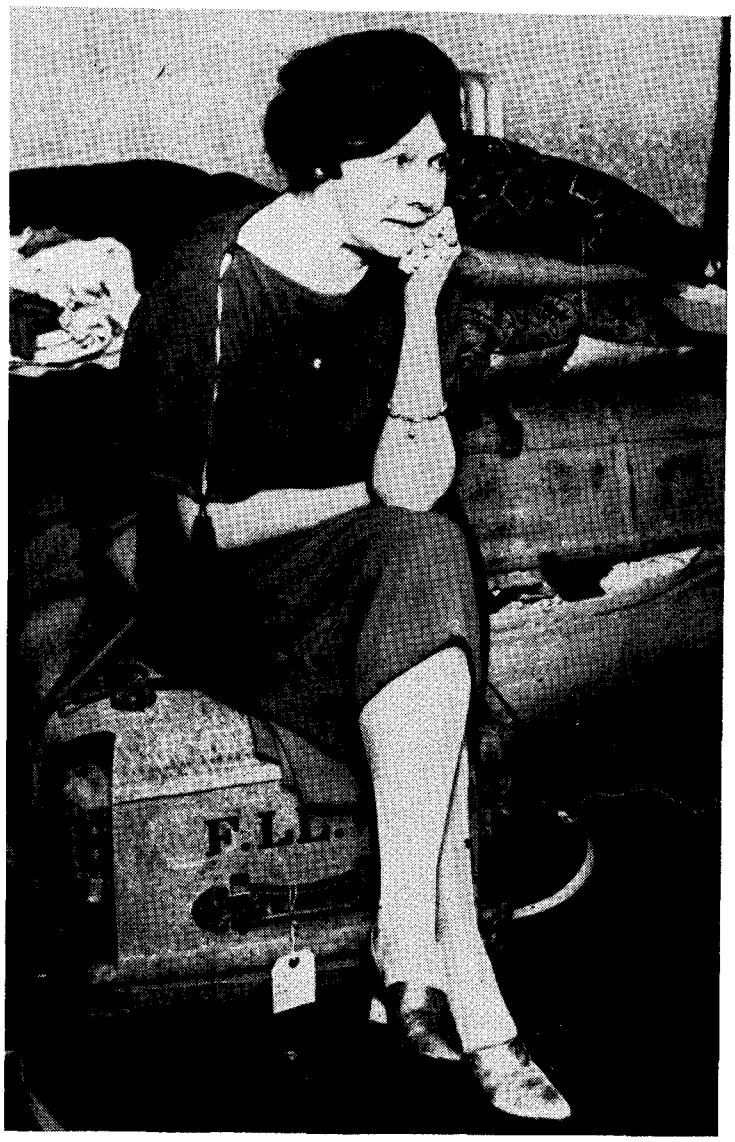


Miriam Noel, Wright's second wife. When they met in 1914, he called her "something to see by." Soon afterward the unhappy architect said, "She has made my life a perfect hell."

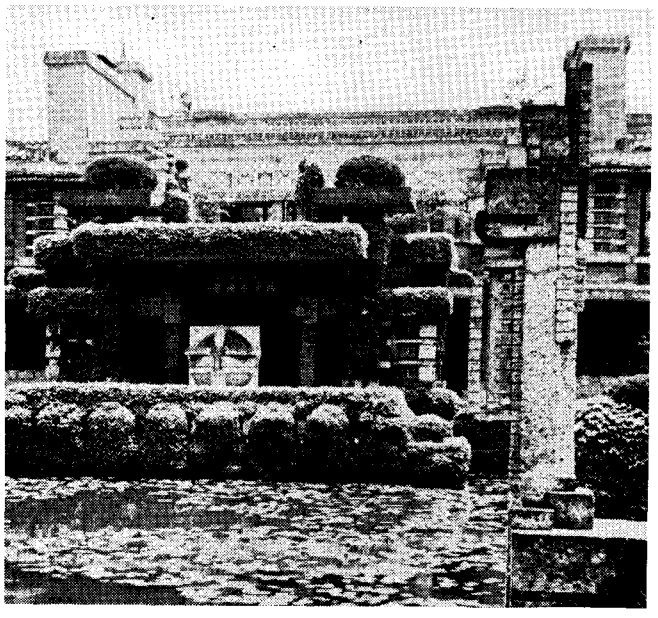
Olga Iovanovna Lazovich Hinzenberg (above), a native of Montenegro, became his third and final wife after an extraordinary romance.

## Frank Lloyd Wright: DEFIANT GENIUS

PART FOUR By FINIS FARR

# YEARS of TRIAL

The architectural iconoclast lived through the public's indignation. Then he contracted a hopeless marriage to an unbalanced admirer.



The entrance to Tokyo's Imperial Hotel. The building, a Wright masterpiece, survived the 1923 earthquake.

The world-famed architect, Frank Lloyd Wright, stood close to final defeat at the end of August in 1914. A West Indian servant had gone mad, burned Wright's splendid and romantic lair in the hills of southern Wisconsin, and murdered seven residents of the place, including the former Mrs. Edward H. Cheney and her two children.

This was equal in blood and violence to any classic catastrophe ever visited on those who angered the gods with too much pride; and after so shocking and sensational a tragedy, some of Wright's contemporaries took it for granted that he would never be heard from again. But Wright's amazing qualities of endurance were not yet fully tested. Half his life lay ahead, to be marked by the same sort of intense effort and achievement, struggle and victory, foolishness and grandeur, as had gone before.

Sufficiently dreadful to compete for newspaper space with the First World War, which had just broken out, the Taliesin massacre attracted the attention of preachers, some of whom had mentioned Wright before in discourse from the pulpit. To the ministers' way of thinking, the great flaw in the arrangements at Taliesin was that although Mamah Borthwick Cheney was divorced from her husband, she was not married to Frank Lloyd Wright. This caused some pastors to point to the tragedy as a substantial installment on sin's payroll, though they failed to explain why six unoffending persons were included and not Wright himself.

On his part, Wright made the characteristic gesture of issuing a manifesto, in the form of a letter to the Spring Green neighbors who had helped put out the Taliesin fire. What goaded Wright was the (Continued on Page 89)

*Finis Farr's biography of Frank Lloyd Wright will be published in book form next fall by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.*

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# The Shallows of Doom

By G. H. CALPIN

## The murderer counted on the crocodiles for disposal of the evidence.

Africa, someone said, is a cold country with a hot sun. In its inner fastnesses the sun scorches a trail from up to down, leaving you to shiver under the Southern Cross. But in the shallows, where the land slips into the ocean, enclosing stretches of sea that slide into the jungle, the heat of the day dissolves into the heat of night, and the earth lies warm under the velvet of Capricorn. Here the hippo raises his broad snout in the sea lake, and the crocodile lies half in, half out of the water.

Dirk blew at the five-o'clock haze of it all and eased the throttle of the engine. The whine died in a muffled splutter as the small motorboat nosed into the mudbank. Quickly he jumped ashore, tied the boat to the plank that served as a jetty and stood for a moment, contracting his muscles, moisture beading his forehead. He looked back at the lake, as if expecting someone, then turned up the rough path to Du Plooy's bungalow and was glad to fall into a wicker chair under the bougainvillaea and feel the shade of the overgrown stoep.

An African houseboy appeared, white clad, and placed a tray of drinks on a small table. "*N'kosi*," the boy said, raising his arm in greeting, "Master."

Dirk lifted a hand in acknowledgment.

"*Sakubona, indoda*," he said, "I greet you, African man," adding, "Are you well?"

"*Yebo*," the boy smiled over teeth as white as coconut meat, "*inkosiyami ngisaphila*. I am well, my master. *Usaphila?* Are you well too?"

"*Yeboke*," Dirk replied. "Yes, I am well too, African man."

Officially Dirk was the servant of the government—his title the ranger—but deep down he knew he was the willing slave of the scorching sun, of the doum palms that fluttered metallically in the waiting air, of the flamingo, the heron, the hippo and the sleeping crocodile. As ranger he was part naturalist, when he made out his reports on the inflight and outflight of land and sea birds; part meteorologist, keeping (Continued on Page 46)

The gun in Du Plooy's hands was pointed — not at the crocodiles but at Harraway.

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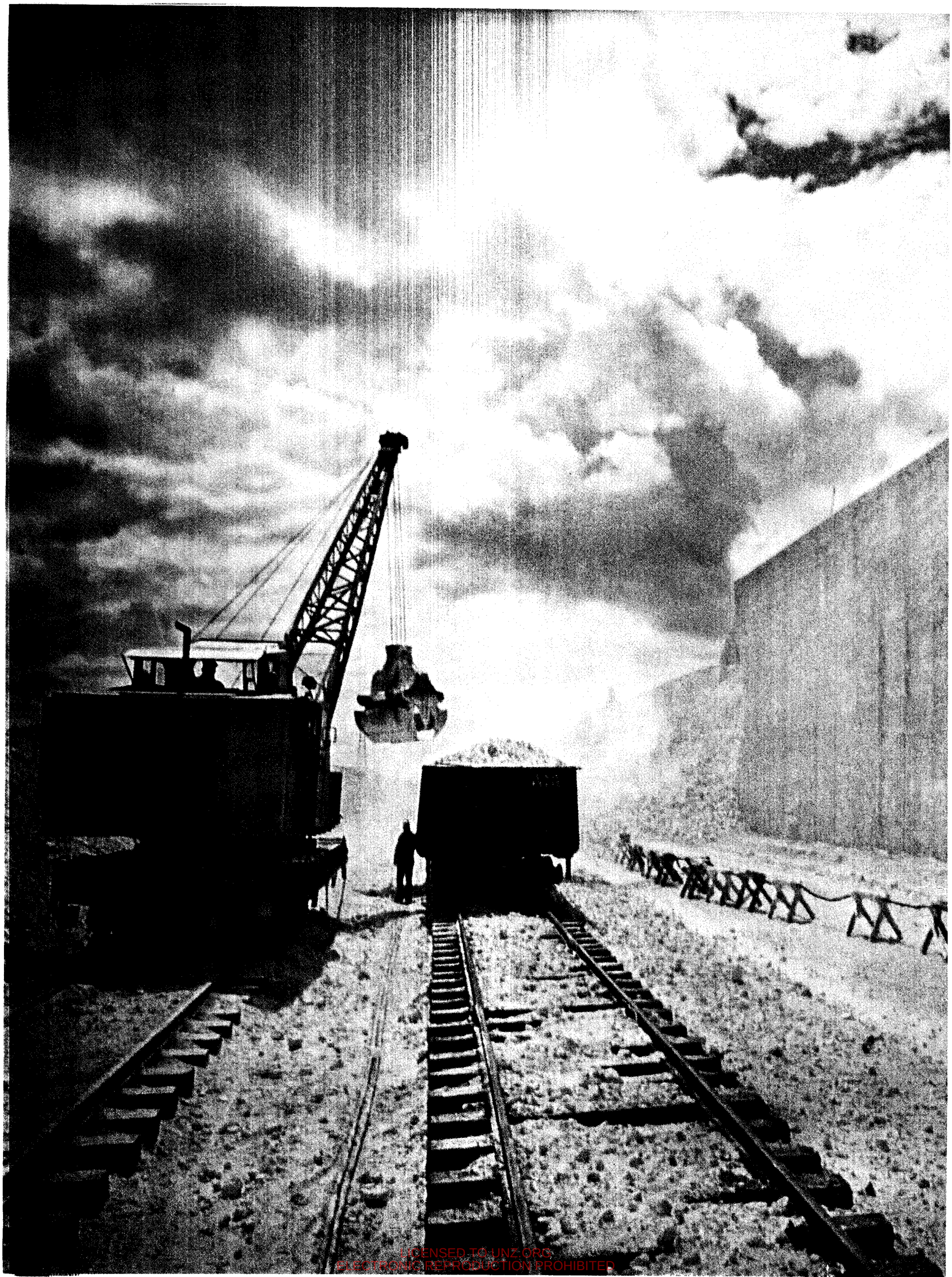

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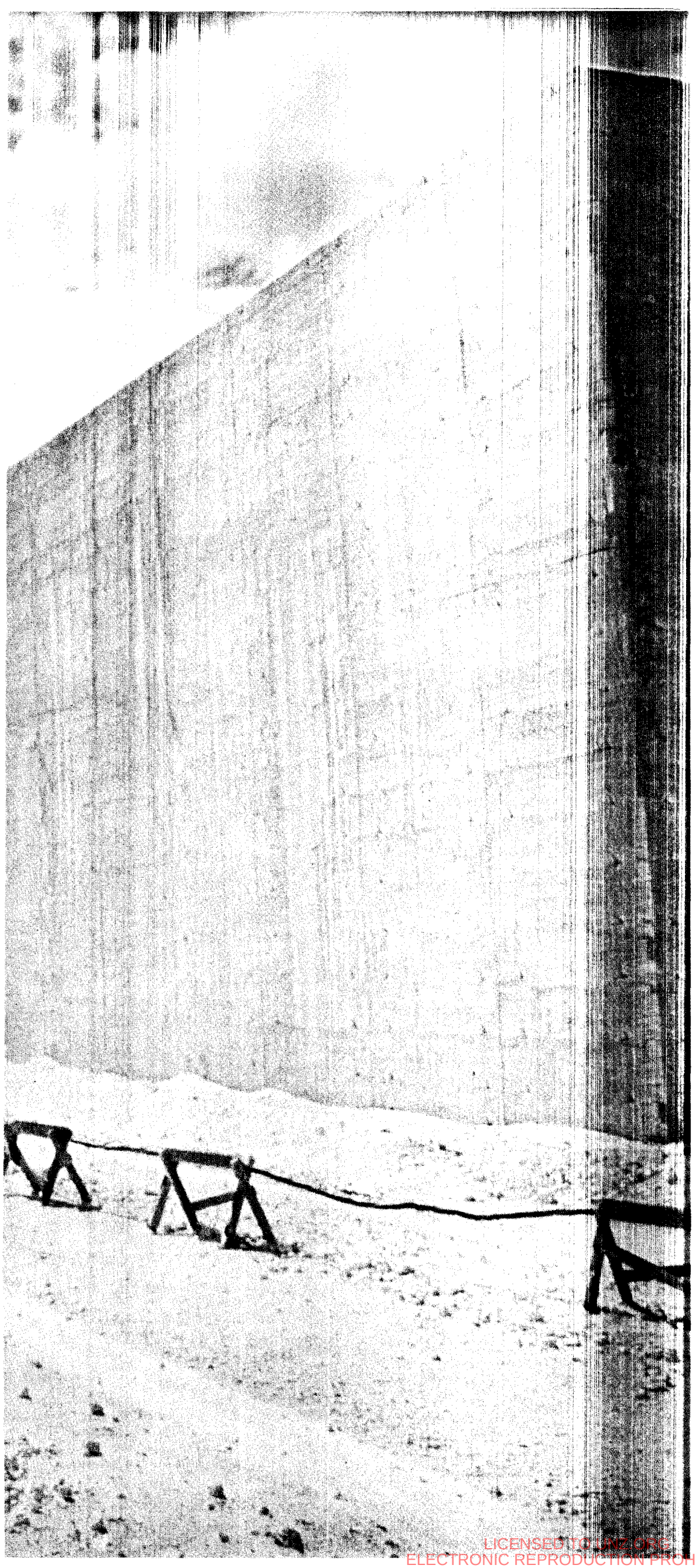
The Face of AMERICA

# Brimstone Monolith



The huge mound of sulphur at left, five stories high and four blocks long, could supply the whole free world with all the sulphur it needs for two weeks. A bulldozer on top of the vast heap breaks it up and pushes it down; the begoggled hoist operator picks up the brimstone in three-and-one-half-ton bites and fills 100-ton railroad cars. The cars take the sulphur away to be used in fertilizers, rubber, medicines and a host of other commonplace items. But the removal of even a whole trainload does not noticeably diminish the big pile, a half million long tons in all, which belongs to the Texas Gulf Sulphur Company, the world's largest sulphur producer. Here at Newgulf, Texas, the air is filled with saffron clouds which gild the surface of the green prairie.

Photograph by Bill Shrout

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# Post Scripts

## Valid Malady

You're nursing a pain or visceral static?
She gives you the proof it's psychosomatic.
She's well informed, for she's read a book,
And quotes you the *sacré* gobbledygook—
Repression, compulsion, escapist device.
She diagnoses you in a trice,
And whether duodenal or dental,
The roots of your trouble are plainly mental.

So when she's ill, she takes to her bed,
And never a needless word is said
Of psychosomatics. For, boy, oh, boy,
When *she* gets sick, it's the real McCoy!

PENNY PENNINGTON

## Modern Epigrams

A watched pot means you're on a diet.

People who live in glass houses are better dressed at breakfast than we are.

Many hands make light work of your clean towels.

A friend in need will come to you for a loan.

When talking to the boss, nothing succeeds like a "yes."

An ounce of prevention is worth about $9.50 at today's prices.

Where there's smoke there's an outdoor barbecue.

DAVID SAVAGE

## Youth Will Be Served . . . Often With Summonses

I may have a poor grasp of the reality of the situation, but when I compare the easygoing life of today's kids with the kind of life that my crowd lived, then I can only say that this is either childhood's finest hour or else they're getting away with murder. Specifically, kids today have all the answers, and this is unsettling to the adult who clings to the old-fashioned view that he should keep the upper hand. He's lucky today if he has an audience for a rebuttal.

A few nights ago I was helping my twelve-year-old daughter with her social studies. "What is the person called who crosses the street in the middle of the block?" I asked.

"The deceased," she replied promptly, not bothering to look up.

That should have prepared me, but it didn't. A few afternoons later, I came out of the house and my daughter was chatting with a teen-age boy who was tossing a baseball in the air and catching it in his glove. "This is Tommy," my daughter said.

I eyed Tommy for a moment and decided we'd do better to build our acquaintance on the foundation of a mutual fondness for baseball. "What's your best playing position?" I inquired.

Tommy thought for a moment. "Sort of stooped over, like this," he replied.

Then there was the evening that I asked my daughter if she would like to walk to the corner with me to get a paper. "Can I get something at the soda fountain?" she asked.

It was close to dinnertime, so I hedged. "You can count on me to do the right thing," I said.

"In that case," she replied, "I'm not going."

I guess the worst of all, though, was the day school started. When she got home, I asked if she knew many of her teachers. "A few," she replied.

"Do you know more than half of them?" I asked.

She pondered the question a moment. "If you want to know the truth," she said, "I know more than all of them."

They say it's being hip. I say it's sass.

CASKIE STINNETT

## Newspaper Stories

### (If We Ever Elect a Woman President)

Pamela Smathers, the first woman ever to be elected President of the United States, squealed, "Isn't it simply divine and dreamy!" as she rolled up an amazing total of 472 electoral votes in yesterday's election. Pam, who arrived at party headquarters a little after midnight for her victory speech, was wearing a beige-colored, décolleté dress of brocaded satin with navy accessories and. . . .

Most of the talk on Capitol Hill this week has centered on the fact that the President has rearranged the furniture in the White House for the fourth time in just six weeks. . . .

Although there have been several denials, the general feeling in Washington seems to be that Calvin Smathers, America's First Man, will accompany the President on her coming good-will tour to. . . .

President Smathers spent the weekend at Lakeshore Lodge, where most of her time was devoted to studying congressional bills submitted for her signature. However, she did manage to get in an hour of sewing during the. . . .

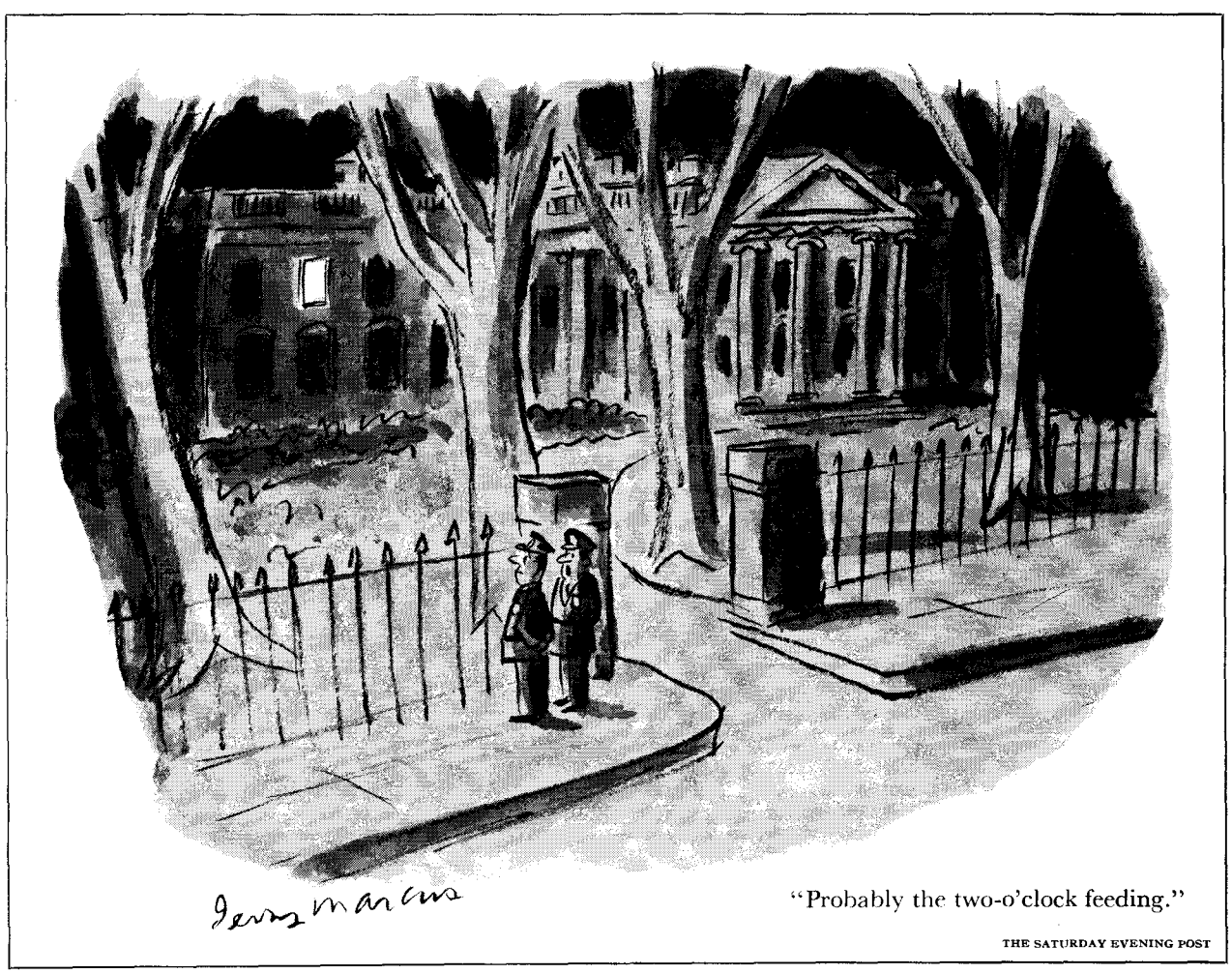
Plans are now being formulated for a September summit meeting which will bring together President of the United States Pamela Smathers, English Prime Minister Valerie Nottingham, French President Fifi La Croix, Russian Premier Maria Petrovsky. . . .

CHARLES MATTESON

## End of a Rainy Saturday

Our house is wrecked,
Or just about—
The kids played in,
And we're played out.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER



"Probably the two-o'clock feeding."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

## Televised Moments in History

Mr. Smith, you sit here. . . . And, Powhatan, you sit there, opposite Smith. . . . Pocahontas, you stand over there in the doorway. . . . Now, Powhatan, when Smith hands you the peace pipe he's just lit, you take a puff, then choke and cough and say, "Ugh! Harshum raw tobacco!" And you pick up your tomahawk and start toward Smith. . . . Now, Pocahontas, you rush out and hand Powhatan the other pipe. . . . Powhatan, you take a drag off of that one and sit down and smile. Then you hand it to Smith and say, "Clean smoothum smoke. Look, real peace pipe gottum filter tip!"

All right, Mr. Hancock, here's how the scene will go. You've just been handed the Declaration. Now you read a few lines: "When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands," and so on. Now you pick up this Scribo Super-quill pen I have here and submerge the Declaration in that pan of water on your desk and sign it. Be sure the paper and pen are completely *under water,* Mr. Hancock.

Well, Mrs. Ross—or may I call you Betsy?—you've brought duplicate flags to the studio, I see. Fine! Now, here's what you do: You take one flag and souse it around in that tub of ordinary strong soap suds. And you take the other flag and dip it gently in the tub of Bubblezip foamy detergent. Then you hold up the first flag to the camera, and the colors are all run together and faded, see? Then you hold up the other flag, the one you dipped in Bubblezip, and the colors are sunny-bright, white-white ——

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

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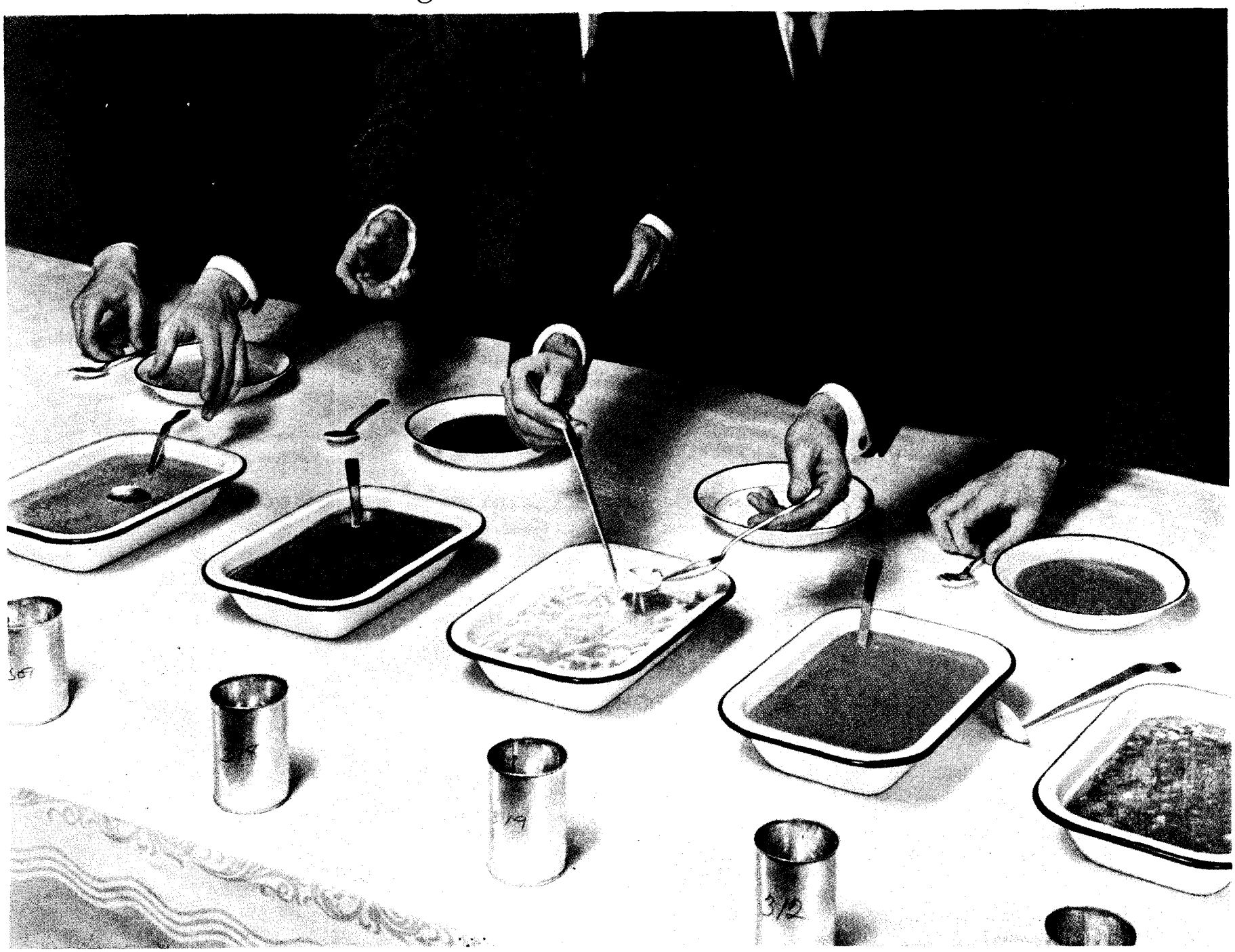
"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."



The samples wear no label because the Campbell label is a seal of approval that must be won. Should one of these cans be rejected, the production will be rejected.

# 11 O'Clock Management Meeting at Campbell's

## *Like any good cook, we taste the soup before we serve it to you*

Part of the job of being a member of the management group at Campbell's is the homely but highly important duty:

*To taste Campbell's Soups and other foods as they come from the kitchens.*

It is a tradition that was born with the company. The sampling is usually done at 11 a.m. when tastes are fresh and true.

We have been somewhat surprised to discover that some people seem to think this an unusual practice. But, who ever heard of a good cook who didn't taste her dishes before serving them to "company"?

Here at Campbell's, we cook for "company" every day, and we make it a point to taste our own cooking. All of us, from top to bottom, take all the care it is possible to take so that you may serve any food from the Campbell's Kitchens with confidence. And a touch of pride.

All this is just one of the many ways in which we try to live up to this simple creed:

"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

- Soups
- Frozen Soups
- Tomato Juice
- Pork & Beans
- V-8 Cocktail Vegetable Juices
- FRANCO-AMERICAN Products
- SWANSON Products

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Wolfe's agent left the counterfeiter's accomplices with their hands and feet tied.

**Wolfe's agent had discovered the bogus-bill hideout. Would it provide a clue to the murderer?**

# THE COUNTERFEITER'S KNIFE

**By REX STOUT**

Hattie Annis was being held by the police as a material witness in the murder of Tammy Baxter, a tenant in Hattie's rooming house. Hattie wanted "to make the cops eat dirt," so she hired Nero Wolfe to find the real murderer.

Hattie's four remaining roomers—Raymond Dell, Noel Ferris, Paul Hannah, Martha Kirk—went to Wolfe at Hattie's request to tell him what they knew about the killing.

After listening to the four of them, Wolfe said, "It has been helpful to listen to you, because now I know that one of you committed the murder. If I fail to find which one of you is guilty, it will be because I haven't asked the right questions—and I don't intend to fail."

Then Wolfe's head turned. "Mr. Dell, have you paid your room rent for the past three months?"

## CONCLUSION

Raymond Dell's chin lifted another quarter of an inch. "We could all refuse," he said.

Wolfe nodded. "You could indeed. If you think that would serve your friend in whose debt you are. Shall I try the others?"

"No. As for that question, if Hattie is your client you could ask her. Perhaps you already have. I have paid no room rent for three years, and she has asked for none."

Wolfe's head moved. "Miss Kirk?"

She was still staring at him. "The cops didn't ask me that," she said.

Wolfe grunted. "They have their technique, and I have mine. That question applies to the problem as I see it. Does it embarrass you?"

"No. I have lived there nearly a year and I have paid five dollars every week."

"From current income?"

"I haven't any current income. I get a check from my father every month."

"I trust it doesn't embarrass him. . . . Mr. Ferris?"

Noel Ferris passed his tongue over his lips. "How this applies is beyond me," he said, "but I don't dare to refuse to answer. I haven't figured how I stand on rent, but you can. I've had a room there for eighteen months. Last summer I was on television for thirteen weeks and I gave Hattie a hundred and fifty dollars. A show I was in flopped in November, and since then it has been television crumbs. Two weeks ago I gave her sixty dollars. You figure it."

"You're a hundred and eighty dollars short. . . . Mr. Hannah?"

Paul Hannah was looking determined. "I'm not taking any dare," he blurted. "You may think your question applies, but I don't. You say you know one of us killed Tammy Baxter, but I don't believe it. I know damn well I didn't. You don't kill someone without a reason, and what was it? She had only been there three weeks. The knife doesn't prove anything. Whoever killed her got in the house somehow; and if he was in the house, he could have got the knife. I'm not taking any dare."

Wolfe shook his head. "Your spunk is impressive, Mr. Hannah, but it bounces off. If you are innocent, the question whether you'll take a dare doesn't arise. The question is, what are you here for? To oblige a friend or parade your conceit?"

"I'm here because of what Hattie said to Martha and I wanted to hear what you had to say. And you ask if I've paid my room rent. All right, I have. I've been there four months and I've paid every week. That proves something?"

"Obviously. That you are not a pauper. You have an income?"

"No. I have money that I saved."

"So. That point is covered." Wolfe's eyes went to Martha. "Now, Miss Kirk, for what you have told the police—at least one detail, your movements this morning—say, from ten-thirty until one o'clock. Where were you?"

"I was in my room," she said, "until about a quarter after twelve. The police wanted to know exactly, but I couldn't tell them. I got in late last night, and I always do exercises for an hour when I get up. About a quarter after twelve I went down to the kitchen. There were no oranges, and I went out and got some. I wasn't gone more than ten minutes. I was cooking bacon and eggs when Mr. Dell came in, and Hattie with Mr. Goodwin; and Hattie said he was going to do a piece for a magazine, and they went ——"

"That's far enough. Which room is yours?"

"The third-floor front, above Hattie's."

"And the others? Their rooms?"

Illustrated by Austin Briggs

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"Ray's is the second-floor rear—Raymond Dell's. The rear room on my floor, the third, is Tammy Baxter's. The one above mine, on the fourth floor, is Noel Ferris's, and the rear one on that floor is Paul Hannah's."

"Did you see any of them this morning?"

"No. Not until Ray came to the kitchen, and that was afternoon."

"Did you hear any of them moving or speaking?"

"No."

"Not even Mr. Ferris in the room above you?"

"No. I suppose he was up and gone before I woke up."

"Did you hear or see anything at all that might be of significance?"

She shook her head. "The police thought I must have when I was in the kitchen, but I didn't."

Wolfe's head went left, to Raymond Dell in the red leather chair. "Mr. Dell. I know you came downstairs when Miss Annis entered the house with Mr. Goodwin shortly before one o'clock. Before that?"

"Nothing," Dell rumbled.

"Nothing?"

"Nothing. That was when I left my room for the first time. Until then I had seen no one, heard nothing and seen nothing. I had been asleep."

"Then how did you know there were no oranges?"

Dell's chin jerked up. "What's that? Oh." He gestured. "That man Goodwin. I knew because there had been none when I went down for some in the early hours—the late hours. I don't sleep at night—I read. I was reading Sophocles' *Oedipus Rex* and when I finished it, at five o'clock perhaps, or six, I wanted oranges. I always do around that hour. Finding none, I returned to my room and dozed."

"So that was customary? You rarely stir before twelve?"

"I never do."

"And at night you read. How do you spend your afternoons?"

Dell frowned. "Could that conceivably apply?"

"Yes. Conceivably."

"I want to be present when you apply it. That would be a revelation worthy of the Cumaean sibyl. I baby-sit."

"You what?"

"The current abhorrent term is 'baby-sit.' I have a friend who is a painter—by name, Max Eder—who lives in an East Side tenement. His wife is dead. He has a son and daughter aged three and four, and five days a week I am their keeper for five hours, from two till seven—for a stipend. Mondays and Tuesdays, I am free to roam the market if I am so inclined—you frown—to offer my talents in television dens. I am so inclined only by necessity."

"What is Mr. Eder's address?"

Dell shrugged an actor's shrug. "This approaches lunacy. However, it's in the phone book. Three-fourteen Mission Street."

"How long have you been—uh—performing this service for him?"

"Something over a year."

Wolfe left him. "Mr. Hannah. Since I am now merely asking for what you have already told the police—your whereabouts today from ten-thirty to one—I hope you won't be provoked."

"You do like hell," Hannah blurted. "Parading my conceit, huh? I'm sticking only because I told Martha I would. I left the house a little after nine o'clock and spent a couple of hours around the West Side docks, and then I took a bus downtown and got to the Mushroom Theater a little before twelve. We start rehearsal at noon. Around two o'clock a man came and flashed a badge and said I was wanted for questioning and took me to Forty-seventh Street."

"What were you doing around the docks?"

"I was looking and listening. In the play we're doing, *Do as Thou Wilt*, I'm a longshoreman and I want to get it right."

"Where is the Mushroom Theater?"

"Bowie Street. Near Houston Street."

"Do you have a leading role in the play?"

"No. Not leading."

"How many lines have you?"

"Not many. It's not a big part. I'm young and I'm learning."

"How long have you been rehearsing?"

"About a month."

"Have you appeared at that theater before?"

"Once, last fall. I had a walk-on in *The Pleasure Is Mine*."

"How long did it run?"

"Six weeks. Pretty good for off-Broadway."

"Do you favor any particular spot when you visit the docks?"

"No. I just move around and look and listen."

"Do you do that every day?"

"No, of course not."

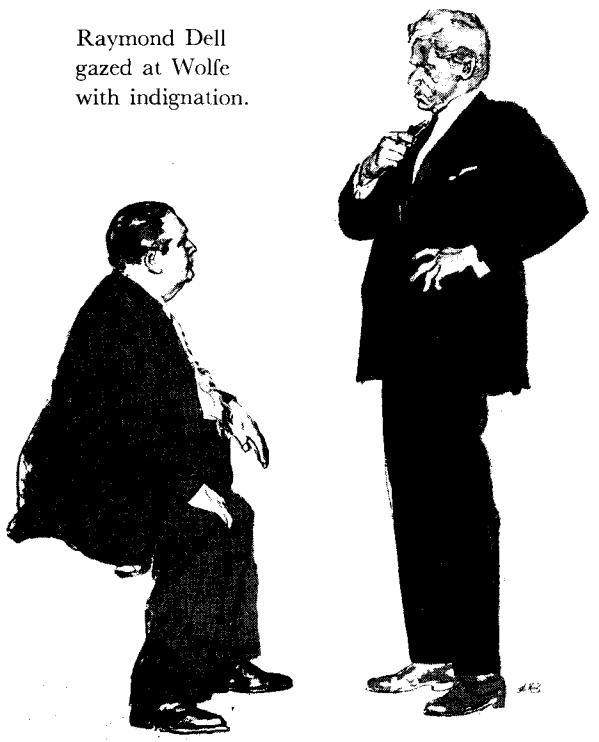
"How many times in the past month?"

"Only once before today. A couple of times when I got the part in November."

I was thinking that at least he had one of the basic qualifications for an actor. He was ready and willing to answer any questions about his career, with or without a dare, whether they applied or not. If Wolfe thought it would help to have the plot of *Do as Thou Wilt* described in detail, all he had to do was ask.

But apparently he didn't need it. His head moved. "And you, Mr. Ferris?"

"I'm feeling a lot better," Noel Ferris said. "When the questions they asked made me realize that I was actually suspected of murder, and I also realized that I had no alibi, it looked pretty dark, believe me. What if the others had all been somewhere else and could prove it? So I thank you, Mr. Wolfe. I feel a lot better. As for me, I left the house a little after ten and called at four agencies. Two of them would remember I was there, but probably not the exact time. When I got hungry I went back to the house to eat. I can't afford five-dollar lunches and I can't eat eighty-cent ones. When I entered the house a man was at the phone telling someone that Tammy Baxter had been murdered and her body was in the parlor."



Raymond Dell gazed at Wolfe with indignation.

"What kind of agencies?"

"Casting—theater and television."

"Do you visit them daily?"

"No. About twice a week."

"And the other five days? How do you pass the time?"

"I don't. It passes me. Two days, sometimes three, I make horses and kangaroos and other animals. I go to a workroom and model them and make molds—something on the order of Cellini. I get eight dollars for a squirrel, twenty for a giraffe."

"Where is the workroom?"

"In the rear of a shop on First Avenue. The name of the shop is Harry's Zoo. The name of the owner is Harry Arkazy. He has a sixteen-year-old daughter as beautiful as a rosy dawn, but she lisps. Her name is Ilonka. His son's name ——"

"This is not a comedy, Mr. Ferris," Wolfe snapped. He twisted his neck to look at the wall clock. "I engaged to act for Miss Annis only five hours ago and I haven't arranged my mind, so my questions may be at random, but they are not frivolous." His eyes moved to take them in. "Now that I have seen you and heard you I am better prepared and I can consider how to proceed. I will leave it to Miss Annis to thank you—three of you—for coming." He added, "I expect to see you again."

Martha was gawking at him. "But Hattie said to tell you everything we told the cops!"

He nodded. "I know. It would take all night. I'll go to that extreme only by compulsion. And if you told them anything indicative, they are hours ahead of me, and I would only breathe their dust."

Dell boomed, "You call this investigating a murder? Asking me if I have paid my room rent and how I spend my afternoons?"

It was a little odd, the four suspects' coming uninvited to empty the bag and being told to go almost before they got started. Noel Ferris, his lips twisted, got up and headed for the hall. Martha Kirk, getting no satisfaction from Wolfe, appealed to me—didn't I realize that Hattie had been arrested for a murder she didn't commit? Paul Hannah sat and listened to us, chewing his lip, then got up and touched her arm and said they might as well go. Raymond Dell stood, lowered his chin, gazed at Wolfe half a minute, registering indignation, wheeled and marched out—exit Dell, center. I followed Martha and Hannah to the hall, but she preferred to put on her galoshes herself. When I opened the door for them, a few snowflakes danced in.

Back in the office, Wolfe was still sitting, leaning back with his eyes closed. I asked if he wanted beer, got a nod and went to the kitchen and brought a bottle and glass and a glass of milk for me. He opened (Continued on Page 70)

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# On the Devil's Doorstep

(Continued from Page 26)

"Salt pack!" Murdock huffed. "By damn! A good snifter down his gullet and a tobacco poultice, and he won't know he ever had a toothache."

Eudora stared on at Timmy, hunched against the washstand and trying valiantly not to cry. "I'll have to take you in to the dentist at Antelope," she said.

Murdock wobbled unsteadily on run-over boots and gestured with the stove lifter. "That new, tightfisted shyster of a dentist charges a *dollar* to pull a tooth—no dollar, no pullin'. Says so right on the door of his office next to the Oasis Hotel. That's the way the country is now—everybody out to gouge you. That's what comes of havin' that fat old Taft in Washington. But just you wait till we get Teddy back next year."

Teddy, according to Murdock, would do away with all that rankled Murdock's soul—the barbed-wire fences, the homesteaders, the turning of sod. When papa cut down on his herd of longhorns and bought a plow and cultivator, Murdock declared he was headin' straight for the Panhandle. But he stayed on and ate the beans and corn mamma cooked and, in long winter evenings, played parcheesi with the children, during which they acquired a colorful vocabulary.

*No dollar, no pullin'*. That gave Eudora pause. No one had a dollar cash to reach for in the plains country. Murdock, of course, hadn't or he'd still be in Antelope. Another glance at Timmy and the swelling that all but closed one eye, and she knew sudden inspiration: "I'll pick sweet corn and sell it in Antelope to pay the dentist."

For she remembered papa's saying, "When we get back from Denver, I'm loading the wagon up with roasting ears and going to Antelope. They'll fight for it. Why, these old-timers around here never saw corn that wasn't in a can. Yes, sir, at ten cents a dozen. . . ."

"That's pretty dear," mamma had said.

"Not for Country Gentleman corn—no, sir!"

So now head-of-the-family Eudora said, "I'll pick ten dozen ears and load them in the buckboard."

She flew into a furor of action. Timmy, one-handed because of cradling his aching jaw with his widespread paw, brought in Bess and Prince from the alfalfa stubble and fed them. Eudora went to the corn patch that lay in the low slope which, on a windy day, could be watered from the windmill.

The August sun that later would be a ball of fire was sending up rosy announcement as she walked down the rows. It took a deal of looking for ears with dried wisps of silk, to feel out firm kernels under the husks. But at last she had ten dozen, plus a few extras.

She and Timmy hitched Prince and Bess to the buckboard, after much tugging of the gluttonous Bess, who was heavy with colt, away from the feedbox. They loaded in the corn and covered it with wet gunny sacks.

By now Murdock was in his bunkhouse in a state of coma. By now the Two Littles were up and in the kitchen, eating cold bread pudding and fried ham from the evening before, and they set up a clamor to go to Antelope too. Marcella, the constant spokesman, pleaded, "We can't stay out here all by our own selves. You know how Murdock is after he goes for a haircut."

They could go, Eudora decided, if they'd sit on the store porch and not tag after her—not when little Len had a bandaged toe—while she went from house to house selling corn. "Because that old skinflint dentist won't pull Timmy's tooth till he gets the dollar."

In the bedroom Eudora faced another decision. Should she wear her middle-best calico or her very best pink dress with the lace yoke and full skirt?

Going to Antelope was an occasion. To Midway, which was a whistle stop four miles across the plains, with only a general store and post office, she had often driven for fence staples or flour. But Antelope was a train junction, a wide-open town—with those saloons on every corner. She had only gone there under mamma's or papa's protection.

The family had driven in for the Fourth of July bronco busting and racing. And while mamma and Eudora were in the root-beer pavilion waiting in line, a tall, redheaded young man had suddenly come up to them. He tendered them two mugs of the foamy drink and a wide, engaging smile. "I had to see for sure," he said to Eudora. "I told myself that no girl could have eyes blue as my old grandma's flax flowers."

Mamma had ignored the proffered mugs of root beer. "Didn't your old grandma teach you never to speak to a girl unless you were introduced?" she tartly reproved and hurried Eudora off. "Brash!" mamma said.

*But nice*, Eudora thought.

She reached for the pink dress. She was going to sell corn—and didn't papa always say, "When you're buyin', look poor; when you're sellin', look rich"?

They started the eight miles of rutted road to Antelope with Timmy beside her, still cradling his throbbing cheek, with little Len sitting on the upturned bucket in which Eudora could pack two dozen ears for peddling, and Marcella standing behind the seat. They had passed through two of the "bob-wire" gates Murdock hated and had spitefully left open, when Marcella announced, "Lookee! There's Charles. There's Charles Dittmeyer riding right toward us."

Oh, mercy! Charles wouldn't approve of this expedition to Antelope. There wasn't much the hard-working, penny-pinching, unsmiling Dittmeyers did approve of. If only mamma didn't set such store by Dittmeyer thrift and Charles's coming to call on Eudora. Papa didn't. "Them Dittmeyers ever smile, they'd sunburn a tooth," he said.

"Yes, but you never catch a Dittmeyer running to borrow money on calves that aren't born yet," mamma countered—and to Eudora, "Charles would be a good provider. Look at your poor Aunt Eudora who married a man that was all smile and big talk, and what did it get her? Taking in sewing, that's what."

Charles reined in his horse in the road ahead of Bess and Prince and looked over the full buckboard. Marcella delightedly imparted, "We're going to Antelope to get Timmy's tooth pulled, and Eudora's going to sell corn because the old skinflint dentist has to have the dollar before he'll pull it."

"That's throwing money away to pay out a dollar for something that'd only take a minute. When I had a tooth needed pulling, pa took it out, and I went on about my work. I got my pliers right here, and there's no reason why I couldn't yank it out."

Eudora felt Timmy's wincing tremor. "Oh, no!" she said hastily. "It's a real bad tooth—and mamma said that a dentist does something so it hardly hurts."

He sat on, taking in the leghorn hat, the lace yoke with the ruffle around it. "You've no business going to Antelope without your pa or ma with you," he said.

She lowered sooty eyelashes over the bright sparkle in her eyes. "Mamma told me to look after the children while she's gone."

"And we gotta go so's to get the corn to Antelope before people start cooking noon dinner," Marcella said impatiently.

Charles doggedly blocked their way. "I've been courting you even though your folks said you couldn't be promised yet ——"

"Not till I'm seventeen," she put in, "and then papa said I could make up my own mind—and I ——"

"You've got flighty ways," he accused. "And I'm telling you that if you go on with all this foolishness, I'll not come around on Sundays again."

Relief was greater than anger. She didn't answer sharply, but said, "That's all right, Charles," and slapped the reins.

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

## Crow Crossing Over

By Elizabeth Landeweer

A black fleck in a rosy sky,
A lazy flapping piece of night,
A dark mote in the morning's eye,
He dawns upon the edge of sight
And grows in size, as on he draws
Until at last at his full spread,
With loud hurrahs and noisy caws,
He passes slowly overhead
And, winging onward, starts to shrink—
At first a bird, and then a blot,
A speck that dwindles to a wink
That fades upon the rim of thought.

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

As team and buckboard brushed him aside, she thought fleetingly of mamma's saying after a heated argument with papa, "It's so easy to be civil to people you don't care about—and snap at the ones you do." Eudora drove on, singing lustily.

What with Bess's lumbering gait, the sun was high and hot when they passed the corrals full of bawling cattle and bounced over the railroad tracks into Antelope. A chugging train, taking water, threw Prince into such panic that it was all Eudora could do to pull him to a stop in front of the Oasis Hotel building and the dentist's office. Sure enough, the painted letters read as Murdock had said.

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"Prince won't hold still long enough for me to go in with you, Timmy," Eudora told him. "But you tell that dentist I'll be right back with the dollar—soon's I sell the corn."

Timmy said manfully from the ground, "I'll wait in the office till you come."

She didn't tie up to the hitching rack in front of the general store. Both Bess and the corn needed shade. She guided the horses in between the store building and the Last Chance Saloon, over which dances were held on Saturday nights, and services on Sunday mornings.

She unhooked the tugs and tied the horses snugly to the front buckboard wheel so the greedy Bess couldn't reach the corn in the back. She took the Two Littles to the store porch and settled them in happy anticipation on a wooden bench where two old cattlemen made room for them.

At the buckboard Eudora filled the dented galvanized pail with two dozen ears of corn and started down the back street where small houses and tar-paper shacks straggled around the livery stable and lumber yard.

Papa had been a bit optimistic about folks fighting to buy corn. She went to four houses before a woman bought a dozen. She sold the other dozen too, though the purchaser thought ten cents pretty steep when you could buy a can of corn for eight.

She filled the bucket again and came to Mrs. Pfaff's Boarding House. Mrs. Pfaff, big-bosomed and brisk, was in the kitchen making biscuits. "Roasting ears, eh? My land, I'd take two dozen in a minute, but I'm pretty pushed—a lot of cattlemen in town—and by the time I get the biscuits in the oven ——"

"I could husk them for you," Eudora volunteered. "I could put them on, and they'll be done by the time your biscuits are."

"Well, now, girlie, that'd be mighty helpful." She motioned with a doughy finger to a black pot in the cupboard. And when the corn was on the stove, she motioned again to a sugar bowl and bade Eudora take out two dimes.

She was at the buckboard for more corn when Marcella and the limping Lennie came running and waving peppermint sticks. "The nicest man came by—and he asked if we was hungry, and we said sort of, and he bought us these. And we told him you were selling corn to pay for Timmy's tooth, because the dentist had to have the dollar before he pulled it, and you know what he said?"

"What?"

"He said the dentist that was here before went broke because if people don't pay when their tooth hurts, they don't pay when there isn't any tooth to hurt. We're having the most fun. How soon can you get Timmy out?"

"Pretty soon now." She sent them back to the porch.

She had gone but a little ways with her bucket of corn when three small and unkempt children seemed to spring up out of the tall weeds bordering the dirt path; they walked with her. One said shyly, "Our ma dearly loves corn."

"Would she like some for dinner?"

"Yessum."

They ushered her through a gate that was quite unnecessary, what with a good part of the fence having fallen down. Two other children ceased their wrestling with cottonwood limbs at the woodpile and joined the procession to the house.

Eudora stepped into a bare and dreary kitchen. The woman left off her washing to quiet a fretting baby and stir some corn-meal mush on the stove. Her eyes and the baby's watered from the smoke that came from the green wood that was too long for stove lids to fit over. Such a battered pan of mush, lumping more than cooking on the stove; such gray, scummy wash water in tubs—and such a thin, harassed woman and so many wistful, shabby children.

"Your children told me—I mean I'm selling corn."

"Sweet corn. Oh, I dearly love it. I tried to grow

(*Continued on Page 43*)

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(*Continued from Page 41*) a row of it this year, but the mister didn't fix the fence, and the Snyders' pig got to it. But I—the mister never leaves me money——"

"He works at the livery stable," a childish voice put in.

"I could leave you the corn and collect from him."

An uneasy silence gripped the woman and six children—seven, counting the baby. "He ain't —very free with money," the woman finally said, and this time Eudora saw that her tears were not from the smoky stove.

"Well, you keep the corn, and I'll go get the twenty cents."

Eagerly the children emptied the bucket. They stripped off husks, gloating over the pearly kernels beneath.

Eudora made her way to the livery stable. She went through the wide gate into the corral and on into the smelly interior. A horse or two lounged in stalls. She followed a murmur of men's voices into the feed room.

She stood briefly while her eyes grew accustomed to the dimness and the heavy haze of cigar and pipe smoke. Three men, sitting on half-full sacks of grain, were playing cards on a bale of straw. A bottle stood against it.

One was only a gawk of a boy; another's mustache was yellow-white. She turned to the third, with thinning black hair and shifty eyes. "Are you the mister that lives in the house with the broken-down fence?" He nodded, and she said shortly, "Your wife bought corn from me, and I came for the twenty cents."

He went right on dealing the cards. "I've told that woman she needn't think she can buy any falderals she takes a fancy to and then send people around here to bleed me dry."

"Corn isn't falderals when kids are hungry."

"You can't get blood out of a turnip." He pulled out the dirty lining of his pants pockets to show their emptiness. "You can sashay right back and get your corn." He studied the cards in his hand.

She thought of the smoky kitchen, the woman's tears, the spindly children shucking the corn. Go back for her corn, indeed!

In sudden rage she stepped close and swooped the dirty cards off the baled straw. "You! Sitting here, playing cards when your wife hasn't even got wood to cook mush at home!"

The other two silently faded out the door. The astounded mister unfolded himself, groping for the bottle as he did. She snatched it from him and brandished it in new fury, thinking that the price of it would more than pay for the corn. "You get! You get home and cut wood to cook the corn so your kids will have something to eat. Get, I said!"

He got. Still threatening with the bottle, she followed him out of the stable and through the corral gate. A projecting loop of barbed wire caught and tore her ruffled sleeve—and that made her madder. "And you pump water so she can rinse your dirty filth out of her clothes."

When his scuttling trot put ten feet between them, she hurled the bottle after him, further ripping her sleeve. "The corn is for her—and the kids—not for you."

She watched him go through his own unnecessary gate. She set down the bucket and rubbed at the crease in her palm from its bail. Mercy! She shouldn't have flown off the handle so. But she wasn't sorry. She would be twenty cents short on her dentist fund by leaving the corn—but she couldn't be sorry for that either.

But mercy goodness, how could she make it up? She needed sixty cents more to add to the four dimes in her crocheted purse. Could she possibly ask fifteen cents a dozen for these last four?

Her eyes rested on a house she hadn't noticed before. A bright pink house, trimmed in white, sitting back under heavy cottonwoods, with an aloof, closed-against-the-day look. The window shades were pulled, but in the space between shade and sill Eudora saw lace curtains. People in a house like that wouldn't mind paying fifteen cents a dozen for corn, would they?

She couldn't take time to loosen the burry grass from her skirts. She hurried to the buckboard for a new supply of corn.

As she approached the pink house, her hopes were verified. There in the side yard, protected by a cottonwood and high picket fence, three young women idled. They had to be rich for womenfolks to be sitting down about noontime without peeling potatoes or churning. One girl had evidently washed her hair, for she was fluffing it about her face. Such yellow hair—yellow as the banana another was peeling and eating.

Bananas—Eudora's family never had them except when papa made a trip to Denver. She swallowed saliva and realized, for the first time, that in all the hubbub of taking off this morning, she hadn't eaten breakfast.

She called across the fence, "Would you like some sweet corn? At fifteen cents a dozen?"

The yellow-haired one looked up and smiled. "You selling roasting ears, ducky? I haven't tasted any since I left Iowa five years ago. . . . Go in and get the money, Lily Belle. Let's surprise the girls." And to Eudora, "You'll have to go around to the gate in front, hon."

She was just opening the gate when she stopped short in amazement, her heart zooming up to her throat. Someone was coming on a fast lope from the direction of the Oasis Hotel and yelling out, "Wait! Wait!"

It was the young man with the thatch of red hair who had spoken to her in the root-beer pavilion the Fourth of July. She had dreamed from that moment on of meeting him again. But not like this—not carrying an unwieldy bucket of corn, her leghorn hat askew and her face still flushed from her recent tirade.

He grabbed her roughly by her arm. "What in heaven's name are you going in there for?"

This was a far cry from his likening her eyes to his old grandma's flax flowers. "I'm going in on business," she said haughtily.

"The heck you are. Don't you open that gate. Don't you know enough about Antelope to know that—that ——"

"I know who'll pay fifteen cents for corn without batting an eye."

"You're not selling corn to those ——"

He glared down at her, and she glared back. The nerve of him, telling her she couldn't sell corn to these rich and friendly girls who called her "ducky." "I'm selling them corn so I can ——"

At that moment she saw Lily Belle emerge with a dishpan—and the money, of course. She couldn't squirm out of his viselike grip. She lifted her foot and kicked him hard on the shin. His hold slacked, and she dodged through the gate, slammed it shut and added, "—so I can pay the skinflint dentist to pull my brother's tooth."

He was gasping, sputtering and gaping after her as she ran around the house to the cottonwood tree. Another girl had come out with Lily Belle. Imagine—red shoes for everyday! Imagine—wearing a lace-trimmed purple wrapper for washing your hair!

Eudora emptied the corn into the dishpan. Lily Belle gave her a quarter and a dime, and when Eudora said she didn't have change, she only shrugged. "We don't count nickels here."

Out of the side of her eyes, Eudora could see the redheaded young man still waiting at the gate—and looking bristly as a turkey gobbler.

"Could I leave without going out the front way?"

Again the yellow-haired one snickered. "Sure, dearie. A lot of callers go out the back way. Scoot around the stable there and you'll come out between a saloon and the icehouse."

Eudora did that, skirting buildings and a herd of steers driven by two cowboys. One reined up in front of her. "Howdy, little Miss Muffet. What you doin' with a bucket?"

"I'm selling corn."

"That's what we're lookin' for—a gallon or two to wet our dusty whistles."

She smiled tremulously, and he smiled after her as she hurried on. Just two dozen more ears to sell and she'd have the money for Timmy's pulling.

She came within sight of the buckboard. Horror spread through her as she saw an ear of corn dangling from Bess's champing lips. She started running.

She was too late. The greedy, the wily Bess! Straining toward the corn, the mare had managed to turn the buckboard wheel backward until she could reach it. She hadn't eaten many, but mutilated, partially champed and stepped-on ears bordered the buckboard. Prince wasn't guilty. Alarmed at the wheel's moving, he was fighting back and away from the succulent fare.

Eudora grabbed the corn out of Bess's mouth and slapped her viciously with it. The friendly mare only nuzzled at her shoulder with green slobbery lips. Eudora leaned against her warm bulk and sobbed. She was headachy with heat and hollow from hunger—and even more hollow without the dreams that had filled her heart since the Fourth of July. They, too, were in shambles. For what young man would ever compare his old grandma's flax flowers to the eyes of a girl who had whacked his shin so hard that her toe still hurt?

And poor swollen Timmy was still waiting at the dentist's office. She shook the quarter and five dimes into the palm of her hand. As though she needed to count it! She took off her birthstone ring and added it. Maybe the dentist would accept that as good faith that he'd get the remaining quarter.

For the third time that day she lifted amazed eyes. Here came Timmy. No hand cupped his jaw. He was grinning pridefully. "Doc said a lot of grown men made more fuss over tooth pulling than I did. He's been hunting you—and I said I bet I knew where you'd left the buckboard."

The doc's progress was slowed by the Two Littles hanging onto his long arms. "Here's the nice man that gave us our candy canes," Marcella was yelling.

They came face to face, the redheaded man and the girl who had so recently bruised his shin, and referred to the skinflint dentist. With lowered eyes, she held out her palm with the seventy-five cents and the ring. "It isn't a dollar, because Bess got to the corn, but I thought maybe this ring—I mean, you can keep it till we pay the rest."

He looked at her red-rimmed eyes shaded by wet lashes. Very carefully he picked out the five dimes. "That's all you owe me."

"But it said right on your sign—a dollar for extraction."

"Oh, that. I just happened to run out of paint before I could add, 'Half price for children under —'" a flick of his eyes over Timmy's gangling figure,"'—twelve.'"

"He was eleven last winter, the day of the big blizzard," Marcella enlightened him.

With grave ceremony, Aleck Martin, D.D.S., picked up Eudora's left hand and slowly slid the carnelian ring back on her finger—and held her hand in his. You couldn't say all you wanted to say with an interested audience of three, but he said, "They're even bluer."

And she confessed, "I—I wouldn't have kicked you, but they didn't think fifteen cents was too much."

Timmy was reminding the dentist, "Don't forget the fellow that's waiting in your office for a gold filling."

But the gold filling had to wait while he said, still turning the ring on her finger, "This tooth I pulled for Timmy. It was pretty bad. I think I'd better come out about Sunday and see if the swelling's gone down."

Eudora smiled up at him. Her headache was gone, and there was no room under the pink dress for hunger—not when a lot of dreams were moving back and taking up more room than ever. "Papa and mamma will be home—and I'm sure they'll bring bananas from Denver, and I make good banana pie."

THE END

"Darling, do you realize we've been married six years?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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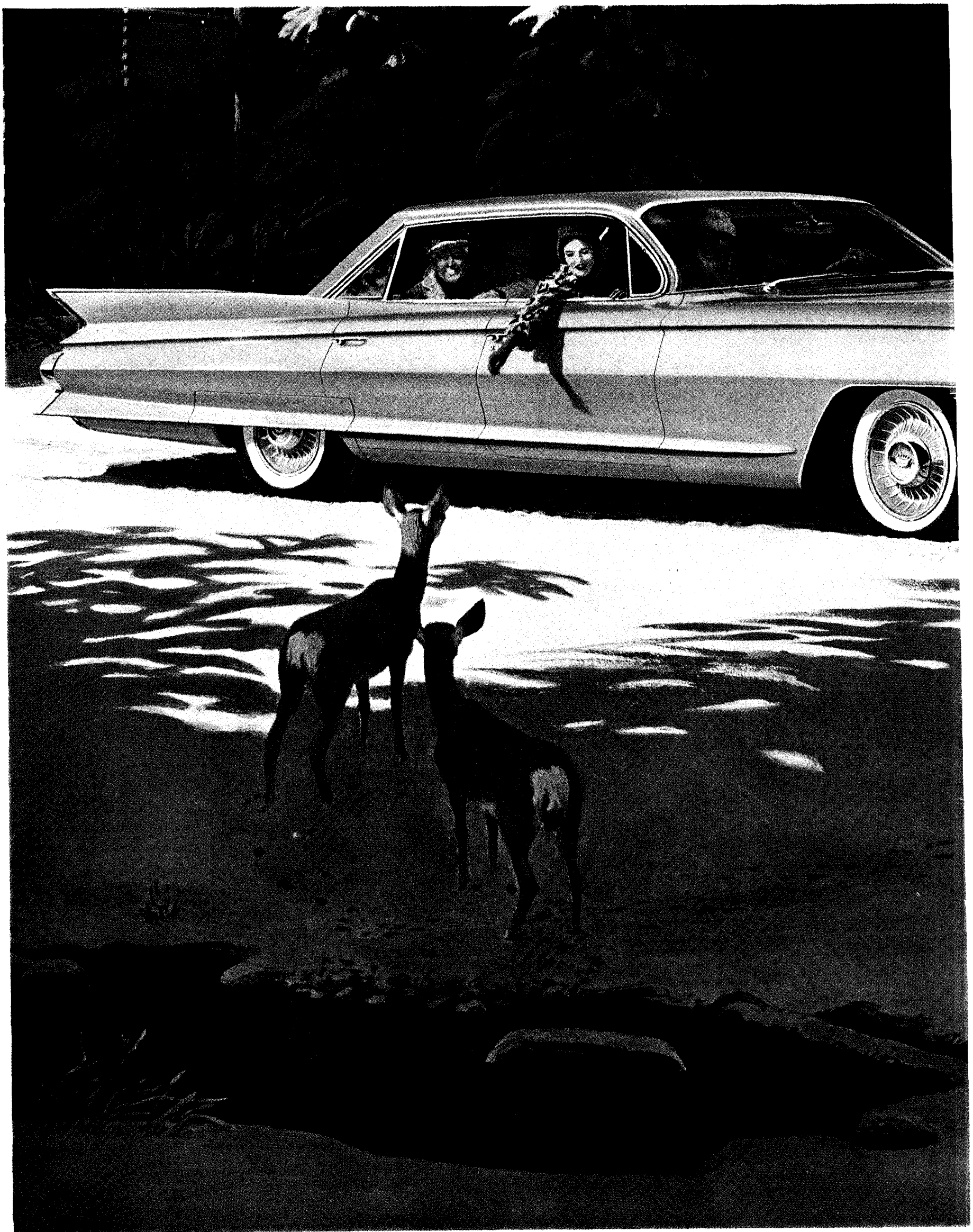

*The regal new Cadillac Sedan de Ville pauses on a side road in the snow-clad Colorado Rockies, and some admirers come up to visit and beg for food.*

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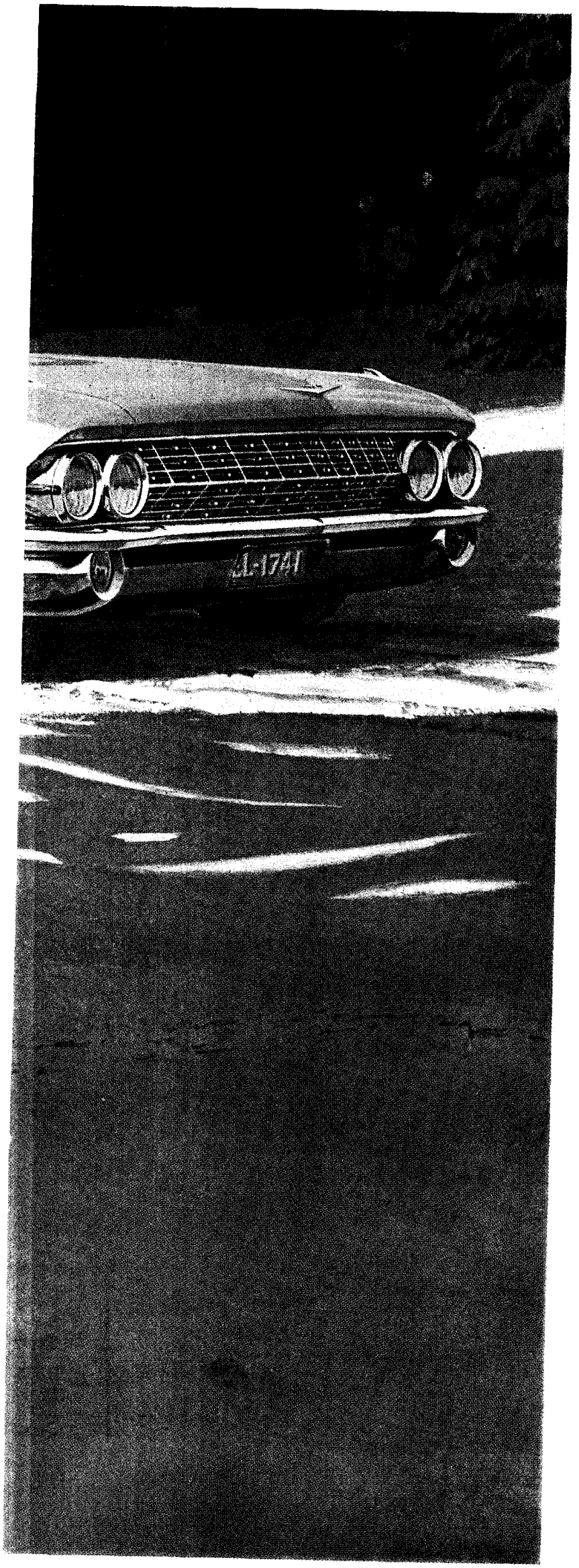

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# The Shallows of Doom

(Continued from Page 33)

headquarters posted on weather conditions; and all guardian of every live thing.

It was not these things that impelled him to the bungalow. A new animal had begun to occupy his mind, and he was disturbed by it. The ways of the hippo were etched on his knowledge, and those of the crocodile sealed in his memory. But this new animal was a woman, and in all his thirty-five years he had had little to do with women. The lake disapproved of them. He remembered two of the species, big, blowzy, middle-aged, aggressively contrary to his wishes taking a boat up the lake and finding themselves in the middle of a windbuster that occasionally appears incongruously out of a blue sky and lashes the water into frenzy. After it, he had circled the place for hours. The overturned boat floated. The women had been taken by the crocodile.

Diane Du Plooy, it was true, was not that sort of woman. She was Du Plooy's wife, and he was a huge man, shoulder-heavy, whose thick face no African sun had marked with character of line or groove, small-eyed, thin-lipped, reputedly a farmer-hunter from the lion country, who had come down to the coast, taken a bungalow above the lake, where he occupied his time taking in a few clients—guests who wished to explore the lake and maybe shoot a few crocodiles.

He was nearing forty-five, and Diane was fifteen years his junior. The sight of her set Dirk wondering how she could have married the man, she with her tall auburn beauty and fawnlike grace, a woman who, without knowing it, touched off a spring of jealousy in the man who owned her, and a spark of envy in the man who didn't.

At this time of the day Dirk had fallen into the habit of joining them for a drink and chat, and this despite an instinctive dislike of the man. Soon after they arrived he had come across a wounded flamingo in a backwater of the lake. A flame of anger rose in him as he handled it, feeling its broken shoulder, strapping it skillfully with binding tape. His African policeboy brought the information that Du Plooy's shot had disabled it.

Dirk had met him with level, unsmiling accusation, unable to believe that any man could be so callous to the accepted rules of the wild. The jungle, he knew, intensifies the best and the worst in man, depending on the man. But that apart, there were the strange integrities of the lake and sky, and the vast symbiosis of the bush. These things had for him the sanction of the commandments of the mountain. A man must live. He killed for the pot. A man must have his sport. He killed for a head, a hoof, a tail, but even then with regard for what he killed.

"There are things you don't do on the lake," he said.

Du Plooy glowered at him, heavy jowled, ready for offense. "Such as?" he muttered.

"Shooting flamingo," Dirk said. "Leaving it wounded."

Du Plooy looked at him through creased eyes.

"There's something else you had better remember," Dirk went on coolly.

"What's that?" Du Plooy rasped.

"That I'm the ranger round here."

"You own the place?"

Dirk winced at the way the other talked in questions, and then gave a little laugh as the thought struck him. Own the place? The place owned him. For ten years, every live thing on it and in it.

"If you like to put it that way," he said, "I own the place so much so that you had better go easy with your gun."

"And if I don't?"

Dirk paused on the alternative. He was vested with the powers and sworn to the duties of the police. But in his heart he knew he was no policeman; just the ranger. He could have Du Plooy off the lake in less than a week, something he didn't want to do. He spoke quietly. "If you don't, I'll have your license canceled."

Du Plooy's eyes narrowed again. There was a moment's hesitation as the two men faced each other. "I must be losing my grip," Du Plooy said. "I so seldom miss."

Dirk shrugged his shoulders, not wanting to invite an open break. "All right," he said, "let's forget it. But just keep off my birds."

Now, on the stoep, Diane, lovely in a white frock, smiled a welcome, with a sort of shy restraint in her amber eyes. Dirk watched her mix a long drink.

"They're not back yet," she said anxiously.

"So I saw," Dirk said. "The boat's not in. I heard a couple of shots about half an hour ago as I came down inshore, but I didn't see them. Too far away."

"I heard the shots too," Diane said, and then, after a pause, "I can't understand why a man wants to shoot a crocodile."

Dirk gave a little shrug. "It's just one of those things," he said. "They want to have their photographs taken with it, or have its skin made up into handbags for their wives."

"But seriously, Dirk," she said, "*you* don't go round shooting crocodiles."

"No, not, at any rate, for fun," he answered. "But then I live with them, and a man doesn't go round shooting the things he lives with unless he has to."

Diane turned away. "I can't think why Hal wanted to shoot one. Why he said he would go."

Dirk held his glass with both hands, feeling the ice on his fingers. "Maybe it's the only thing he can shoot," he said laughingly. "Hal's not like you, you know. I can't see him shooting a lion."

Harraway—she called him Hal—was in fact very much like Diane, so like her that they might have been made for each other. He was a city man, about the same age and height as Diane, looking out of place in the jungle. But that, too, was the impression Diane left. Her clothes, her grooming, the way she carried herself, all had the impress of the city, but, as Dirk knew, she had the bush sense of those who love the wild, the curious instinct he knew in himself.

Harraway had been at the bungalow about a month. Dirk had met him over drinks and dinner and had come to like him. He was a man of impeccable manners, an interesting talker, a good listener—so different from Du Plooy that the contrast might have been made for cinema. It was his first time in Africa, and occasionally Dirk had taken him along on lake patrol. It appeared that as a young man he had been employed on the legal side of the steel corporation founded by Diane's father. "The old man died suddenly, about twelve months ago," Harraway said one day. "He had appointed me as administrator of the estate. That's why I'm here."

"Diane didn't tell me," Dirk said, before catching up with the question, "Why should she?"

"That's not surprising," Harraway replied, "She didn't tell Dup either. Not at first. It's not only that there's a lot of money involved. The old man never met her husband. They married out here, but he got it into his head that it was turning out badly and that Dup was treating her unkindly."

They were silent a moment. "Don't get the impression that Diane said so," Harraway went on with a little laugh.

"I know her well enough for that," Dirk said.

"I'm sure you do. She mentioned you in one of her letters, and I dare say you know some of the setup better than I do."

"I wouldn't say that," Dirk said. "But she doesn't strike me as being very happy."

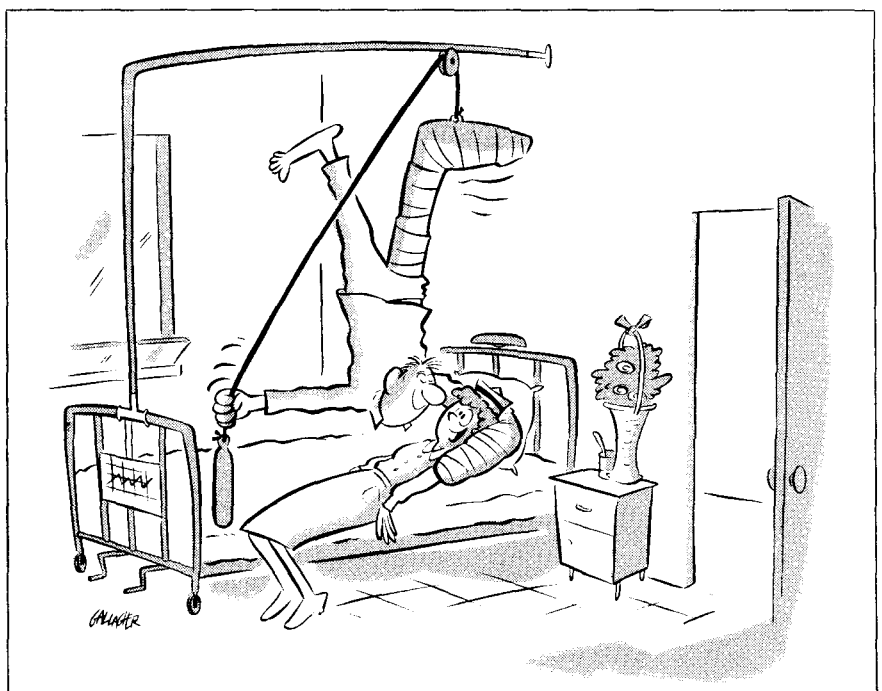
Harraway turned toward him. "I wonder if you would do something for me?" he said.

"Gladly, if I can."

"I should tell you that Dup has gone through most of the money she had. The old man expected me to see to it that he didn't go through what is coming to her."

"That shouldn't be difficult," Dirk suggested.

"But there's another side to it. I suppose this is something I shouldn't tell you. But the fact is that I have been in love with Diane since I first met her." Harraway paused a moment and then added, a little ruefully, "A case of unrequited love." He gave a little laugh, as if taken with confessional embarrassment.




"Feeling better?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I can't do much about that," Dirk said, joining in the laugh.

"No," Harraway said. "But when I leave, I wish you would keep an eye on her. She has a thing about loyalty, no matter how much it hurts."

Dirk knew what he was trying to say. "I've noticed that myself," he said.

"Maybe it's something Dup depends on."

Dirk heard the bitterness in his voice.

It had not escaped him that Harraway's presence stimulated Diane, with his recent contact with the best in Europe and the States—the things that are most missed in Africa by all who know them. He was like a breath of metropolitan air to her, and Dirk was not at all surprised to know their relationship. He had joined them once or twice exploring the bush above the lake, their talk full of friendship; and there was a day he had suddenly stopped in his stride, not anxious to intrude on them, when a young buck appeared, no more than twenty inches to the tip of its nose, and stood with its mother gazing at them out of liquid eyes, its delicate body carrying the protective coloring of its kind in the softness of infancy. The animals looked up at them for an instant, inquisitive, timid, and then, as if by some mute exchange of knowledge, turned and leaped away.

Dirk just caught Diane's murmur as she watched them—"You lovely creatures"—her eyes staying on the place where they had been. Then Hal moved toward her and, before Dirk was aware of it, he took her in his arms. There was a moment of protest in her surrender, as if caught between a sense of loyalty and her own yearning for a love she had never known. Dirk had stood still, anxious not to be seen, not wanting to see and knowing that a step might reveal his presence. Diane seemed to know that they were being watched. She drew away from Harraway, pale and taut, and said something that might have been, "We'd better go." Dirk had waited until they were out of earshot before he moved.

His thoughts hung like a backdrop to Diane's voice. She suddenly got up and went over to the steps that looked onto the lake. A fireball of sun was sliding toward the distant hills. Some of its portent seemed to gather about her apprehension. Nervously she stood searching the scene. "They're late, aren't they?" she said. "I mean, shouldn't they be back now?"

Du Plooy had suggested over drinks the night before that he and Harraway go out for a crocodile. Then, at dinner, it had appeared in the talk about the lake. Du Plooy, drinking too much, was at his worst, boorish and ill-mannered, in a way that a man does who sets out to put his wife to shame.

Over a bolus of sweet potato, he blurted, "A crocodile likes its food high. When it gets a man it pulls him under and drowns him."

Dirk saw Diane shudder. "Must you?" she protested.

Du Plooy laughed. "There's another thing," he said, carrying the fork to his mouth. "A crocodile's foot is as soft as a woman's hand."

No one spoke. The three of them were caught up in tightening chill. Diane glanced at Harraway, he at her, half warning, all sympathy. Dirk saw the sadism that he had known over the broken shoulder of the flamingo. It hung about the red-beaned sprigs of Kaffir boom that decorated the table and touched the candle flame between them. A few minutes later they rose quickly from their chairs. Du Plooy said a curt good night. Harraway and Diane walked with Dirk

(*Continued on Page 50*)

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# DOCTORS RECOMMEND ASPIRIN

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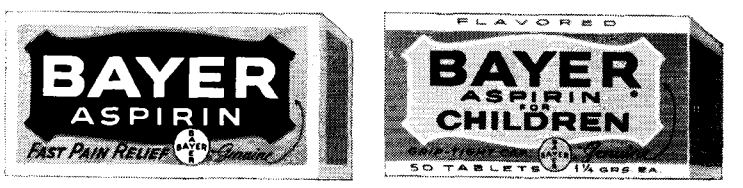
In fact, among the non-prescription medicines doctors carry in their bags, the one they use the most is aspirin.

So when any member of your family suffers the painful discomforts and fever of a cold or flu, help him to feel better fast with Bayer Aspirin, preferred by more millions of people than any other brand of pain reliever.

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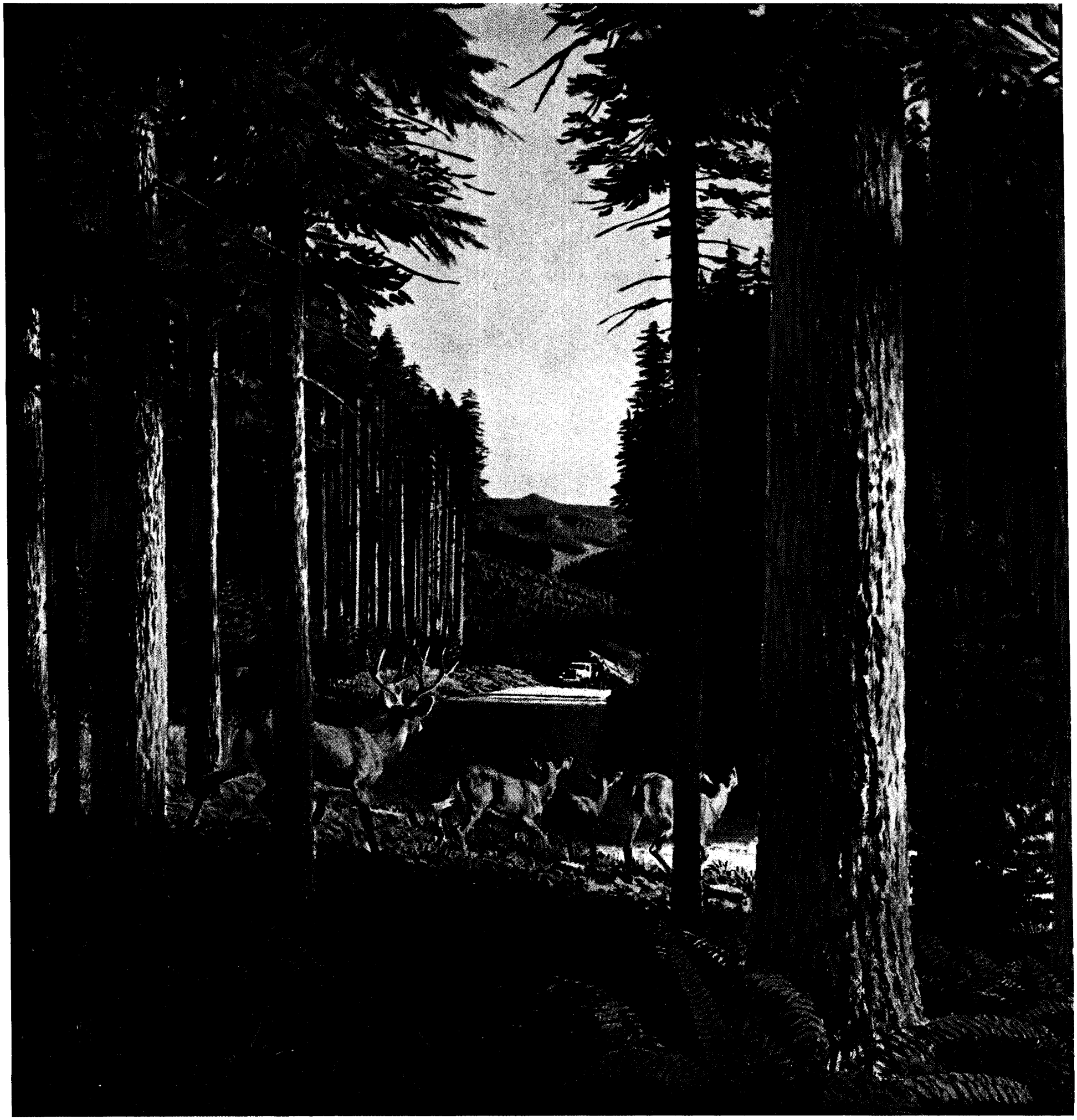

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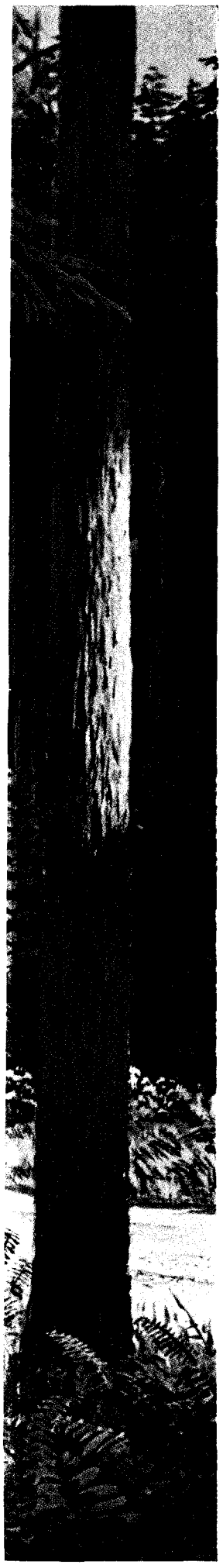

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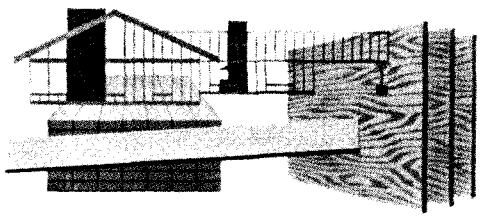

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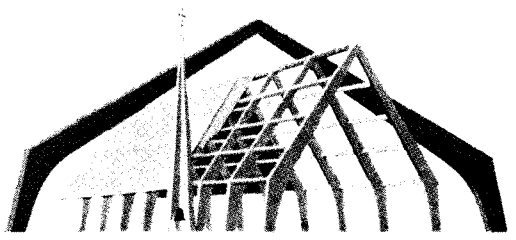

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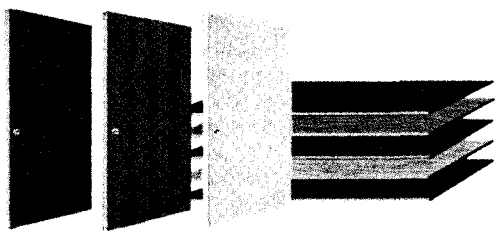

## Roddis Hardwood Panels & Doors

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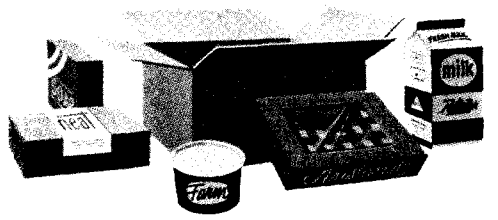

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# Weyerhaeuser Company

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(*Continued from Page 46*) down to the boat, empty of words. As they parted, the thought struck Dirk to warn Harraway. Crocodiles are ugly, mean and deceptively swift. Take care, he wanted to say: Du Plooy's like that, mean and despicable. But Dirk could not bring himself to say it—not in front of Diane. He couldn't say, "Don't go."

Now he wished he had, if only for Diane's sake. They *were* late, too late. Suddenly the telephone rang. They stood for an instant, listening. The lake was served by a party line. Then as the ring was established, two shorts and a long, Dirk said, "Yes, it's yours."

Diane hurried into the bungalow. "Yes, Dirk's here," he heard her say, breathless, into the telephone, "What's wrong?"

At her side, Dirk took the receiver from her, her face pale as he pressed the earpiece to his head. Diane must have seen his mouth straighten.

"What is it?" she cried. Dirk put a hand on her arm.

"Yes, I'll come," he said, adding flatly, "yes, at once."

He knew the fear in the eyes of a buck caught in the snare of the poacher, the partly open mouth, the tremble of shock. He saw it now on Diane. He spoke as gently as he could, "There's been an accident."

"You don't mean ——" she breathed, not daring to frame the word.

Dirk was unable to utter it. She gave a cry like a whimper of a stricken animal. "Tell me," she said, knowing there was no need to tell, seeing it on Dirk's face. Crocodile.

"I'll have to hurry, Diane. Maybe there's something I can do," he said.

"I'll come with you," she pleaded.

"No," he began. Then, his own heart pounding, he gave her a despairing glance. "We'd better hurry," he said.

Urging the boat, Dirk's thoughts churned like the water under him. Death on the lake was a nuisance. It interrupted the even flow of life, the day's work, the night's rest. It called for reports, inquiries, the intrusion of a distant authority, a desk piled high with delayed matters, the living waiting on the dead.

At the hut he found Du Plooy sitting in the only easy chair, his open shirt revealing the thick matted hair on his chest, his fingers about a half-consumed glass of liquor. A cigarette hung from his lips.

"How did it happen?" Dirk asked, unprepared any longer to humor one so devoid of it for others.

Du Plooy's voice was corrugated with irritation. "My heaven, I wish I knew," he blurted.

"Yes, but how?" Dirk insisted.

Du Plooy took a long drag at his cigarette. "We went out for a croc."

"I know. I heard the shots," Dirk said.

"We were on the north side of the lake, near the shore. I spotted a big fellow in a group sliding into the water. Harraway had his gun ready, standing in the bow. I was at the wheel. I ran the boat slowly and cut off the engine. Then I shouted 'now,' giving him the signal. He couldn't miss. There must have been half a dozen of them. He shot one fair and square. Then, before I knew what had happened, he was in the water—so damned excited that he must have lost his balance."

"Then what did you do?" Dirk asked.

Du Plooy's face darkened. "What do you think I did?" he spluttered. "I did what you would have done. I began shooting. There were crocs all around him."

"And then?"

"What do you mean 'and then'?"

Dirk stiffened. "I mean I'm asking the questions. You answer them."

Du Plooy half rose, hot with anger, and then, thinking better of it, took another cigarette. "In the scramble, with me shooting, I wasn't sure I was hitting Harraway or the croc," he said.

Dirk poured a drink and turned to Diane, who stood rigid, her back to the door, staring at her husband. "Here, drink this," he said firmly.

Then, turning quickly to Du Plooy once more, as if something had suddenly occurred to him, he said, "Where did you say it was?"

"On the north side of the lake. Just below that African kraal."

Dirk put a match to a cigarette as the words took on significance. A rasp of doubt wriggled in him. He had heard the

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

## In Greece or Troy

By Ethel Barnett de Vito

In Greece or Troy that
fateful year
Perhaps there were maids
who every day
Were reassured to hear men
say,
"Beauty is unimportant,
dear:
The sweet, the kind, the
dutiful
Please far more than the
beautiful."

And perhaps they watched
with jealous eyes
Resenting sweetness, kind-
ness, duty,
While Helen's unimportant
beauty
Seemed to make fools of all
the wise:
Became, by touching off a
war,
Something their loves were
fighting for.

... ... .. ... ... ... ...

shots as he was patrolling the south shore. The sharp staccato of them returned to him now. He registered such sounds without will or effort, carrying them in some hidden portion of his brain where they lay unused, passing into the catalogue of the once known. He looked at Du Plooy as doubt rippled through him, bringing the shots back again, letting them come in repeated pitch and resonance, placing them in his mind's ear.

"You're sure?" he said.

"Of course, I'm sure," Du Plooy muttered.

There had been a single shot. That would be Harraway's. The report pitched into the empty air. Then after a pause—too long a pause to fit Du Plooy's story—three shots in quick succession. Du Plooy's. The cracks in the scintillating air, the champagnelike echoes, known in the way that only the trained ear oblivious of its training knows. As the doubt spread it was like listening to a spoken lie, crystal with meaning. "I think I had better look at the place, late as it is," he ordered.

"You're the ranger round here," Du Plooy said.

Dirk ignored the snarl in the voice as Du Plooy gulped the remaining inch of liquor and got up without a glance at Diane.

They went in Dirk's boat. The short twilight held the underglow of the sun, strong with greens toward the zenith. It would soon be too dark for reconnaissance. At this time of day the jungle takes on new sounds. Nature, still awake, changes its note to a cocktail awareness of the night. Birds gather, each to its own. Short-legged ones high in the trees, long-legged ones low in the water, in raucous cacophony, the loud social gossip of the wild before donning the night's garb, like humans over liquor.

In it, the two men were silent, Dirk feeling the new features which tragedy gave the lake and thinking of Diane sitting alone with her thoughts.

"It was just about here," Du Plooy said eventually.

They did a U turn slowly, twice, thrice. Dirk scanned the mudded edges, knowing the uselessness of the task but pin-pointing the place, the gunshots coming again to him, not to be denied.

"There's no sense in going on," he said finally.

"Not much," Du Plooy said, adding, "Why not come over and have a drink?"

Dirk hesitated, thinking of Diane. *How quickly life must go on*, he thought. *How anxious Du Plooy was that it should.* He turned the boat to leave. "I'll use your telephone to inform the police. They'll do the rest," Dirk said.

At the mention of the police Du Plooy turned.

"The usual procedure," Dirk explained flatly. "The consulate will have to know, Hal being an American."

The following day they came, asked questions, took statements and departed as routinely official as the death of a stranger is casual. Dirk left his hut with a picture of Diane, pale and distraught. There was nothing he could do. Soon the matter would be closed, and the days would subside into the uneventful round of sunup and sundown. If only he could erase the shots. They nudged him at every turn over the lake, until the act of trying to forget became a plague of remembering; until, bearing it no longer, he called his policeboy M'kize and returned to the lake.

By the time he came to the place Du Plooy had pointed out, the fury of search for the gunshots possessed him. He took the boat higher up the lake among the sandbanks, hour after hour. Flamingo and heron stood in the lens of his field glasses, and hippo nodded their heads like old men in brown study. Dirk's eyes smarted, moistly hot. It must have been somewhere here. Somewhere here, instinct said.

Wearily he raised the glasses. Suddenly, a mirrored slice of sun passed his sight, swift as a rising fish, as if someone had caught him, boylike, in the polished reflection on a silvered glass, coming through the tall reeds edging a sandbank. Quickly he ordered M'kize to ease the boat, pointing the way.

Excitement pounded at what he saw. Half-hidden and caught aslant in the reeds was the black case of a camera, its lens pointing at the sun. A moment later the sun would pass beyond possible reflection until it came that way, a little lower, the following day, and then lower still as the days drew on, until it was so low in the sky that never again would Dirk see the black case in the mirrored flash.

Jumping onto the sandbank he pushed the reeds aside and grasped it, his chest thumping in the knowledge that Du Plooy had lied to him. All about him were the wide slithers in the mud where the crocodiles had been.

M'kize, wide-eyed, smelling peril, cried "*Hau*" in deep cough.

Back at the hut he examined Harraway's camera. It suddenly occurred to him that Harraway might have used it. He touched the shutter mechanism and discovered that the film had been exposed. Quickly he extracted it and went into the darkroom he had fixed up for himself, deciding there and then to develop it, as a man does who has no time left to him for further doubt. As the wet film came to life when he finished processing it, he saw shots of hippo at play, nearer scenes of flamingo and heron, the sort of record he had in his own cabinet.


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For the rest, the last few feet, the film was a jumble of distorted images.

He hung up the film to dry, only then realizing his weariness. He pulled on a dressing gown, took a cigarette and waited. Much of his life was spent in waiting, and always at attention, silent and still, on some domestic scene of animal or bird, while time moved slowly through the heavens or was registered in nods of hunger and thirst.

But this was a different kind of waiting, magnifying thought, bestraddled between his feeling for Diane and the tyranny of duty. For now he knew that he was more than the lake ranger. He was the police, the law, concerned with man and gun and the corpus delicti of suspicion.

He placed the film on the optical viewer and turned the wheel with his fingers, letting each frame pass under the ground glass. Jumbled images appeared. All sky on one. All water on another. Then there was a boat. He had to crick his neck to see it, thrown off the horizontal. Du Plooy's boat, Du Plooy standing in it. He turned to the next and the next, slanting this way and that, putting them together in filmic sequence.

Gradually it took shape. The boat was moving away from the camera. Then there was a gun in Du Plooy's hands, raised and pointed, not at the water but at the camera, at Harraway.

Dirk sat back in deep breath, his mind reconstructing what the film revealed. Harraway, having shot a crocodile, wanting to shoot it with his camera, too eager to do so, jumping onto a sandbank and, for some reason, turning quickly, his camera still operating, seeing Du Plooy with gun raised, the camera registering it all, unknown to both.

Du Plooy, the camera said, had shot Harraway—and left him to the crocodiles, Dirk's intuition replied.

In his preoccupation he had not heard the rise of wind over the lake, the claw of tall palms on the air, the alternating moods, giving notice. Black clouds hung low, tipped pale with violence. A fork of lightning sliced the blackness with electric green. Thunder grumbled. Soon the storm burst, unable to contain itself. The hut shivered, and the electric bulb flickered. Lightning split the sky, thunder the lake, and wind the waters—a moment when every live thing crept to its safe home and lay still, lest breath attract still newer forms of terror.

But even in violence a sound foreign to it will intrude on the ear and be heard. There was the throttle of a motorboat. As Dirk fastened on it, the cry came of his policeboy, in short taut syllables of fear, "*Abba, abba*, a boat on the lake."

Together they rushed into the storm. In a slice of lightning Dirk saw the boat coming toward him, Diane at the wheel, lashed in turmoil.

"Swing her round," he cried. "Swing her round."

Violence tore the words away. The boat crashed into the side of the jetty, its bow lifting into the mud, drenching a wave over him. Quickly he scrambled over it. They got her out and shouldered her to the hut.

"I tried to get you on the phone," she said between gulps of hot coffee. "The lines were down. Dup's gone. He saw you on the lake."

It was no use asking where Dup had gone. Nor did it matter. The police would take over as soon as he could get through to them.

"It was a dangerous thing you did," Dirk said, "in a storm like this."

There was wistful apology in her voice as she spoke, drying her face. "I just had to come, Dirk." Her auburn hair hung tousled about her shoulders.

"You're a brave woman," he said.

She looked at him wide eyed, in shy deprecation of his admiration. It made him feel awkwardly proud that somehow she had come to rely on him. Slowly he told her about Hal, thinking it would ease the hurt to know that he had not suffered at the end, that it wasn't crocodile. Dup so seldom missed. She listened, not moving.

"Poor Hal," she murmured as he finished. "We were such old friends."

They talked into the waning storm and the rising dawn, of themselves and Hal and of the lake, with no mention of Du Plooy or the hurts she had known. And in the talk Dirk saw again the reflection in her of the strange integrities of the bush, the lake and the live things that had possessed him for so long.

"What will you do?" he said, raising his eyes to hers. "I mean this is no place for a woman. For you."

She was silent for a long time, her thoughts taking shape in her eyes resting low, and on her fingers smoothing the roped silk of his dressing gown. When she spoke, Dirk lived on the nearness of her words.

"If I come back one day," she said, in a whisper as faint as the pull of the dawn over the lake, "will you ——" Her words retreated and became thoughts again, withdrawing into a soft beating of the heart, suspended in eternity.

Quietly Dirk got up and looked out at the sky, unwilling to let the moment pass. "I'll be here," he heard himself say, and then, turning toward her across the pale light, "I think I'll always be here."

THE END

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# Love Made Me an American

(Continued from Page 17)

never threw under 160 feet. (The winning women's Olympic discus throw in 1952 had been 168 feet, eight and a half inches.) Several times I broke the Czechoslovakian national record. Early in November my discus and I were shipped to Melbourne to show what we could do.

"You have always been an exhibitionist," claimed my old Uncle Jarda, the sports expert of our family.

Statistically he attempted to prove that I had never done too well when there were less than 2000 fans at a meet. He said, "With over a hundred thousand spectators at the Olympic Games, the odds are overwhelmingly in your favor." With this tremendous scientific encouragement I was off to Australia.

It is hard to enjoy fully a trip through foreign countries when you have such a responsible assignment as representing your nation in the Olympic Games.

In Melbourne we were greeted with the warmth of a city living only for the Olympic Games. The Olympic Village on the outskirts of town was filled with Australian hosts trying successfully to please everybody.

I had not the slightest idea that I didn't arrive merely at a new continent, but at the crossroad of my life. My rendezvous with fate started very innocently. Walking out from an equipment shack on the muddy practice field, I bumped into one of the thousands of athletes living in the village and sharing training facilities. The dirt which nearly covered the large "U.S.A." on his shirt told me he had just finished training and was returning his equipment. Ten minutes I spent comparing my Czech accent with a Bostonian one in a fragmentary English conversation. I found myself wishing I had spent more time with my English home lessons in school.

In the days following I took English lessons from a proper Bostonian. We walked in the village for hours, discussing our interests, philosophies and plans for the future. They differed indescribably.

Our main concern, however, was the coming competition. I competed on the very first day after the opening ceremonies. I thought it would never arrive. Suddenly the day came, and then I thought, *If I only had a few more mornings of preparation!*

At the morning qualifications in the women's discus very few onlookers were present. Yet the tension of the athletes is greater in the preliminary elimination than it is in the "for-real" competition in the afternoon. There is a line on the grass marking a distance which must be thrown in order for an athlete to make the finals. Nearly everybody has thrown over this line countless times, but suddenly the silly mark seems to move farther and farther away before your eyes.

Well, the Melbourne competition, as tense as it was, ended luckily for me. I qualified for the finals and won with an Olympic record throw of 176 feet, one and a quarter inches—three feet ahead of two Russian girls, Irina Beglyakova and Nina Ponomareva. When I held the gold medal in my hand, I could think only about my family hearing the news over the radio and Uncle Jarda saying, "The reason she won was because of the hundred and five thousand spectators."

My family was not celebrating my victory alone. Track and field is a tremendously popular sport in Europe. There are never less than 30,000 people watching a major competition in Czechoslovakia. And when the first medal on the first day of the Games went to a girl from little Libis, you can understand why beer was on the house in all the restaurants in my home town.

With my competition over I was again seeing my American from the equipment shed. The remaining days of the sixteenth Olympiad went by quickly. I cannot explain clearly how it happened, but two life plans became one. We told each other, "We will meet again after we both return home to think it over."

I did not get home until January. We had come to Australia by plane, but we left by ship, the Soviet *Gruzia*. When at last we reached Vladivostok in Russia, our ship was escorted into the harbor by Soviet Navy vessels with all their flag signals up. The air was filled with the songs of a hundred sirens as we slowly pulled up to the dock.

From Vladivostok the Russian, Czech and Bulgarian athletes went by train to Moscow. It is an unusual experience to travel on a trans-Siberian train in the deep of winter, when workers must steadily clear a way through five to ten feet of snow. Every few hours we stopped for the Siberiaks, a hearty people who waited for hours for the train bringing the athletes to come by their towns.

"Long live the heroes," they would cheer, and rush into the train compartments. "No time for sleeping. Come out and celebrate!" It was around Christmas, and small trees all trimmed with sparkle and sweets were waiting for us. Day or night, we couldn't disappoint such people, and for nine days around the clock we were celebrating Christmas in temperatures averaging 30 degrees below zero.

Finally we arrived in Moscow. It was New Year's Eve, and the athletes were invited to the traditional ball in the Kremlin. Five orchestras, from a symphony beginning to a jazz-band ending, played in various halls of the palace. In the middle of the laughter and excitement the door opened, and Premier Khrushchev and his guests from the government of China came in to shake hands with the Olympic athletes.

After my return to Czechoslovakia I was assigned to a little job in the best orthopedic clinic in Prague. This meant very much to a medical student. I had planned originally to retire from athletics for good and concentrate purely on my studies. But something else had happened. I had fallen in love with a brave and true boy from another world.

I loved my parents and could not picture leaving them. I loved my medical studies, which I thought would fulfill my life. I was voted the top athlete of the year by the people in national balloting, and I received the highest sports honor in Czechoslovakia, the title of "supreme master of sports." All this had to be left behind for a man I knew barely a month—a man with a different background, education and religion. He was a Catholic, while I was a Protestant. He came from the West, while I came from east of the Iron Curtain.

Yet, I loved the man and knew that despite all these differences, our thoughts and ideals had the same direction. Perhaps the keenest insight into our relationship was to be made by the Protestant clergyman marrying us, who said, "Your backgrounds and the influences on your lives have been completely different, but the basic Christian teaching has made you one in love."

My parents were happy in the thought of my wedding, but deeply sad because it would mean thousands of miles between us. How I admired their love and absolute lack of selfishness in agreeing to our wedding. Said my father after meeting my future husband, "Though I spoke so little to this boy of yours, he is good. I have no worries about you. I let him to take you."

When I had a moment of apprehension my mother said, "Olushko, nobody is getting married completely sober minded. Go after your heart's calling. I don't think you will get hurt."

We had three weddings in Prague: civilian, according to Czech law, in the City Hall; Catholic, in the unique Gothic fourteenth-century Tyn Church; and Lutheran, in St. Salvator's Church, one of the monuments of the Protestant movement.

Although the weddings were held on a working day, Wednesday morning, huge crowds of people filled the churches and the City Hall. The large Old Town Square was overflowing with a seething throng of 20,000. I will never forget the faces of the men and women who had shown to me so much love for bringing Czechoslovakia its only gold medal from Australia.

The world-wide publicity of our love affair brought us to a realization of the hunger for happiness and friendship among the tense nations of the world. It was all summed up best in an editorial from *The New York Times* of March 22, 1957, which was read with emotion by United States Ambassador U. Alexis Johnson to more than 100 guests at the wedding reception he gave for us at his beautiful Prague residence:

"This poor old world of ours is quarreling, divided and perplexed. . . . The H-bomb overhangs us like a cloud of doom. The subway during the rush hours is almost impossible to endure. The common cold is still with us. But Olga and Harold are in love, and the world does not say no to them. Cynicism sweeps drearily across the landscapes of the earth, but Olga and Harold love each other in the way that began in the dawn of time. . . .

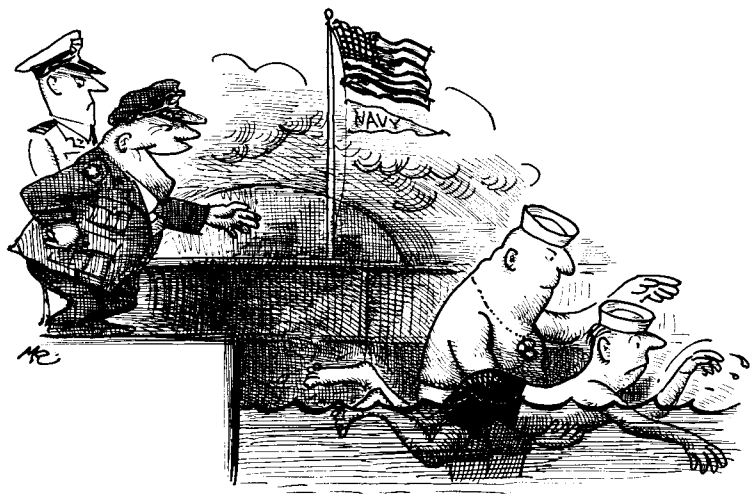
"Consequently and naturally they are going to get married. Somehow this seems like a ray of light, intelligence and beauty in a world where ministers of state and heads of government go nervously back and forth in search of intelligence, light and beauty and do not often find them. There should be, we think, a little quiet dancing in the streets next Wednesday."

Our honeymoon was spent in packing my clothes, my mother's kitchen utensils I couldn't leave behind, and an army of friends—my stuffed animals. On the way to taking the *S. S. America* to the United States we stopped in Vienna and then in Paris as the guests of the French Sports Federation.

After we sailed, the ship's officer kept reminding me for five days, "Don't miss the Statue of Liberty. You will never forget the view as long as you live."

So on the last morning I kept watching anxiously through the thick fog. Suddenly we were attacked by a flock of noisy wild men with flashing cameras and endless questions. My sad squeaking, "Let me out to see the statue," was smothered. We kept waving and smiling, and there was nothing to smile about; I missed the Statue of Liberty.

What a labyrinth of cement and steel was New York! The cars seemed to be driving not only along the streets but also up and down the skyscrapers. Although we slept on the thirty-second floor of a hotel, I could hear horns blowing in my ears the whole night. I suppose this is a typical feeling for a foreigner entering New York City for the first time. Later he starts to differentiate among the various aspects of (*Continued on Page 54*)




## The Perfect Squelch

It was back in the days of interservice rivalry—at least twenty-four hours ago. A whippersnappish Air Force major on tour of a Naval base found little good in anything there. The young Navy lieutenant who was guiding him pointed out one favorable feature after another, but the major could see only the bad side of each.

Halting at a swimming pool where some Navy recruits were being taught to swim, the major remarked sarcastically, "Isn't it surprising that Navy men have to be taught to stay up in their own element?"

"Not especially, sir," the Navy lieutenant replied, "when you consider that the Air Force hasn't a single man who can fly off entirely on his own."

**E. Douglas Meislahn**

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(*Continued from Page 52*) the city. I cannot wait until my way will lead that way again.

I cannot leave unmentioned the two main events of my first visit to New York. One was the reception given us at City Hall by the mayor, the memory of which will forever remain highlighted by his vivid description of the intricate wiring system that protects the windows and ledges of the building from the pigeons. The other was our appearance on the Ed Sullivan Show and meeting this man who even remembered us two years later on the day our son was born.

Lucrative offers for our appearance and our story came from Las Vegas and Hollywood. We chose to remain amateur athletes.

My adjustment to a new society was hindered by language difficulties. If I ever thought for a minute that I knew basic English, I was totally wrong. There are funny stories about my language difficulties—and a heartbreaking one too. My anxiety to immediately continue medical studies caused me to sit for half a year in the Boston University, understanding but a few words of the lectures. I flunked one subject from four, and had to withdraw for a time because of absolute nervous exhaustion.

With the loss of language I felt I had lost my personality. Therefore, I started to work hard on the English language—especially the jungle of idiomatic American expressions—to regain my confidence. My husband, an English and history teacher, supervised my study. He taught me also American tradition and the backgrounds and philosophies of the greatest men this country has produced. My favorite became Benjamin Franklin.

The United States was always pictured in Europe as a heaven for track-and-field athletes. That, perhaps, influenced me the most to stay in competition. However, I found that the general public's opinion of competitive athletics for women—track and field especially—was, in my new homeland, as it was twenty years ago in Europe.

"The hands of our girls," a New England school principal told me, "are created to play violin. Please, do not put into their heads ideas about competition. We had recently a great fight to keep them from forming a basketball team."

"For seven years I played the violin," I replied angrily, "and my hands were good for it as well as for winning the Olympic Games." I had been invited by the student council to speak at an assembly in an all-girls school. I made the remarks I wanted to, and the girls cheered. The principal was politely angry.

I will never forget the day when I entered the Harvard University field to practice. The baseball players dropped their bats and stared. A female creature in a sweat suit, on the Harvard grounds! Unbelievable! Shocking!

Well, it didn't take a great deal of intelligence to discover that I would have a hard time staying on the top in athletics. Here the meets in track and field for women are organized for the most part in deep seclusion, whereas in Europe the events are held in the same stadium. Moreover, in the United States the meets for women are very, very scarce.

In these circumstances I found very little pleasure in throwing the discus and was about to retire. However, I met here and there individuals and groups who were trying sincerely to improve the state of women's physical education and sports. Because of them I stayed. I hoped that my television appearances and competitive showing would help to conquer the deep prejudice.

In September, 1958, my husband found a better teaching opportunity in Santa Monica, California, and I found my dream of living under the palm trees, five minutes from a beach. But the women's track meets on the West Coast turned out to be the same uninspiring affairs they were back east. Quietly I started to look for some other activity. I found fun in tennis and tried golf.

"You might make a good golfer, after all," mumbled the owner of a local driving range when, after about twenty misses, I finally manged to hit the ball, and it landed beyond the 250-yard mark.

I did not become a golfer, because by that time I was working intensively on my first great achievement in the United States. On the first of May, 1959, in the Santa Monica Hospital I delivered a big-eyed, bald-headed baby boy of eleven pounds, thirteen ounces.

*Time* magazine reported that a son, Mark, was born to husky Olga Fikotova Connolly, the Olympic champion discus thrower.

This business about me being husky was a constant annoyance. It made me feel uncomfortable. My shoulders happen to be straight and wide, and I am five-ten, but I was never considered the huge or husky type. I guess that you always run into difficulties when you are not the standard size. This was especially painful when there happened to be a nice sale in some dress shop. I would never fit into a dress that was on sale—it would either be too small for my shoulders or thighs or too big for my waist.

When my baby was born—with my new responsibilities as a mother—I had to decide whether to continue in competitive sports. It was a year before the 1960 Olympic Games, and less than a year before my naturalization as a citizen of Uncle Sam. I took the hard way. It turned out to be harder than I thought. My routine before the 1956 Olympics was like a lawn party, compared with the one I chose for myself now.

The Olympic tryouts were coming. I tried to get myself as strong as possible to make up for the lost time. My 165 pounds seemed so little, compared with some other top competitors in the world. I set out on a strength and weight-gaining program. Lifting weights became a main instead of a secondary part of my training. I kept pushing 150 pounds over my head, squatting with 240 pounds for my legs and repeatedly picking up 260 pounds from the floor to strengthen my back. I was getting stronger, but no bigger. Yet, I wanted more weight.

"Olga, you are plenty heavy. You don't need to get any bigger to throw far." But I didn't listen to this plea of Bruce Conner, a physical therapist who trained me in his gym. I started instead to drink quarts of milk and eat enough for three.

I was throwing 170 to 180 feet in practice, but as a rule I didn't do as well as I should have in the rare meets. Most of all, I guess, it was the missing spectators. Those empty stands—was my uncle right?

I headed for Rome weighing 178 pounds. It didn't help me a bit. My performance was below that in 1956. I finished seventh. Nina Ponomareva of Russia broke my old Olympics record with a winning throw of 180′ 8¼″.

In Melbourne, where I weighed only 164 pounds, I had something else that I have lost along the way: explosion and a fiery fighting spirit built up by the number of hard matches in Europe. A woman does not need to be immense to win. A number of slim, attractive European girls have done extremely well against much bigger, stronger and heavier women.

Our team had one exceptional performer in the 1960 Olympic Games—Wilma Rudolph, the Clarksville, Tennessee, girl. She would have never become a triple gold-medal winner for the United States in Rome if she hadn't attended Tennessee A. and I., the only college in the country which has a serious track program for women and an excellent coach to go with it. But even Tennessee A. and I. has yet to produce a champion in an event other than running. Developing top performers in the technical disciplines—like jumping or throwing—requires a nationwide program of clinics and competitions for the talented girls to help them improve.

Where will we find the talent? The public schools are the spawning grounds of the American male Olympic champions, but the schools are making every effort to keep hard exercises and competition for girls out of their curriculums. They want to keep American women feminine, they say. I feel that is a doubtful argument. Didn't such stars of femininity as Greta Garbo, Ingrid Bergman and Gina Lollobrigida come from Europe, where educators are not afraid to let the girls build their healthy bodies just as much as the boys do?

On my return from Rome last September I decided to try and combat the unfounded fears connected with athletic women by becoming as slim and attractive as possible. Perhaps in some small way, my example could help convince women that real exercise is good for them, as well as for their daughters.

I started to work on my self-improvement. I exercised half an hour every day with my sixteen-month-old, who enjoyed himself tremendously. I canceled potatoes, noodles and spaghetti from my diet for a while.

Once a friend of mine brought me a mysterious gift, a container of magic brown powder. "This is reputed to be quite remarkable for quick reducing. Add a quart of water and drink your pounds away," she said. The entire day my stomach sadly moved around pieces of an extraneous, irresistible cucumber, wrapped up in a chocolate-flavored liquid. At nine P.M. I gave up. I settled the matter with three thick peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches. I am sure the diet in the container may be useful, but I cannot exist on it.

So I depended mainly on will power, calorie counter and lettuce. I utilized my knowledge of nutrition to have my diet well-rounded, and to eliminate any possible error, I never skipped the daily vitamin pill. Besides an everyday tone-up at home, I worked hard every second day in a gym.

The 1400 calories I allowed myself each day were less than half of what I was used to. My husband would laugh every night when I demanded a recount, hoping to find a few leftover calories for a cooky. "What about a cup of tea with saccharin?" he would suggest sweetly.

The dieting is over. From now on a careful eye on the scale and my daily exercise will keep me, as the athletes say, in shape. I lost thirty pounds and I now fit into a Size 12 dress. I lost four inches from my southern pole, two inches from my waist and no inches where I didn't want to lose. Although retired from competition, I can still throw the discus 160 feet.

What did it prove? It proved that you can exercise very hard and not only keep your femininity but improve your appearance. It proved how right thousands of women all over the world are to be addicted to athletics, which keeps them young and attractive. If many American girls and women started to really exercise and compete in sports, it would bring such a flood of beautiful figures that the Hollywood directors would go from one nervous breakdown to another.

What does the future hold for me, an ex-Olympic champion, a mother and a half-finished doctor? You have seen in this story how my plans always get twisted and turned around. However, my great desire is still to return to my medical studies, get my diploma and use it for people who need help. It will be difficult but I've traveled hard roads before.

THE END

"It's good to hear your voice too."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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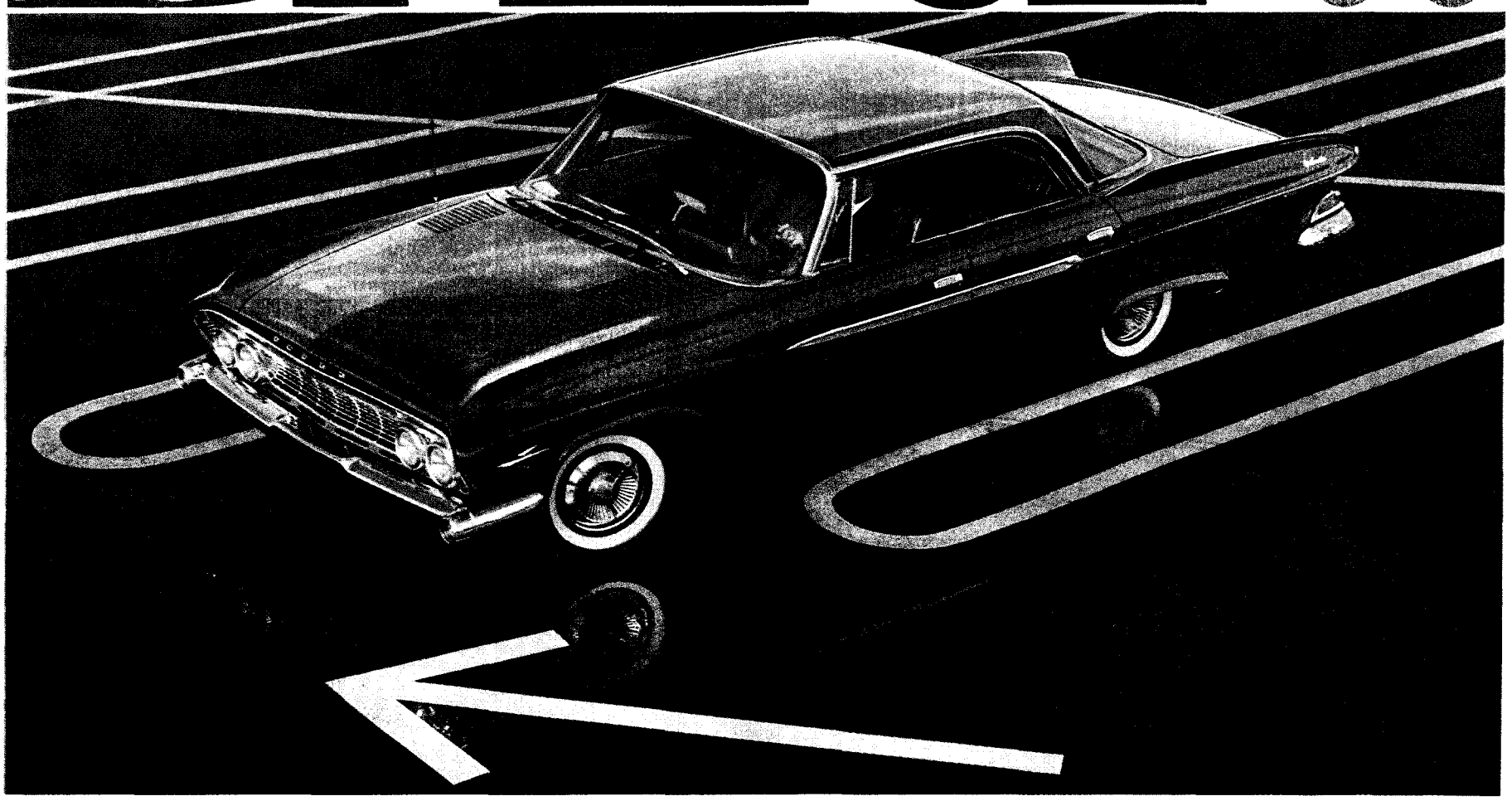

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# I Was a Campus Cop (Continued from Page 25)

also were pelted with snowballs that had been soaked in water and frozen solid. In 1869 one such snowball fight, according to the *Yale News*, involved the entire college and spread out across the city, where street lights, windows and many heads were broken by rioters or by police.

In those days, too, there was a traditional freshman-sophomore "rush" at the start of each term. The two classes assembled on opposite sides of the campus. Members of each class crowded close together and clasped their arms around one another, forming a kind of human battering ram. At a signal the two masses charged each other, smashing together like herds of angry buffalo. The idea was to hold your own formation and break the enemy into small pieces. The result was terrible chaos and destruction in which, according to old drawings of the melee, clothes were torn to shreds and many combatants left the field in their underwear or less.

Although such exercises, in theory, enabled the boys to work off excess energy and then buckle down to their books, the many severe rules laid down by college authorities in the old days leave no doubt that campus high jinks were even more of a problem than they are today. There was, for instance, a fine of fifty cents for throwing water from upper dormitory windows. A student might be expelled for atheism, for dressing flamboyantly or for "unnecessarily walking abroad on Sunday." Expulsion was automatic for "blasphemy, fornication, theft, forgery or dueling."

Some of the early hazing customs held over in greatly modified form until recent years, but they have now all been abandoned. Abandoned, too, but by official decree, is another springtime event that was known as Derby Day. On Derby Day large numbers of students and their dates journeyed to the banks of the Housatonic River near the town of Derby, ostensibly to watch rowing races, but actually to drink beer, eat hot dogs and blow off steam in a big way. The students engaged in various competitions, pushed one another into the river and fought battles with high-powered water guns. This was all good fun, but it was not so amusing when, returning to New Haven, the students turned their water guns on every traffic policeman they encountered. The cops grinned and put up with this for a few years. But then the students began loading their water guns with beer and spraying every policeman they met. That ended Derby Day!

Before Derby Day was abolished, however, there was an occasion on which freshmen and sophomores staged a tug of war in a field on the banks of the Housatonic. The contest was near an old-fashioned Chic Sales outhouse, and the freshmen, led by James Whitmore, now a well-known movie and television performer, managed to maneuver the sophomores close to the dilapidated little building. Then, at a signal from Whitmore, a couple of freshmen tipped over the outhouse, and the freshman team dragged their foes through the wreckage.

The sophomores were humiliated, but there wasn't much they could do about it until the next evening when they organized a muscular raiding party and invaded the freshman campus with the intention of knocking the tar out of Whitmore and his cohorts. The freshmen fought back with fists and a couple of fire hoses. By the time the police got there, about all they could do was lock all gates except one, through which they tried to force the sophomores back into their own territory.

I arrived on the scene at the height of the melee and just in time to see half a dozen freshmen bouncing a sophomore in a big blanket. They tossed him high into the air and, on the fourth bounce, they threw him clear over the high iron fence and into a group of his classmates who had been pushed off the freshman campus.

"Well," I said to one of the policemen on the scene, "if they just keep that up, they'll get all sophomores out of here without our help."

"Oh, no," he replied. "They've bounced that same student over the fence four times, and the sophomores just bounce him right back again!" And, sure enough, at that moment the sophomores swung a blanket vigorously, the boy flew into the air and over the fence, landed in a group of freshmen and began swinging with both fists.

## Good Old Days at Yale

Actor James Whitmore, class of '44. He once led a freshman revolt against the sophomores with fists and fire hoses.

Whitney Griswold, class of '29. Creamer once put the arm on him for breaking windows. Now he is president of Yale.

This 1886 drawing condemned "the orgies indulged in by Yale students and female friends in a subterranean cave."

Anybody who is concerned with campus discipline is pretty sure to develop a high respect for the ability of students to think fast in a pinch and to find ingenious ways to circumvent the hand of authority. I remember one tall, handsome youngster—Sonny Tufts, who later migrated to Hollywood with considerable success—who often was at the scene of campus high jinks, but was never caught in the act. Then late one snowy December evening I got a frantic call that seven students were throwing snowballs, fighting and creating a riotous situation outside the Yale Theater, where they had snarled traffic and endangered passers-by.

It was only a short sprint from my office, but somebody saw me coming. When I got there, I struggled through the blocked traffic and the crowd, and perhaps with some feeling of satisfaction, I caught a glimpse of Tufts' head. *Ah*, I thought, *at last!* But when I advanced a little farther, I saw that he and six other students were standing under a street light, their arms around one another's shoulders in brotherly fashion, their eyes lifted to the heavens and their voices lifted in a Christmas carol! The seven turned toward me with a gaze of utmost innocence, and I stopped dead. Who could crack down on a band of Christmas carolers?

Sometimes, particularly for the Harvard football game, we suffered an invasion of pranksters from Cambridge. On the morning of the big game some years ago we discovered that the goal posts in the Yale Bowl had been painted a brilliant Harvard crimson. We had to hurry with quick-drying white paint to erase that job before game time. At another Yale-Harvard game in the 1930's we decided to end the tradition of tearing down the goal posts after a victory by putting up steel posts sunk in concrete. To our great satisfaction, it worked. The Harvard team won, and Harvard boys attacked the goal posts but couldn't tear them down and were finally pushed away by guards. I was pleased until late that night when we got a hurry call from a watchman who had heard some strange noises in the Bowl. When we got there, we found a half dozen resourceful and persistent Harvard boys using hack saws, crowbars, axes and other implements to cut down the steel goal posts. With college boys, a cop can never be sure that he's ahead of the game.

Our most harrowing encounter with Harvard students probably was the famous "dognaping" case in 1934. Handsome Dan II, the squat, ferocious-looking but sweet-tempered bulldog mascot of Yale athletic teams, was snatched at the start of the Easter vacation. A bit of bright red fabric left on the scene of the crime made it look like a Harvard job, and the editors of that school's humor magazine, *Lampoon*, were suspected. A Yale raiding party "swooped down on panic-stricken Cambridge" a few days later, according to the *Yale News*, searched in vain for Handsome Dan and attempted to kidnap the editor of *Lampoon* as a hostage. But they were driven off after a fight.

The "dognaping" became a front-page story in newspapers all over the country during the next week. Then the *Lampoon* editors announced they had solved the case, "rescued" Handsome Dan and, with great fanfare, were returning him in an effort "to better the relations between Harvard and Yale." The mascot was safely delivered by Harvard yard police to our office late that evening.

It was a terrible humiliation for everybody on the Yale campus, but the worst was yet to come. The next morning the *Lampoon* hit the newsstands with a cover photograph of the well-known statue of John Harvard—and with Handsome Dan licking John Harvard's boots! It wasn't until long afterward that I found out they had "brainwashed" poor Dan by depriving him of a meal and then smearing hamburger meat on the feet of the statue to assure his co-operation with the enemy photographer.

Now, all of these high jinks are the kind of student activities that can cause college authorities and campus cops a lot of headaches, but usually they are the result of high spirits that any parent—or any cop—ought to expect in boys of college age. On the other hand, as I mentioned at the beginning of this article, there are far more serious campus incidents that may gravely affect a boy's future and that, in many cases, can be plainly traced to the attitude of the student's parents.

Far too often a student's troubles at college are due to parental insistence that he study for a profession in which he is not interested or a father's expectation that his son should become a "big shot" on the campus or a mother's refusal to untie her apron strings and let her son live his own life. There are, of course, other reasons for failure of a boy to adjust to life at a college like Yale. Some worry over unhappy love affairs. Others can't make the transition from being a big frog in a little pool at their hometown high schools to being just another frog in the big pool at Yale. But the parent problem is usually the most difficult to handle.

There are many signs by which a campus cop can recognize impending trouble. For example, I always worried when I observed that a student I knew to be naturally conservative suddenly blossomed out in bright red socks or a colorful jacket or a beard. That was usually a sign he was troubled or insecure and was trying to attract attention to himself. We had one case where a student dressed in a tight-fitting hood and cape like the costume worn by a comic-strip character called the Phantom and wandered through dark streets at night until the city police picked him up.

Another student moved a chair from his room each night into the hall and sat there to study. When we asked him why, he said he didn't "belong" in his room. His roommate assured us the boy was able and friendly but "just upset about something." The police, of course, don't attempt to handle such cases by themselves. We are merely the front line in a team composed of the various deans, members of the faculty and the Department of Mental Hygiene psychiatric staff. In this case the college psychiatrist soon discovered that the boy's parents had insisted he take various courses in which he was not interested. A letter to the parents explained the situation; they replied that the boy was free to make his own decisions, and the young man was soon doing fine in classes.

An extreme instance of attracting attention occurred some years ago when a graduate student who had been in the Army appeared on the campus wearing part of his old uniform and brandishing a heavy club that looked something like a rifle. He took a position behind some shrubbery with his back to a wall and began swinging the club at passers-by. When the police arrived, he threatened them, and it was obviously impossible to approach him without grave risk that someone would be hurt. After stalling for about fifteen minutes, one of the policemen realized the student was reliving his own military experience and presumably (*Continued on Page 58*)

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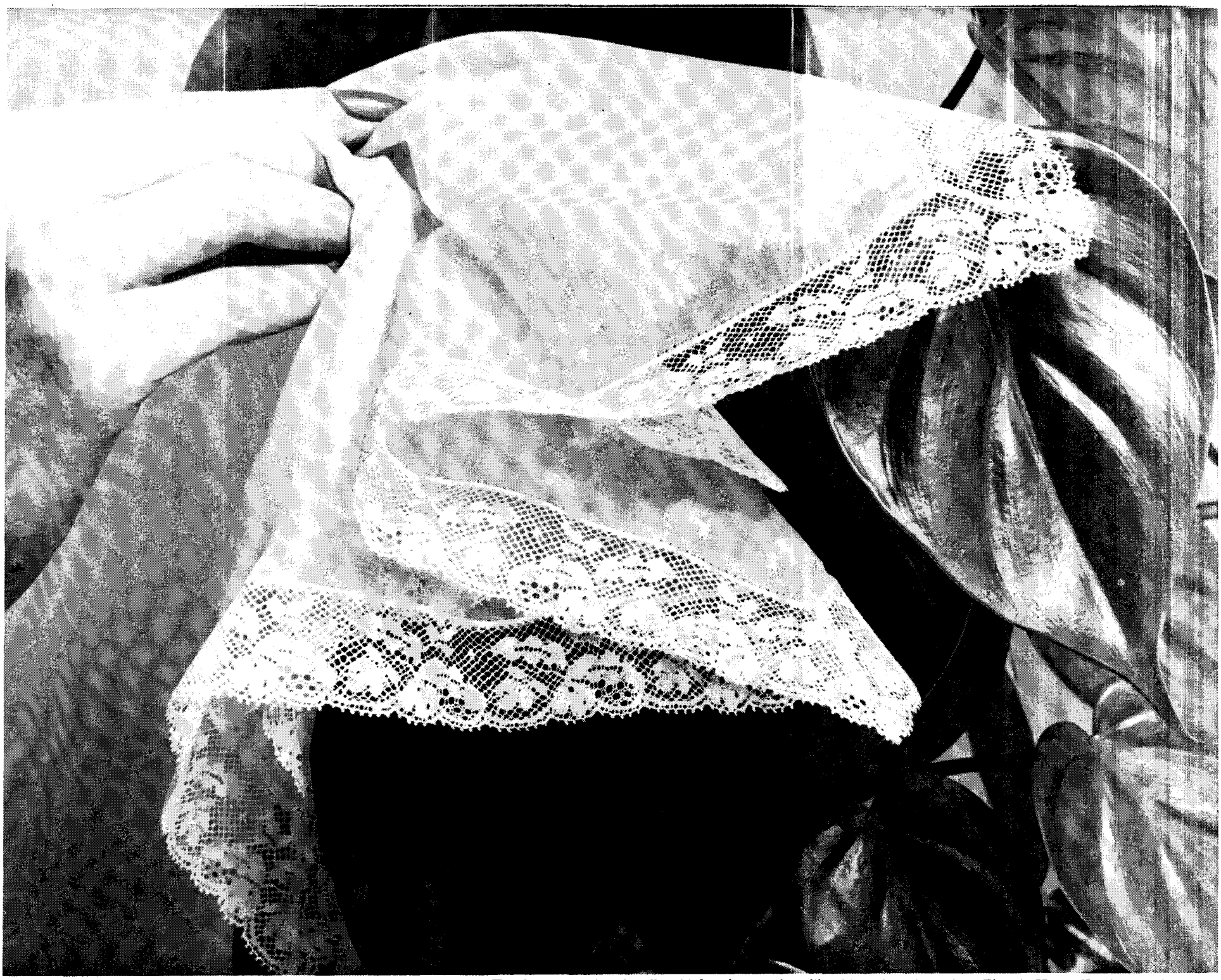

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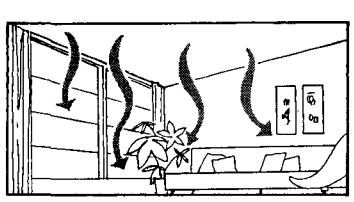
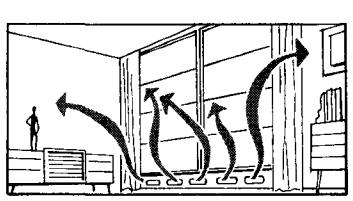
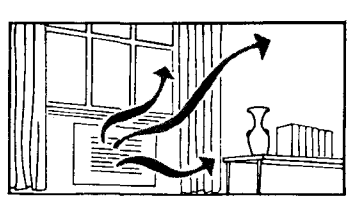


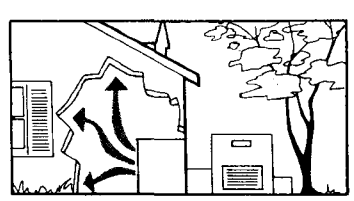
**Ceiling cable** heat is invisible. Wires less than ⅛" thick are fastened to ceilings before plastering. Each room can have a thermostat.



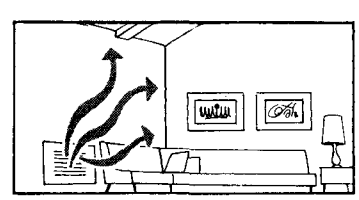
**Baseboard units** heat by both radiation and convection. All surfaces are warmed evenly, and control is by individual room thermostat.



**Wall panel heaters** have heating coils behind a decorative grill. Small fans may be used with this thermostatically controlled unit.



**Heat pump** heats home in winter, cools it in summer. It's automatically reversible and maintains any desired year-round temperature.



**Electric furnaces** provide compact central heating systems which can be combined with central air conditioning for year-round use.

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(*Continued from Page 56*) would respect the voice of authority. We summoned a uniformed officer from the R.O.T.C. headquarters and informed him of the situation. He then approached the student, clicked his heels and called out, "Attention!"

The student dropped his club and snapped to attention. Then he meekly obeyed the officer's command to "follow me" and was conducted to the hospital.

When cases of student insecurity are spotted early, it often is easy to give a helping hand. It has been a tremendous experience for me to see each new class of freshmen come to the campus, most of them just shaking off adolescence. In the first few weeks they are groping awkwardly for some secure ground, testing their ideas and their ideals against those of other students. They are wandering in what I call "the age of doubt" and perhaps they stumble a bit as they try to find their way. The university has elaborate facilities for assisting and counseling them, and most of them adjust quickly with very little help.

One freshman who got into a minor jam several years ago came into my office in a belligerent mood, ready for big trouble and unresponsive to my efforts to talk pleasantly. "You wouldn't give a damn if I was fired out," he said. "Neither would the dean."

I got up and locked the office door in an effort to give him a feeling of privacy. Then I directed the talk not to how he had misbehaved but why. Finally he said in disgust, "Aw, I'm just a number here. Nobody cares what happens to me."

After that, he talked freely and told me of several personal problems that didn't really amount to much, although he tried to magnify them. I let him ramble on without much comment, and finally he said, "Well, I came in here thinking the best I could hope for was a little sympathy, but I didn't get any."

"I'm just trying to understand your problems," I replied.

He looked at me with a kind of curious relief and grinned a little sheepishly. "Yeah," he said, getting up to shake hands, "I guess it was understanding I really wanted. I haven't had anybody I could talk to—not even my roommates. Thanks a lot."

That boy never had any further difficulties at Yale, and I felt that by just listening I had been able to help him at a critical moment. It is seldom so easy to help in cases where students are under strong parental pressures. For example, a parent who became a popular leader at Yale in his day may expect his son to do the same regardless of his temperament or ability. Sometimes a son may go to extremes in a vain effort to live up to his parents' expectations. He may even steal in order to have extra money for his role as a campus big shot.

Most of the stealing at a college like Yale is done by outsiders who become familiar with campus routine and know the best time to slip into dormitory rooms. Or occasionally we have a young thief like the youth I shall call Tom Blank, who posed as a member of the Krupp family from Germany, made friends with several rich Yale students, visited their rooms—and robbed them blind at every opportunity. After several weeks he realized he was under suspicion and disappeared, but shortly afterward he sent invitations to ten of his Yale friends to be his guests at dinner at a nearby hotel.

The students went to the hotel at the appointed hour. So did the police. The police hid themselves in strategic spots while the students were conducted to a table, elaborately decorated with flowers, which the hotel manager had prepared in response to a telegram from the host. The host, however, did not appear. The guests decided to eat anyway at their own expense and were enjoying their dessert when they received a telegram—"Hearty eating and best wishes to all. Tom." About a year later Tom was arrested in New Mexico on charges growing out of various other escapades.

I remember one Yale student from a small Western town who became friendly with a group of Eastern students who had plenty of spending money. The Westerner needed extra money to keep up with his friends and over a period of several months he became responsible for a series of mysterious "breakfast time thefts." At first the police were baffled. But we finally were able to put together enough information to narrow our investigation to one building. The thefts almost always occurred just before breakfast, when students left their dormitory rooms and went down the hall to take a shower. They often left the doors of their rooms ajar and their wallets on the bureaus. The thief could enter when he heard the shower turned on, take whatever was available and leave before the shower was turned off.

After several unsuccessful attempts to catch the culprit, I correctly decided that he occupied a corner room from which he could watch the movements of the police and watchmen. Then one night I asked two boys to sleep in another dormitory. Early the next morning I slipped into the building through a door that could not be observed. I told the janitor to remain in the basement. I marked some bills and put them in a wallet on the bureau in the vacated room. Just before breakfast time I went to the shower room, turned on a shower and hurried back to the vacated room, leaving the door ajar. I hid in a closet. Not long afterward a boy in a bathrobe slipped in and walked across the room to look into the adjoining study. I grabbed him.

"What are you doing here?" I demanded.

"I came in to borrow a book."

"What book?"

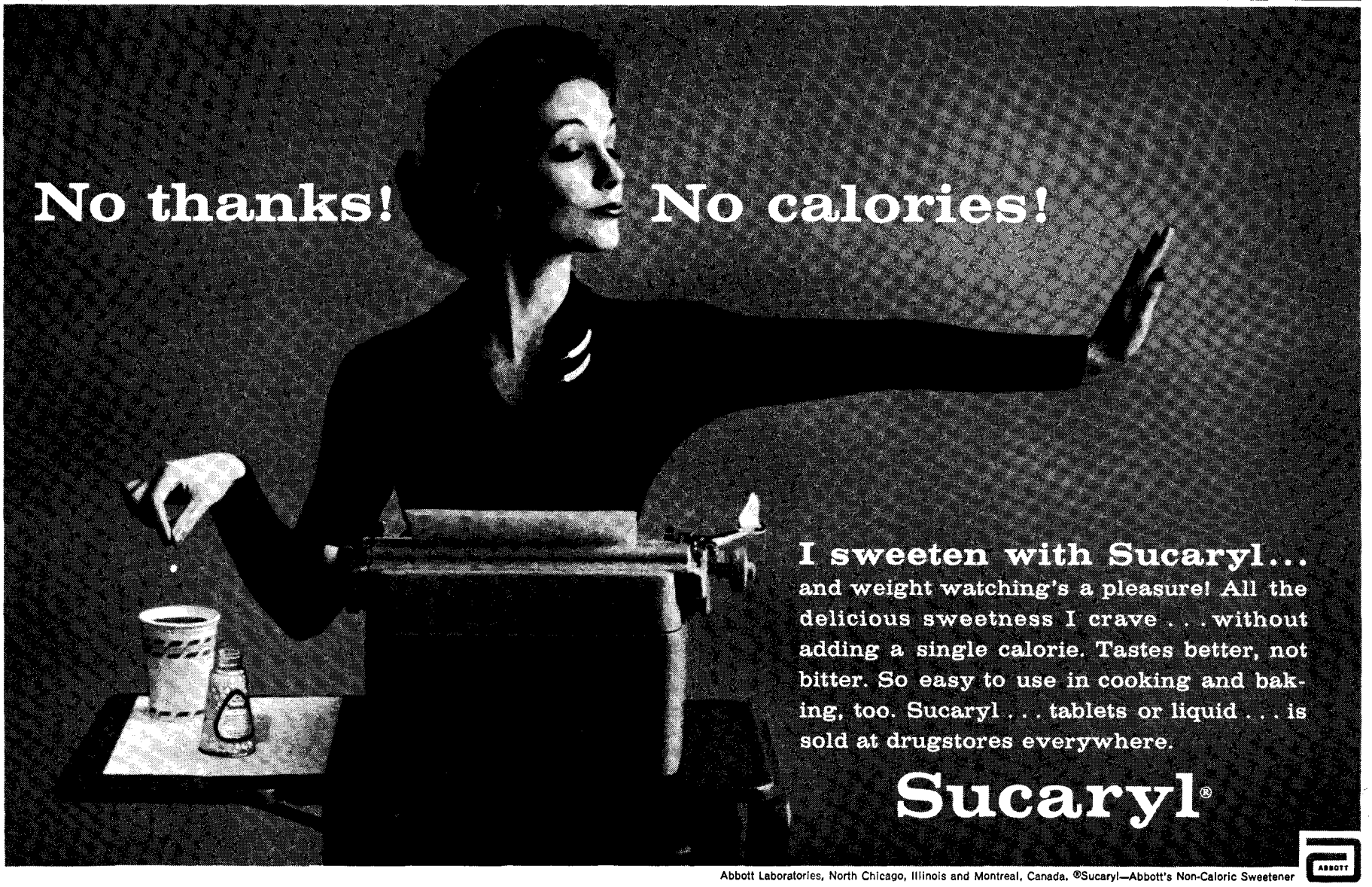
He couldn't name any that he might find in the room. Then he said he had come in to borrow some shaving cream. But he had his own shaving cream and razor in his bathrobe pocket. He then acknowledged that he had been responsible for the thefts. He was expelled, of course, but the ending to this story was different from the usual run of campus thefts. Within a year, the boy had sent to college authorities enough money to pay back all of the students he had robbed. And today he is a famous man who has borne great responsibilities and has had

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

## Wait, I'll Light a Match

By Harry Lazarus

Many things my wife
deposits
In the deepest, darkest
closets;
Where she has placed and
so consigned them,
A flashlight must be used
to find them.
But all too plain, and all
too true,
The flashlight's in the
closet too.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an outstanding success in the world of big business. A few years ago his only son was graduated from Yale.

Perhaps the most common problem encountered by college officials everywhere is that of parental domination. One morning about fifteen years ago I was summoned by an indignant cook to the dining hall of one of our colleges. The place was a wreck. Eggs had been hurled at the ceiling. Catchup bottles had been emptied on the floor. Food and utensils had been scattered in whirlwind fashion. No Sherlock Holmes was needed. Obviously someone had come in through a window and, as he departed, he had walked through so many broken eggs that—doubtless as he intended—his footprints could have been followed by a blind Pekingese with a head cold. I followed them to a dormitory where I found a student, with catchup stains on his shoes, lying on a bed in a friend's room.

I knew the boy. He was intelligent and likable. But he had refused to study, and after two years, it seemed unlikely he would ever achieve his officially recorded purpose of entering the Law School. I tried to be friendly. "You got some feeling against food?" I asked.

He shook his head. "Well," I said, "you threw eggs all over. What was the idea—what were you aiming at?"

He tensed up and said, "My father's head out in Tulsa!" Then he began to talk. His grandfather had been a famous frontier judge. His lawyer uncle had gone to Congress. His father was a well-known lawyer. His parents had assumed he would be a lawyer too, and when he decided he wanted to be an engineer, they ridiculed his boyish ideas and reminded him of the legalistic achievements of his forebears. He gave in and came to Yale to study law. But he was unhappy and in rebellion. At last he mistakenly decided that the only solution to his troubles was to do something for which he would be expelled—and in that he succeeded. But it was a tragedy that could have been avoided if his parents had treated him as a person with an identity of his own and not tried to force their ideas on him.

Let me give one other example. Some years ago a very promising young man arrived at Yale with a very formidable handicap—his mother. She moved into a New Haven hotel the day before the term opened and settled down, apparently determined to keep her apron strings wrapped firmly around the boy's neck. I felt sorry for the boy on the first day, but I was sorrier still a few days later when the mother came to my office and asked if it would be all right if she waited each afternoon in her son's room so she could talk to him when he finished his classes. I arranged it.

Even so, for a few days the boy seemed to be adjusting himself. But his mother thought he wasn't studying enough and said so. Then the boy just stopped returning to his room in the late afternoon. His mother sat there waiting, but he went out for a beer or to a movie. After a few weeks the mother showed up again in my office to talk about her troubles.

"I just don't know what to do about him," she complained. "If only there were someone to advise me."

"Madam," I said, taking a deep breath, "I'm going to try. You may think my words are brutal, but I am sincere. Your presence here has denied your son the freedom to be himself. So if you want to help him, I advise you to pack your bags and leave for home."

She was angered, but I just sat there. "If you were in my employ," she said in what I assume was her drawing-room manner, "I would discharge you. But on second thought, I will take your advice."

She departed early the next day. About a week later her son's roommate stuck his head in my door and said, "Hey, captain, what's happened to my roommate?" Alarmed, I asked what he meant.

"Well, he's a new man these days. Doing fine. What happened?"

I relaxed. "I don't know," I replied.

He grinned. "The heck you don't," he said, slamming the door shut.

Whenever I talk to dominating parents such as that woman, I recall the case of a famous and very tough New York businessman whose son ran away from home a week or so before he was scheduled to enter Yale. The reason was simple—his father never let him decide anything or act on his own. Due to circumstances that are not relevant here, I found the boy and persuaded him to return home, but only after I had had several unpleasant telephone conversations with the hot-tempered father. Later, however, I received a letter of thanks from the father, and then one evening he telephoned me and said in a rather contrite voice, "I just want to ask you—how the devil do you know so much about boys?"

"I have a son," I replied, "and I've lived with boys here for a good many years. By the way, I suggest you look in your library for a book called *Unicorn and Other Poems*, by Anne Morrow Lindbergh. Look on page thirteen."

"Captain," he said quietly, "tell me what it says."

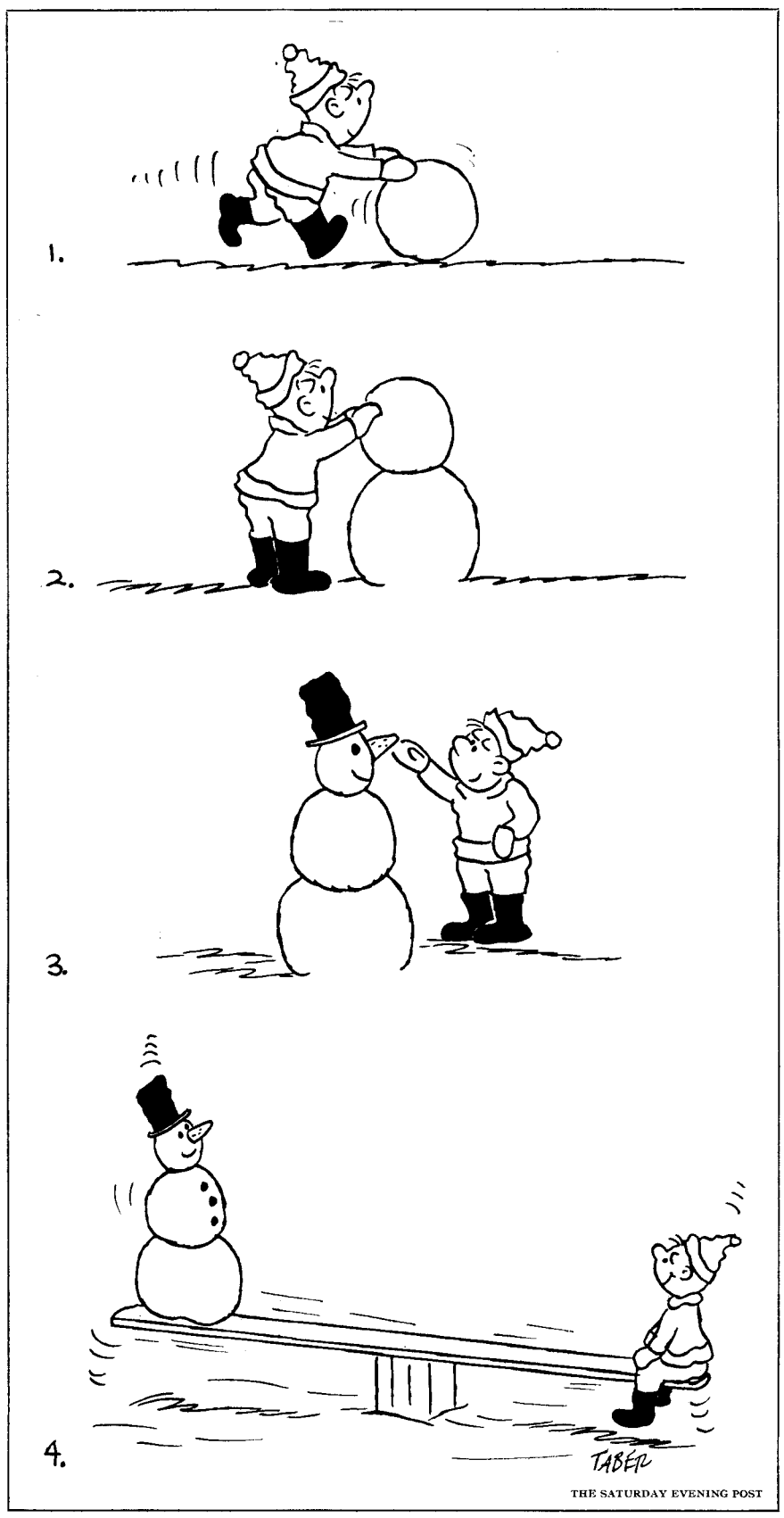
I repeated it to him from memory.

*Him that I love, I wish to be*
*Free—*
*Even from me.**

"Thanks," he said as he hung up. "Thank you very much."

Now, I don't want anybody to think that all parents try to dominate their children or that all students would get along well if it weren't for parents. Not at all. Each child—and each parent—is a different individual, or should be. There can be a wonderful feeling between the son and the father who accompanies him to the campus, takes a look at his room and says, "O.K., you're well set up here. Call on me any time you need me. You can even ask me to a football game. But it's your life, and you've got to decide what you will make of it. Good luck, son, and keep your nose clean."

* © 1956 by Anne Morrow Lindbergh. Published by Pantheon Books, Inc.




I remember an incident back in the 1920's before Yale abandoned the traditional freshman-sophomore "rush," which was a more or less supervised roughhouse on the campus at the beginning of the fall term. During one of these melees I saw a dignified, perfectly tailored man and his son, also dressed like a fashion plate, walk onto the campus. They stopped near me, and the man asked, "What on earth is going on?"

I explained and added something about building up class spirit and enthusiasm. He did not seem to be much impressed. "My wife was opposed to our son's coming to Yale," he finally said. "She thought it was too far from home. I overruled her, but now that I see what goes on here, I think I may have been wrong. . . . What do you think, son?"

We turned to look at the boy, but he was gone. We scouted around a bit with no luck. But not long afterward we saw a strange figure emerge from the thick of the battle—a boy wearing only shoes, socks, underwear and a black eye. He grinned from ear to ear when his father finally recognized him, and after a moment the father grinned back. Nobody could doubt that the boy had already begun to find his place on the campus.

"On second thought," the father said, "I guess I was right."

I doubt that we will ever discover a formula by which campus cops or anybody else can curb the high spirits of American college boys or even keep up with their ingenious high jinks. In fact, if I thought their spirit could be curbed, I would begin to be really worried about the future.

Meanwhile, I know that despite their impulse to blow off steam occasionally, our college students are learning how to face life on their own and, in many instances, how to become leaders of men. I know this because I have watched so many young men reach that critical point where they decided for themselves the course they would follow as adults and then went on to high success in life. I still keep in touch with many of them who sometimes recall that I did or said something that was helpful to them when they were students, but I will mention only one.

He was the principal speaker at an affair at which I was honored before my retirement. He began by saying something about his guilty reminiscences of student life. At first I couldn't imagine what he was talking about. But after searching my memory I dimly remembered a night when a few students were knocking tennis balls around with fraternity paddles and things got rather out of hand and some electric light bulbs or perhaps some windows were broken. I had talked to this particular student like a Dutch uncle, as I recall it, and that was about all there was to it.

But he remembered because I heard him saying, "And if it hadn't been for the understanding of this man"—meaning me—"I probably wouldn't be here speaking to you tonight."

Now, that statement was a considerable exaggeration, but I was interested in hearing it because the speaker was A. Whitney Griswold, who for the past ten years has been president of Yale University. THE END

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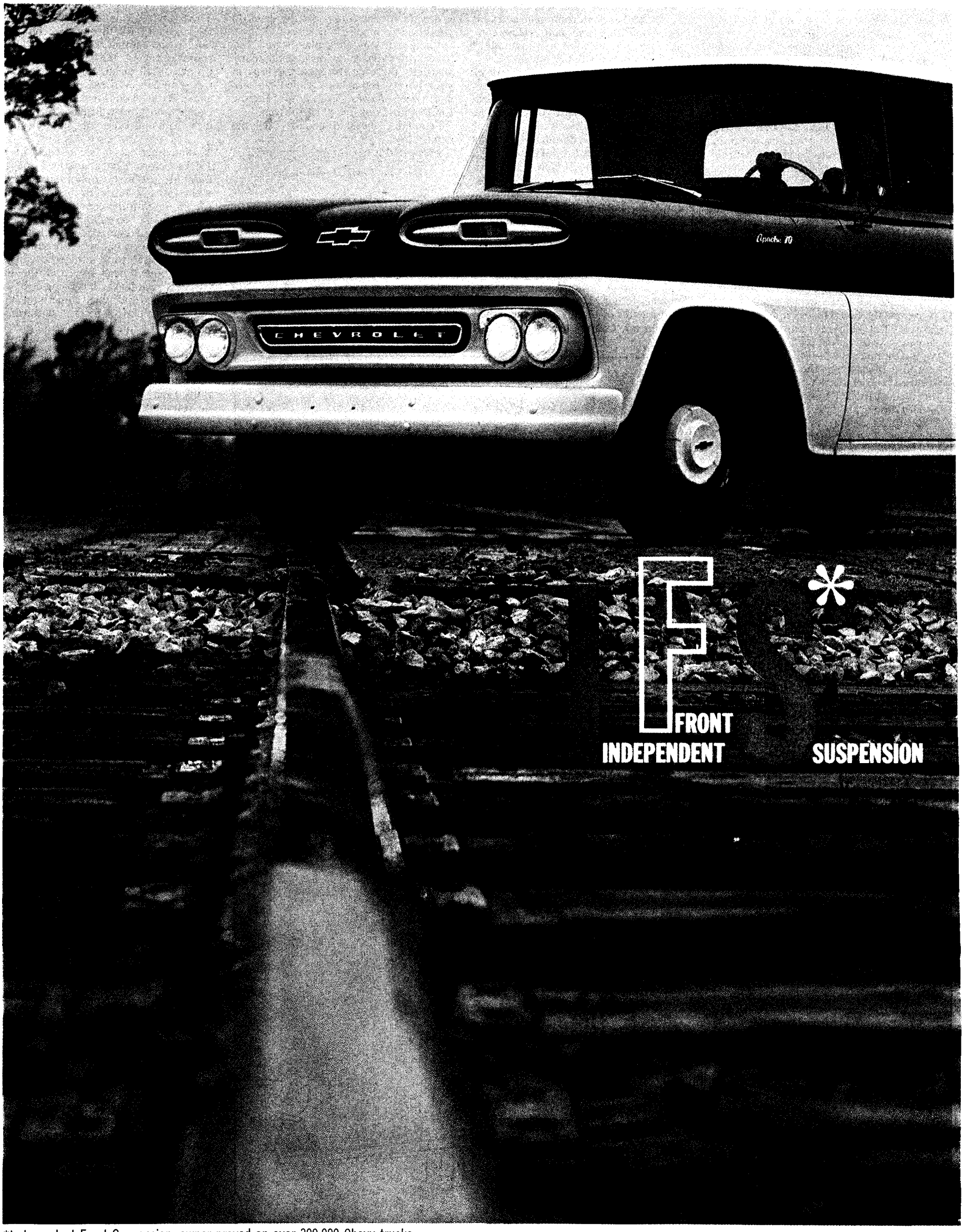


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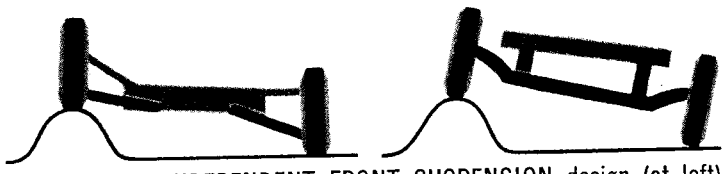
You know the kind of road. It bounces the daylights out of you and you have to creep to keep the truck under control. Well, cruise a Chevy over the same stretch and find out what Independent Front Suspension (I.F.S.) is all about. You feel the difference in the seat of your pants and the palms of your hands. You're able to maintain faster safe speeds and still ride steadily. You can take the test in any size Chevy I.F.S. truck. One's as smooth riding as the next. Independent Front Suspension smothers as much as 78% of all objectionable road shock and vibration before they can reach the cab to wear out the driver. Before they can cause damage to the load. Before they can start to twist and tire out the truck's body and sheet metal. End results: lower maintenance costs, longer truck life and a lot happier drivers. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Mich.

60 Series Middleweights feature big 261-cu.-in. Jobmaster 6 as standard equipment.



With Chevy's INDEPENDENT FRONT SUSPENSION design (at left) each wheel flexes independently, keeps the truck and the load virtually level with the road; minimizes tire abuse as well as stress and strain on chassis, body and sheet metal. The ordinary I-BEAM FRONT AXLE (at right) is the type most other trucks still have—a stiff-beam design that can't help but transmit road shock and vibration from one wheel to the other and right up through the chassis, the cab and the load.

THEY WORK HARDER BECAUSE THEY RIDE EASIER

## CHEVY I.F.S.* TRUCKS

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# Botts in the Islands (Continued from Page 23)

"Very good," I said. "Alexander Botts is now in Boston. I will instruct him to go up to North Bohemia, Maine, to conduct an intensive search, and to spare no expense until he either locates that machine or is convinced it no longer exists. And in the meantime I want you, as our attorney, to explain this entire situation to the court and ask for a postponement of the suit."

"I will do that," said the attorney.

This is your big chance, Botts. You are in a position to save the company ten million dollars. I enclose a drawing of the ratchet mechanism so you may know exactly what you are looking for. I shall be depending on you.

Most sincerely,
GILBERT HENDERSON

IMPERIAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL
WAIKIKI BEACH
HONOLULU, HAWAII

Tuesday, March 8, 1960

*Dear Henderson:* It occurs to me that you may be surprised and even worried to find that I am in Honolulu rather than in North Bohemia, Maine. I will therefore try to give you an explanation which I hope will satisfy you.

Your recent letter reached me last week in Boston under most unusual circumstances. I had checked into the hotel. I had received my mail. And I had just finished reading your letter when the hotel manager, who is an old friend of mine, met me in the lobby, gave me a searching look and started a conversation which turned out to be so important that I will give it to you in full. The manager said, "Mr. Botts, you should take better care of your health. You are not well."

"I have a cold," I admitted.

"In your present obviously run-down condition," he said, "this cold may develop into pneumonia or some other malady even more serious."

"Don't worry about me. I've never had any serious diseases."

"There is always the first time. You have been working too hard, Mr. Botts. What you need is a long vacation on some sun-drenched tropical island."

He took me across the lobby to a travel agency whose walls were decorated with posters showing blue waters, white beaches and green palm trees. There were also beautiful planes, beautiful ships, beautiful hotels and beautiful women.

"All this is very tempting," I said. "It is true that I am overworked. I need a rest. But I have here a letter from Mr. Henderson, the president of our company, directing me to go to a place called North Bohemia, Maine, to work on a highly important project."

"Is there any hurry about this?"

I looked over your letter, Henderson. "There is nothing here," I said, "that specifically urges haste."

"Then why subject yourself to the cold and clammy climate of North Bohemia, Maine? Why not enjoy the balmy breezes of Bermuda or Puerto Rico, or Jamaica, or even Hawaii? Why not loll in the sunshine until you have improved your physical condition to the point where later on you can do a really superior job on this project?"

I could feel myself beginning to waver. On a table were many pamphlets with pictures like those on the posters—blue waters, white beaches, green palm trees. There were beautiful planes, beautiful ships, beautiful hotels and beautiful women.

Carefully I studied the situation. For a long time I was undecided.

Then suddenly I made up my mind. The path of duty led unmistakably to a tropical island. I decided on Oahu in the new state of Hawaii. Being a man of action, I lost no time in purchasing plane tickets. And two days later I arrived here in Honolulu.

The wisdom of this decision is already apparent. After less than a week of delightful Hawaiian sunshine my cold has completely disappeared. And I would have been already on my way back to the mainland except for a chance conversation with the manager of the hotel here. As this conversation turned out to be as important as the one I had with the manager of the hotel in Boston, I will give it to you in full.

"Mr. Botts," said the manager of the Imperial Hawaiian Hotel, "you are the picture of health. It is remarkable what a few days of rest have done for you."

"Yes," I said. "Very soon I shall be going back to work."

"That would be a serious mistake, Mr. Botts. You should continue your rest cure for at least a month. You should build up your strength and your resistance to disease. If you go back now, you are almost sure to suffer a relapse."

"But I'm tired of resting," I said. "I can't sit around and do nothing indefinitely."

"Of course not, Mr. Botts. The most effective rest cure is not idleness—it is a complete change of occupation. Do I understand that you are in the tractor business?"

"Yes," I said. "I am the sales manager of the Earthworm Tractor Company of Earthworm City, Illinois."

"Then your course is clear, Mr. Botts. For the sake of your health and for the ultimate well-being of your company and its sales department, you must for the time being forget all about tractors. You must forget all about selling. And you must engage in a totally new and different round of activities."

"Like what?" I asked. "What activities would you suggest?"

"I can arrange everything," he said. "I can sign you up for lessons in swimming, in surfboard riding, in the management of outrigger canoes or in any other type of physical activity. I can procure tickets for a great variety of lectures. I can arrange to have you enrolled at the University of Hawaii for courses in the geology of the islands, the migrations of the Polynesians, to say nothing of an unusually fine special course in the history of the reign of King Kamehameha the Great. You can also study the early activities of the New England missionaries and countless other fascinating subjects."

"Well," I said, "your program sounds interesting, but I am not sure ——"

"Come with me," said the manager. He took me down the hall and through a door with a sign: HOOLAULEA DANCE STUDIO. He introduced me to a young lady. "This is Miss Johnson," he said. "She is descended from a long line of Polynesian dancers. She will be very happy to sign you up for a series of lessons in the hula."

"I can see," said Miss Johnson, "that you are a natural-born hula dancer, Mr. Botts. A man like you, who is strong, virile and mature is always more satisfying to work with than a callow youth."

To this flattery, I naturally paid no attention. I merely turned to the hotel manager and said, "I am beginning to realize that what I need is exactly the sort of program you have been talking about. I think I will sign up at the university for a few of those courses in geology and history."

"How about the hula lessons?"

"Well," I said, "I might do that too."

It was in this way, Henderson, that I decided to stay here a little longer than I had intended. But I can assure you that everything I am doing will contribute to the improvement of my health, and that the final result will be for the benefit of the Earthworm Tractor Company.

I want to remind you of your instructions that I "spare no expense," and I would suggest that you advise the comptroller to pass without question all of the more unusual items on my current expense account, particularly the rent on my penthouse apartment in this hotel and my tuition at the University of Hawaii and at the Hoolaulea Dance Studio.

With all best wishes,
ALEXANDER BOTTS, Sales Manager
Earthworm Tractor Company

EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS
Office of Gilbert Henderson, President

Monday, March 14, 1960

*Dear Botts:* When I told you to "spare no expense," I was referring to the cost of locating the ratchet mechanism. Such being the case, I am instructing our comptroller to disallow all your Hawaiian expenses. I am astounded that you should expect to be paid for this totally unnecessary trip. And I am even more astounded at your shocking neglect of the important mission I assigned you.

Naturally I did not expect you to go to North Bohemia if you were too worn out to stand the strain. But why didn't you send someone else? Or why didn't you notify me at once so I could have taken action before it was too late?

As a matter of fact, I got busy as soon as I received your tragically delayed message. I ordered the company plane. I flew to North Bohemia, Maine. Here I located a man about sixty years old named George Bean—the son of Ebenezer Bean, who died many years ago.

As long as you have seen fit, Botts, to introduce into your recent letter no less than two long and tedious conversations with a couple of hotel managers, I will now repeat for your benefit the very interesting conversation I had with Mr. George Bean.

"Mr. Bean," I said, "I understand that your father, Ebenezer Bean, was a blacksmith?"

"Yes."

"He was also an inventor?"

"He was, always figuring out and building various mechanical contraptions—posthole diggers, improved maple-sugar evaporators, mowing machines, and I don't know what all."

"Did he ever make a corn harvester?"

"Yes. It was about 1910, when I was ten years old. I remember it well."

I showed him a drawing of the ratchet mechanism. "Did your father's corn harvester have anything on it that looks like this?"

"Exactly the same."

"This was the only corn harvester your father ever made?"

"Yes."

"Did he ever make any other machines that used this ratchet mechanism?"

"Not that I know of."

"What did your father do with the harvester?"

"He sold it to a farmer out in the country somewhere."

"Do you think the machine is still there?"

"No. It broke down after a few years. The farmer brought it back, but my father died before he could repair it. Nobody else wanted to bother with it, so it was dragged out along with a lot of other junk into an old shed behind the blacksmith shop. That's where I found it last week."

"Mr. Bean," I said, suppressing my natural excitement, "I want to see that machine."

"I'm sorry. You can't."

"Why not?"

"It's not there any more."

"What happened to it?"

"That's a very funny thing," he said. "The old harvester had been there over forty years without anybody taking any interest in it at all. Then last week a couple of men came around asking about it. And now you're here. What's going on?"

"That's what I want to know," I said. "You say there were a couple of men asking about this machine last week? Do you know who they were?"

"Sure. One of them was the Goodwill tractor dealer from Portland."

"And what did he want with the machine?"

"He wanted to buy it. He offered me ten dollars. I sold it to him."

"Go on," I said, getting more and more excited. "What did he do with it?"

"That's another funny thing. He loaded it onto a truck, drove it down to the shore, rented a boat and put it on board."

"Do you know where he took it?"

"Yes. The owner of the boat told me he took it about five miles out into the ocean and dumped it overboard."

At this point, Botts, I was so angry that I decided not only to fire you but also to instruct our legal department to sue you for (*Continued on Page 64*)

"Good grief—termites!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Fish in your pocket
for a li'l ol' nickel!

The candy with the hole ... still only 5¢

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(*Continued from Page 62*) heavy damages caused by your gross negligence and dereliction of duty. Fortunately for you, however, on the long plane ride back here to Earthworm City I had time to think matters over.

And I have now decided on a more moderate course of action. It is true that you committed a grave error when you let a whole week go by without going to North Bohemia, without sending a substitute or without even letting me know. It is entirely your fault that the Goodwill tractor man got there first and deprived us of the evidence that will very probably make a difference of ten million dollars. In most instances conduct of this kind would result in instant dismissal and a claim for restitution.

However, you have served the company for many years. On the whole you have served well. And I do not think your present failure has been due to any deliberate malfeasance. I have decided therefore not to dismiss you, but to certify you to the board of directors for immediate retirement on account of old age.

I have been discussing your case with Doctor Jenks, the head of our newly established Department of Retirement and Geriatrics. We have agreed that, although your chronological age is not unduly advanced, there are in your recent letter sufficient indications of premature senility to justify your retirement. By your own admission you weakly gave in to the absurd arguments of a couple of hotel managers. And—without giving a thought to your duties and responsibilities—you lightheartedly wandered off on a Hawaiian holiday, characterized by a lot of disconnected and senseless activities. All this is an indication of second childhood.

But I do not want you to feel discouraged. You will be taken care of. The whole purpose of our new Department of Retirement and Geriatrics is to look after just such people as you. As soon as you are able to travel, we want you to come back to Earthworm City where Doctor Jenks will give you a complete checkup, both physical and mental. One of our geriatric counselors will then enroll you in a course on retirement adjustment, the privileges and duties of the senior citizen, complete information on communities which cater to the needs of the aged, hints on the use of spare time and instruction in various hobbies such as basket-weaving and water-color painting.

With all best wishes,
GILBERT HENDERSON

IMPERIAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL
WAIKIKI BEACH
HONOLULU, HAWAII

Thursday, March 17, 1960

*Dear Henderson:* Your letter about retiring me for age has handed me the biggest laugh I have had in a long time. Any reference to Alexander Botts in terms of senility and geriatrics is not only absurd—it is ridiculous.

You will be delighted to know that I am now in the best of health, physically and mentally. I have given up the hula lessons and all of the other activities which I mentioned in my previous letter. And I am now engaged in a new project which will be of great historical importance and will also achieve a lot of publicity for the Earthworm Tractor Company.

To appreciate this project you will have to know a few facts about Hawaiian history. The first king of the Hawaiian Islands was Kamehameha the Great. When he died in 1819 at Kailua, Hawaii, his bones were hidden by his followers. Since then historians and explorers have searched everywhere in the islands for these bones. But the secret was well kept. They have never been found. However, I have recently discovered some evidence that indicates a new approach to this problem. I have enlisted the aid of the local Earthworm dealer, and we are plowing up the ground in various localities, hot on the scent of a great discovery. Our search has stirred the imagination of the public. Even more important, various military authorities have become so interested that they are allowing us to enter military reservations which are normally *kapu* to civilians.

Very soon the news will be spread through the world that the bones of King Kamehameha the Great have finally been discovered. The credit for this will be attributed entirely to the Earthworm Tractor Company, and this will result in very fine publicity for our organization.

In the meantime I have been giving some thought to the almost-forgotten affair of the ratchet mechanism. And I have a couple of questions for you:

First, would the Earthworm Company be interested in financing me in chartering a fleet of several dozen tugboats or trawlers for the purpose of dragging the Atlantic Ocean off the coast of Maine in a search for that sunken harvester? The expense would be trifling as compared to the ten million you would have to pay if you lose that lawsuit.

Second, if I am successful in finding the harvester with the ratchet mechanism intact, would you take me back on active duty with the company? Yours,
ALEXANDER BOTTS

CABLEGRAM
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS
MARCH 21, 1960

ALEXANDER BOTTS
IMPERIAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL
HONOLULU, HAWAII

WE WILL TAKE YOU BACK IF, REPEAT IF, YOU FIND THAT RATCHET MECHANISM. WE WILL PAY ALL REASONABLE EXPENSES, BUT ONLY AFTER, REPEAT AFTER, YOU HAVE FOUND IT. HOWEVER, YOUR SCHEME IS SO FANTASTIC THAT WE FEEL YOU SHOULD MAKE UP YOUR MIND TO BE TURNED OUT TO PASTURE IN THE HOPE THAT YOUR DECLINING YEARS MAY BE PLEASANT AND PEACEFUL.

GILBERT HENDERSON

IMPERIAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL
WAIKIKI BEACH
HONOLULU, HAWAII

Wednesday, March 23, 1960

*Dear Henderson:* Your cablegram indicates that you are still a bit confused. I will therefore go back and explain certain matters which, up to this time, I have felt it expedient to conceal.

Don't get me wrong. Everything I have recently written you has been true. And my reasons for withholding a few of the facts will be apparent as I go along.

When I first reached Honolulu and finally got around to answering the letter which you sent me in Boston, I told you that I had been suffering from a cold and that "for a long time I was undecided" as to whether or not I should take a vacation on a sun-drenched tropical island. What I neglected to tell you was that this long period of indecision lasted a couple of days, during which I did not, as you may have supposed, remain in the lobby of the hotel in Boston. What I did, in spite of my weakened condition, was take a quick trip to North Bohemia, Maine. Here I talked to the same George Bean whom you interviewed a week later. I was one of the two men that Mr. Bean told you had been inquiring about the harvester. The other, as you reported, was the Goodwill tractor dealer. We did not arrive together. He got there first.

What had happened was painfully clear. When you, Henderson, instructed our attorney to explain the entire harvester situation to the court, the information immediately became available to the opposing attorney, who undoubtedly telegraphed or telephoned the news to the Goodwill dealer in Portland, Maine. And at the very moment when you, in Earthworm City, were dictating your letter to me, the fast-moving Goodwill dealer was already sinking the evidence in the Atlantic Ocean.

When the full import of the situation dawned on me, Henderson, I was tempted to write you the sort of letter which you have sometimes written to me—heaping all the blame on your head and suggesting that you were becoming so senile that you ought to be turned out to pasture like the old firehorse that you are. However, I am not the kind of man who indulges in personalities. I decided to keep quiet for the time being. And I decided further not to accept defeat and sneak out of town—as you did—but rather to prolong my investigation.

I considered the fact that George Bean is only sixty years old. He naturally has no direct memory of what his father, Ebenezer Bean, was doing in the Gay 'Nineties. I decided to look for an older inhabitant. And I finally discovered a gentleman of ninety years who told me that old Ebenezer had built a harvester in 1895 and sold it to a man who took it to the Hawaiian Islands to use on a sugar plantation. It was when I heard this news that I decided to go to Honolulu.

Naturally I did not want my newly discovered information to fall into the hands of some indiscreet person who might make it public in such a way that this other harvester would be sunk in the Pacific Ocean. I have therefore been keeping the facts completely secret.

Meanwhile, as previously reported, I have been having a delightful vacation here in Honolulu. The search for the bones of King Kamehameha—now abandoned as hopeless—has provided a wonderful excuse for poking around all over the island of Oahu. And I am pleased to report that in a remote cave in the lava behind a junkyard on the far side of the Windward Mountains I have finally discovered the remains of the 1895 harvester. The ratchet mechanism is exactly like the drawing you sent me. This has been confirmed by one of our company engineers who is visiting in the islands, and we have affidavits proving that the machinery is over sixty years old.

I have thus fulfilled the requirements in your cablegram. I accept your offer to remain on active duty. And I shall expect prompt payment of my expense account.

Cordially yours,
ALEXANDER BOTTS

## Image of a Starlet (Continued from Page 30)

job in the theater and (B) fell in love—and in that order. I didn't really have time for either, but what could I do? I made time.

I hadn't a cent. All the graduation money that I had brought to New York was gone, so whatever I used for rent and food and clothes and tuition I had to earn. Of course, I couldn't take a regular job because the Class—which I was determined to keep on with—ran from one until four every afternoon.

But there are odd jobs in New York. One of mine, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings from nine until twelve, was reading to an old lady. My dear old lady, Mrs. Miller, was almost blind, but she was a bright woman in her seventies and she liked to keep up. So three times a week I went through magazines, newspapers and books and she picked out what she wanted to hear. For this she paid me twenty dollars.

The other three workday mornings I worked for an author, typing manuscripts, trying to make sense out of his checkbook and doing his personal—sometimes appalling personal—mail. That was twenty-five dollars.

And then, thank heaven, there was Iago!

I must confess that I had for a little while misjudged Iago. When I had money and he had none, I fed him, night after night, week after week. And gladly. He was wonderful and he seemed to bring with him whenever he came in all the news of New York—that fine, fascinating news I had been so longing for in Akron and Pittsburgh. And oh, his talk! He used words so differently from everybody else; he saw things so differently, felt so differently—well, he was a poet, no mistake and no apology.

Then suddenly came the *wow* of the ten thousand dollars, and Iago disappeared. I was, I am afraid, slightly bitter. It was a blow to my ego, my poor little trans-Appalachian ego, which at that moment needed all the bolstering it could get. I had no words to say what I thought of Iago, and I used them.

But then suddenly, after six weeks, came a telegram summoning me to the opening of the coffeehouse.

I don't know why I went, but I did. Curiosity, pique, something, but I went. And there was Iago in his element—in a big new clean white sweater, smoking a long thin black cigar, sitting behind an old-fashioned cash register he had painted scarlet.

I suppose I must have appeared pretty astonished, standing there looking at him, for he said, "Poetry is for squares, miss. Food is in. Poetry is out."

He forced on me sandwiches and cakes and five different kinds of coffee. He behaved as if nothing had happened, as if we had seen each other the day before. "You know how much carpenters get, miss? Eighty dollars an hour. Forget the theater, miss. Go to carpenters' school."

"I might as well," I said. "I've run out of the stuff."

"Have a job, miss," Iago said.

"I have one," I said. I already had Mrs. Miller then.

"Have another."

So I did. I became a waitress for Iago. He gave me a dollar a night and tips and whatever I wanted to eat. I averaged fifty dollars a week and too many éclairs. And the hours were perfect—every night from about ten-thirty till one-thirty.

Well, that sounds like a lot of money, doesn't it? Ninety-five dollars a week. But my rent was twenty, tuition twenty-five and it cost me five a week for buses and subways to get around to my various jobs. That left me forty-five for food and clothes and telephone and cleaning and

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toothpaste and entertainment. Not much in New York. For entertainment I laughed at myself.

That first night before I left, Iago took a hunk of important-looking paper out of his pocket and handed it to me. "For your portfolio," he said. "Necessary equipment, miss. Share in the future of your country and all that."

I unfolded the paper. It was one share of Loew's Theaters common.

"Closed at sixteen and a half," Iago said. "My favorite reading, miss. Poetry is out. Stocks are in."

"Iago," I said, "you shouldn't have."

Everything happens at once. Within three weeks I had my first job in the theater. Didn't really have time for it, did I say? I was kidding.

It was this I had been aiming at, for as long as I could remember. It was this I had dreamed of, slaved at, starved for. A place on the stage. There was time.

And it happened so easily. One of the teachers at the Class, a director, said to me he was doing a play and he thought I'd be right for a part in it and to come around and read. It was off-Broadway, of course, but these days everything is off-Broadway. So I went around and read and got the part. When I came out of the theater onto the street, the whole city, just as I had expected, had changed from gray to gold.

Luckily we rehearsed in the evening from half past seven till half past ten—the director, like a lot of us, had other work in the daytime. None of my jobs, therefore, was interfered with.

Interfered with? As a matter of fact, I got another.

A model agency I was registered with called me and asked if I wanted a job from five till seven every afternoon. Before I said no, I said, "Doing what?"

"Reading a magazine in Grand Central Station," they said.

"Are you mad?" I said.

They shook their heads. "It's a women's magazine. Promotion. You have to sit and read the magazine on that platform where the automobiles used to spin around. Fifteen dollars an hour."

"Fifteen dollars an hour?" I multiplied rapidly. A hundred and eighty a week. practically twice my entire income.

"Well, yes," I said. "What do I do?"

What I did was to go to Grand Central Station, where I met a woman from the promotion company, who took me to a dressing room and fixed me up in a wonderful negligee and explained the situation. I was one of several girls who worked during the day, and the agency had been right—all we had to do was sit in the middle of Grand Central and read that magazine.

One girl was dressed as a bride and was obviously so fascinated by her reading that she forgot to go to her wedding. Another was neglecting her housework. What I was to do was just sit across the breakfast table from my "husband" and read the magazine while he read a newspaper.

At five o'clock exactly the promotion woman took me out to the platform, helped me up and sat me down opposite—opposite Bill Anderson.

Good heavens! How can I describe Bill Anderson? I divide men into two categories: Yes, and The Rest; well, let me say Bill was a great big YES. He was large and well put together, with black hair and blue eyes; there was nothing pretty about him—he looked as if he might actually be a husband; I guess, without being conscious of it, Bill was just what I had had in mind all the time.

The first thing he said to me was, "Can you talk without moving your lips?" and I said, "I can try." I did and I could.

I don't say I fell in love with Bill that first moment I sat down, but it didn't take long—two or three days. Bill said he knew from the first instant—but you know, men lie. Anyway, at the end of the third day there wasn't any question for either of us.

We were lucky. We had two whole hours a day sitting opposite each other all alone, except for the ten thousand people in the station, but we didn't see them. I still have the impression the station was completely empty—and we got paid thirty dollars for doing it.

Those two hours, of course, were all we had. Think of my schedule: As soon as I got out of bed I had to tear up town to my old lady or the author, then I had to tear down again to the Class, then up to Grand Central, then down to rehearsals, then over to the coffeehouse and finally home to bed. On Sundays there were six hours of rehearsals, and besides that I had to do my washing and ironing, clean the apartment, write a letter home, wash my hair, do my nails and spend at least ten minutes trying to remember who I was.

Things weren't much better for Bill. He was working his way through Columbia; so he had classes all morning, and after lunch he tutored some rich kid over on the East side in English history, then he went back to Columbia for an hour's basketball practice, then down to Grand Central, then up to 100th Street, where he played drums in a combo in a Chinese restaurant from eight till midnight. It's true he didn't have anything much on Sunday, but as he said, "I have to study sometime."

Oh, we were lucky! We talked and talked and talked and it was wonderful. I don't remember really what we said—I who have total recall—but it was wonderful. I guess we would have sounded pretty odd if anyone could have heard us, because when you talk without moving your lips, you can't, for example, use "b" or "m" or "p," so when I called Bill "my beautiful basketball player," it came out "y eautiful asketall ayer." But we understood.

Of course, I couldn't keep Bill all to myself. I had to tell someone. First I told Mrs. Miller, my old lady, and she reacted exactly as I had hoped she would. She kissed me and cried a little. But then I told my author. He said, "That's the damnedest way to meet cute I ever heard of. What have you got for an encore, Macy's window?" which I didn't think was very funny.

For some reason I didn't say anything to Iago about Bill. I don't know why I didn't, I just didn't. Maybe it was just as well, because one night they met.

Bill said to me in the afternoon, "There's a big banquet at the restaurant and they're having Chinese music, so I have the night off. You couldn't squeeze a couple of hours, could you?"

I frowned. Of course I really couldn't, but I said, "Well. I have to go to rehearsal. But afterward maybe I could arrange at the coffeehouse ——"

So that's what happened. We bought hot dogs in Grand Central and ate them in the subway going downtown—it was our first subway ride together—and then while I was in rehearsal, Bill went to a movie. Afterward he picked me up and we went over to Iago's.

Iago was agreeable. "Why not?" he said and shrugged. "Sit down and have a cooky on the house, miss. Entertain your business friend."

We stayed. It is so warm and pleasant there, and I guess too I wanted to show Bill off. He looked so different from most of the characters I knew.

There was an incident, I now realize. Iago came and sat with us for a while, and Bill was his most charming, I thought. Except he said, "This is a very interesting place you have here. Very interesting." At that word "interesting" I saw Iago's eyes narrow. He pulled out one of his long thin cigars, lighted it and got up. That was all.

Until the next night. When I came to work, he called me over to him and said, "Be advised. Don't bring your square friend around here any more."

The only thing I could think of to say was, "He's not square."

"He's square," Iago said.

"No," I said. "No. He plays drums."

Iago said, "In a world as big as this, miss, there are squares even on drums. He's dangerous. Keep away from him."

That was silly. And I guess what I said was silly too. "He's a gentleman."

At that Iago gave up. "Gentleman. The girl doesn't know what I'm talking about."

I didn't. But I was to learn.

Well, that didn't seem like much. Not enough to put a blot on that happy time. I think that if you are young and in New York and things are going well, you have the best of everything in the world today. I know that in that winter I loved the snow, the slush, the dirty rain, the dark days; for I had Bill, I had a job in the theater and I was making two hundred and seventy-five dollars a week. *Me.*

And it was going to last. Bill was graduating in February; he had already been in the Army, so that was taken care of, and he would get a job and —— We hadn't made any real plans beyond that. He didn't seem to worry about the job; he said what he had been studying would fit him for a junior-executive position in management relations or maybe it was management problems—something like that, but good, anyway.

Everything was good. Perfect. Too perfect for me to see the flaw in it.

I was working hard. Besides the three hours of rehearsal at night, the director also worked with me and one of the boys during the three hours every day at the Class. I had plenty of time, therefore, to concentrate on my part.

It was a wonderful feeling, creating something new, not just re-creating old roles in classroom that had already been done by Helen Hayes or Julie Harris or Shelley Winters and probably done better. This part was mine.

But I must admit that in some way I was not fully conscious of what was happening. Perhaps because we rehearsed so long, seven weeks, I was lulled by the rhythm of the days and nights; perhaps because I was still being taught in the Class I was not absolutely aware that this was "for real." It's hard to explain; but I know I only finally woke up to facts one night at the coffeehouse.

Iago said to me in a very offhand way, just for something to say, "When is this little drama of yours going to open, miss?"

And I said, just as casually, "Tuesday."

But then I stopped dead. *Tuesday.* I put my hand to my throat and grabbed on, hard. This was Friday. Tuesday was ——

*Tuesday. The play was going to open Tuesday.*

It was and it did.

I got thirty-two telegrams. Old Mrs. Miller sent a basket of fruit, my author sent a bottle of champagne—authors think champagne is appropriate to any occasion—Bill sent flowers (he had to work, of course, and couldn't be there), and there were other flowers, too, and Iago gave me a chain with a topaz heart on it.

It was a fine electric night, all right. The director stopped in my dressing room ten minutes before the curtain and said the house was packed, that lots of critics had come, even a man from *The New York Times.* You could feel the tension in the air I don't remember my first scene

"Miss Kincaid, you forgot to give us our homework assignment."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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too well, but after that I quieted down and did all the things I was supposed to do.

And then—oh, before I was prepared—it was over. Yes or no, it was over.

There was a party given at an apartment of friends of the producers afterward and we all went. There was lots to eat and drink, but, of course, we were there for only one reason, to wait for the papers and find out what they said. At about one o'clock we found out.

In all the papers the play got good notices—they were more than good, they were exciting. But in none of the papers did I get a notice—except one: *The New York Times*. And in *The New York Times* I got a bad notice.

I won't put down what it said, word for dagger word; that would be too much, but it was bad. I, Aggie Fury, got a bad notice in *The New York Times*. After all the years of waiting, hoping, working, that is what happened. In an instant.

I went home and fell into bed and stared at the ceiling all night.

I got through the next day. I am naturally healthy, but three aspirins and four cups of black coffee helped. I went to my author and then I went to the Class. I felt I had, just *had* to face everybody right away. But I needed all my strength.

I hope I am going to be able to make myself clear about Bill and Grand Central. So little was said, and so much happened. He was on the platform when I arrived, as usual.

I said, "Did you see the *Times?*"

He had.

I tried to sound light. "It doesn't have a very big circulation," I said.

"Yes, it does," he said.

He was silent for a moment. Then he said, "Aggie, you mustn't go back to that theater."

"What?" I said.

"I mean it." And he began to tell me what he meant.

Bill had a job. He hadn't told me because I had been so deadly concentrated on the play. It was a good job with an electronics manufacturing corporation in San Diego. San Diego, California. He was to report there a week after he graduated.

He wanted me to come with him. He wanted to get me away from this—this thing that had happened to me in the *Times*. San Diego was a beautiful city. There would be plenty there for us to do.

---

Many a husband-and-wife argument is just another battle between labor and management.

ROBERT LAUHER

---

We would have our own house and be happy and forget all this.

"Forget all this ——"

"Bill—Bill ——" I said.

I could not say more. How could I tell him, after such a speech, that my whole life now was dedicated to making *The New York Times* eat its words?

I felt awful—my lowest. I couldn't speak because, without my being able to do anything about it, big fat tears kept forming in my eyes and splashing down my cheeks.

I don't know what people thought. I hope they thought I was reading a very sad story in the magazine. A lot of them looked. We weren't alone in Grand Central Station any more, Bill and I. There were ten thousand people around us, and a lot of them looked.

I could think of only one thing. Iago. I must get to him, I must find him, I must tell him what had happened.

And that took time. First I had to get to the theater and play the performance; but the moment that was over I ran to the coffeehouse.

He wasn't there. I decided to ask one of the girls, but she was no help. She shrugged, and then she said, "Something kookie's going on. I heard he sold this place."

"Sold it?"

"I heard."

I tore out. There was a bar he sometimes went to. He wasn't there. I tried two or three of the other coffeehouses. No luck. And then I thought, *Could he be at home?* I went along to his street and looked up. His lights were on. He was home.

When he let me in at his door, he said, "I thought I was shed of you, miss. Play's a hit. You can relax."

"Iago," I said. "Listen ——"

"Sit down."

"Listen. You were wrong."

"I often am."

"About Bill. He isn't a square."

"So?"

"It's me. Me. I'm the square."

"Sit down," Iago said. "Go ahead."

I sat down. "Listen," I said. Then I told him what had happened at Grand Central, all of it, every word of it, what Bill had said, what I said, how I had cried. "So you see," I said, "Bill isn't a square. He's good and he's decent. That isn't square."

"No," Iago said.

"It's me," I said. "I was the wrong one. Thinking I could have everything the easy way. Love, money, a career. Without any trouble. And what do I have?"

"Take it easy," Iago said.

"What do I have? A career? I'm giving a bad performance. I know that as well as *The New York Times*. Love? I simply don't love Bill enough to go to San Diego with him."

Iago came and sat down on a stool in front of me. "Money?" he said.

"Not much of that. Oh, Iago, only one thing good has come out of this." I forced myself to go on. "When I sat there in Grand Central Station with tears splashing over ten thousand people—one thing—one thing I wanted to do, one thing I knew I had to do. And that was come and tell you."

Iago took my hand and held it in his. "About time," he said.

At that I drew the first easy breath I had drawn in a long time. "Why didn't I know before?" I said.

Iago tilted his head. "You're not very bright. Is that it?"

I nodded.

"I knew, of course," Iago said. "A long time ago. But—well, let's ——"

"Let's what?"

"Let's talk about now."

In about an hour Iago said, "Are you hungry?" And I said, "Starving."

"Come on," he said, "we'll go to the place. We can't for much longer."

"Did you—" I said "—did you sell it?"

Iago nodded.

"But why?"

"Something you taught me. A poet can be a coffeehouse owner, but a coffeehouse owner can't be a poet."

I laughed. "Say," I said, "we're learning."

"We're learning, miss."

"I like it."

We went out and it was snowing. It was white and quiet and New York. We walked along slowly and looked at everybody and saw everything, and kicked the snow together. THE END

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# Women Should Not Play Dumb

(Continued from Page 27)

and has his eye on some acres in Elsa's suburb for a new factory. Here are the makings of a spirited argument, a heaven-sent chance for Elsa to tell Dan under mellow circumstances what she fears his factory may do to her neighborhood. But it is ten to one she doesn't take it. Elsa is dressed in a way that proves beyond question there is nothing wrong with her sex apparatus, but that isn't enough. She also has to prove it by being a yes girl.

When Dan says, "You live in Pollowunk? I'm opening a branch factory out there," Elsa may murmur sweetly, "I've heard. We're a little worried what it will do to the neighborhood." But when Dan says indulgently, "Lady—lady, you can't stop the wheels of progress," she swallows and says, "I'm sure it is all more complex than I can understand," and switches the conversation to children or golf. She may have a point there. She doesn't want to sound shrill, and with her repressed head of steam she well might have. But does it have to be that way?

Through most of history, of course, women have been expected to be dumb and docile. It was their place to hold their peace and keep withindoors. If silence didn't give them the proper grace, it was, anyway, all they knew. And the men seemed to like it fine that way. Yet all the while they were thinking up wisecracks about how women should stay home and keep quiet, they were having a fine time with the few who refused to do it.

When Athens was in flower, no proper, virtuous matron had a thought but her family and didn't expect her man home except to sleep. Indeed not. If he had any brains at all, he was too busy hanging around the hetaerae, those highly cultivated, highly sophisticated women who were quite as famous for their conversation as for their more carnal accomplishments. Madame Récamier, George Sand, Mary Godwin, not to mention Ninon de Lenclos and Madame De Maintenon, were not exactly shunned by the men of their day. Maybe Victorian men actually did shudder at the thought of an intelligent woman, and we are still not very far in time from the Victorian era, but we are farther from it in most ways than from any other period in history. Millions of women today have gone to college. At least one wife out of three is a wage earner. Thousands of women who call themselves "just housewives" manage the family finances, direct charity drives, take part in local politics, belong to book clubs and go to the theater and concerts. Women may even be somewhat ahead of men culturally, because—thanks to men—they have more time to spend on it. To make a deliberate effort to conceal all the fascinating information, ideas and experience we have acquired does seem a terrible waste of the stuff that makes life entertaining. Yet we do it and show no signs of stopping.

A couple of surveys taken on college campuses revealed that almost half of the women students admitted to playing dumb when they wanted to interest a man. An unusually pretty college girl I know is always in a panic before each new date, for fear the man will find out she is on the dean's list. When I asked what she was afraid of, she looked at me, pitying my obtuseness.

"I don't want to scare him off."

"What do you talk about then?"

She grinned, but wryly. "Oh, how wonderful he is. If I can just get *him* talking, we're all right."

I am not for a second suggesting that women should be above wanting to interest men, but is this really the best way to do it? If a man is only comfortable when he is talking, it must mean he is nervous too, and all this play acting isn't likely to ease the tension. How can you charm anyone—or even get to know him—when you are knocking yourself out not to be yourself? Men and women continue to get married despite the conversational curtain. But could it be that our shocking divorce statistics stem from the fact that men and women so often marry under false pretenses? How many women who don't get divorces spend their whole lives living a lie, yesing their husbands from altar to grave, concealing their opinions when they disagree and secretly feeling—how else?—"That schmo."

A woman I was talking to during the recent election campaign happened to be for Kennedy, while her husband was just as ardently for Nixon. The children, probably because they saw more of her than of him, became violent Kennedy partisans as the campaign went on. "But I don't want you to tell daddy," she proudly told me she had instructed them. "It would make him feel terrible." *And maybe*, she was also saying, *make him feel I was taking over.*

How complicated can you get? Women are afraid of men because they are afraid the men will be afraid of them and shy away. Yet how many of us dare deny that we behave this way? Think back to the last time you felt uncomfortable talking to a man. It could have been simply that he was a dull clod, but more likely your trouble—even if he *was* a dull clod—was being afraid of him: afraid he wouldn't find you seductive enough; afraid you might scare him by acting too seductive; afraid you wouldn't seem intelligent enough about his interests, and afraid you might scare him by acting too intelligent; afraid of disagreeing with him and, above all, of not feeding his hungry ego as you have been taught to do.

Some years ago at a cocktail party I found myself talking to a judge who had handed down a debatable decision in a segregation case. I don't know how we got onto the case. I do know I didn't realize he was the judge who had handed down the decision, and I was vigorous in my criticism of it. We had a fine battle in which he got a little, but not uncomfortably, angry. That group is still talking about the way Hannah stood up to the

## Midwinter Lament

By Herbert Merrill

Oh, I am shuddering sick
of sleet,
Fed to my chattering teeth
with snow,
Tired to death of ten below,
And weary of rubber-booted
feet.
I crave July with a lover's
lust,
Covet sun with a miser's
greed,
Long for a yellow noon, and
need
The barefoot feel of summer
dust.

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judge. He is still talking about that terrible woman who dared to disagree with him. But the sad thing is I doubt if I would have done it, had I known he was the judge. I like to be charming too. I brooded about it for weeks.

Women of limited conversational resources, ironically, have a lot less trouble than their better-read sisters. If they like men, as most of us do, they feel uninhibitedly free to prattle on, and this works fine. The problem is not that prattling bores men. It doesn't bore them as much as it should, because they don't have enough attractive alternatives. The difficulty is that intelligent women just aren't any good at prattling, but are usually afraid to do anything else, since they are fixed on the idea that no man can stand them as they are. They may even believe it is bad for a man's ego to challenge him. Poor men. If this isn't selling them short, what is it? They must be better than that. They could be, anyway, if given half a chance.

Of course men have hungry egos, and of course they need feeding. Men probably do need to feel superior to women. But they so obviously *are* superior in so many ways. They have made a comfortable country for us to live in—and they have made it, and it *is* comfortable, with all its weaknesses. They make discoveries and write books and produce plays and movies, all for our comfort and enjoyment. If a good many of them feel that for a woman to know more than they do on any subject is pretty close to stealing their pants, that is only because they too have been brainwashed by the past. I just won't believe men can be that easily emasculated and, if they believe it, then it's high time women helped them find out it isn't true.

It may be, as some experts say, that the very sight of a knowledgeable woman takes millions of men right back to those awful early days when mother knew everything and he knew nothing and was helpless. But I suspect that when this happens it is not what the woman knows, but the way she acts—like "mother knows best." We have got in the habit of confusing form with content. It isn't our intelligence or knowledge that men are afraid of, but our occasional impulse to flaunt it. We are afraid of that impulse too—so we either *yes* them to hide it, or bristle up to prove we don't care. When women act horridly aggressive—this is both funny and sad—they are usually just being defensive. But there really are ways of being aggressive without being horrid.

I was fascinated watching the French and Italian vacation-bound women in a couple of North Italian resorts last summer. They couldn't have acted more aggressively garrulous, and the men they were with couldn't have acted more enthralled. It looked, what is more, as if they were saying things that mattered to them. I've no idea whether it was, "But you're all wrong in thinking Algeria should remain French," or "That woman looks terrible in a bikini, doesn't she?" or "Darling, I'll scratch your eyes out if you look at her again." But every woman I watched did much the same thing. She leaned forward, looking the man straight in the face, and opened her eyes wide in what was almost a caricature of absorption. Maybe American women would look silly if they did this—though I confess to having tried it in front of a mirror—but the general atmosphere of unafraid communication was enchanting. Sometimes they were obviously arguing some point—but not with hostility—just because it was fun.

I can't really see why Continental women should be conversationally freer with men than we are, unless because they are the heirs of Mesdames Récamier and Maintenon and Lenclos. I don't know, in fact, how common this approach is in Europe. I simply record it and record, conversely, how uncommon it seems to be over here. How often do you see a woman challenging a man with a gleam, instead of blood, in her eye. If we get onto anything serious, it is with deadly seriousness and the earnest anxiety to make a point. There is nothing wrong with wanting to make a point, but there is a lot wrong in being earnest and anxious about it—chief of which is summed up in the old adage about catching more flies with molasses than vinegar.

A rather high-powered woman I know has an important job which involves persuading men to adopt the reforms she is working for and fighting the men who oppose them. She is an intellectual and never for a minute pretends she isn't, but it has often made me grin with pleasure, dropping in on her at work, to hear her talking to some man on the phone. She literally coos.

"What did you think of our program?" she will ask caressingly. "You going to get us an appropriation this time?" in a tone which might have been saying, "I loved last evening. Can't wait to see you Saturday." Sometimes she says, "Ah, come on. You don't really think that. You're too smart." You get the feeling that she finds every man she talks to fascinating. You know for sure she isn't afraid of any of them.

Another strong-minded woman I know always used to have a rough time with men. They seemed to be forever sniping at her, mocking her for being contentious. She brooded about it a good deal, she told me. Why should she have so much trouble with men when she was so crazy about them? And the more she brooded the more trouble she had, until one day a man who had been psychoanalyzed came up to her at a party. He squared his shoulders and grinned amiably. "Shall we wrestle awhile?"

She braced herself for attack. "What do you mean?"

"You like a good argument. Well so do I. So let's go, but no slugging." And he launched into a discussion of Tennessee Williams.

They talked practically all evening. Once or twice when she got heated he said, "Hey, quit slugging."

"That was fun," she told him when they parted.

"Sure was," he said and added casually. "Best kind of sublimated sex play I know."

"I have thought of that," she told me, "every time a man took a pot shot at me from then on, and I haven't had real trouble with a man in years." She grinned. "I guess I've learned to wrestle like a lady."

There is, and we might as well face it, a battle of the sexes. Men and women cannot help trying to one-up each other, even—or maybe especially—the most blissfully married couples and the most enthralled cocktail companions. It probably goes back to when the first man dragged the first woman off by the hair, and the first woman found ways to make him stick around and help rear the children.

It has never stopped, and it never will. Today the battle is fiercer than ever, with women meeting men on so many of their own grounds. Men are bound to be confused by our not being the possessions we have historically been. It is as if a nice cozy fur rug they are used to having warm their feet suddenly got up off the floor, sat in a chair across from them and said, "Talk to me." They enjoy us this way, but uneasily feel it isn't quite the way it ought to be. They are—well—scared of us. But it isn't going to solve the problem for women to keep acting subservient when they no longer are. It is an insult to male intelligence and is bound to fill women with a deep-down-inside rage that has to come out somewhere, and usually does, in a thousand forms of veiled hostility.

Let us face the fact that when the average man meets an intelligent woman who considers herself his equal, the fur is apt to fly some. But is this bad? Is this a reason for her to break into baby talk? Can men survive only if we *yes* them eternally? Have they reached the limit of their intellectual and emotional growth? I don't believe it. People grow through meeting challenges, but women are going to have to find ways of challenging men so that it is fun for both of them.

## The Battle to Save the Trees (Continued from Page 29)

suffered so severely in the lower Potomac and why experts debate the ways and means of keeping the Washington harbor open in the future.

Certainly we don't *need* to depend on trees to keep us cool; we can buy air-conditioning equipment. With money—lots and lots of it—we can maintain our water supply and control floods by means of reservoirs, levees and similar engineering works. But the most lavishly financed mechanical ingenuity will not manufacture peace of mind or keep us in tune with our environment. Discord and conflict seem implicit when we build habitations which suggest an army of occupation deployed upon a ravaged land. When, on the other hand, our dwellings seem to belong where they are, to be part of their surroundings rather than invaders, we ourselves seem to gain a sense of belonging, of having roots. We even gain some of the serenity which is apt to be the scarcest commodity of all in the abundant life.

Of course, there are subdivisions which are good by any reasonable standards, and the National Association of Home Builders, with 40,000 members, is encouraging more of them with its Development Merit Awards. Each year the association finds noteworthy examples of developers who are "working with nature instead of against it in land planning" and gives awards to projects which incorporate "the highest standards of land planning, design and development."

Near my home is an award-winning subdivision, Potomac Overlook, built on a steep, forested hillside on the Maryland side of the river just above the District of Columbia. The nineteen houses it comprises are fairly expensive; they sold originally for between $27,000 and $40,000, but no purchaser is likely to lose on his investment. Potomac Overlook is an exciting example of what a builder with an active conscience can do when working with lots of between a quarter and a third of an acre on an attractive but difficult site. Most of the trees have been saved—black oaks and tulip trees soaring thirty or forty feet before branching—and so has much of the original forest floor. This, wrapped around the small lawns, ties the human handiwork into the terrain. The contemporary-style houses, although only three years old, look as if they had always been meant to be there.

When Potomac Overlook had been just about completed—the stage at which some developers might hesitate to tour their creations without police protection—the builders and the new homeowners gave each other a party. Subcontractors, county officials and laborers all came to it. Tables were set up in a carport, beer, soft drinks and mountains of fried chicken were served, and musical skits were put on in which each side ribbed the other's foibles. It was a fair enough demonstration of the good will on both sides.

Another subdivision on the outskirts of the nation's capital, Pine Spring, built in 1952, shows what can be done in a lower-cost field. The homes here originally were priced at $15,250 to $20,500. The tract didn't seem to offer much—it was fifty-five acres of spindly woods west of Falls Church, Virginia. But each of the 125 houses was individually sited by the architects to make the most of the land, and the builders, Luria Brothers, saved every possible tree. The horizontal planes of the lawns and low, ground-hugging houses, opening to the outdoors through floor-to-ceiling windows, contrast with the vertical forms of the columnar pines and oaks to create a somewhat Japanese effect, and a charming one. It is not surprising to find a high degree of community spirit and pride among the Pine Springers. They issue an annual directory, which includes names and ages of children and interests of adults; they have taken pains to add further imaginative planting, shrub-screened patios and other inprovements to already desirable properties. When resold, houses in Pine Spring have brought as much as $5000 above their original price. Summing it up, *House and Home*—a magazine addressed to builders—observed: "It is better to pay a skilled architect than to overpay a salesman."

I talked to one of Pine Spring's architects, Francis D. Lethbridge, who also had a hand in designing Potomac Overlook. "To save the existing vegetation always takes trouble and almost always costs more," he said. "The developer can sell all the houses even if he doesn't leave a tree standing, so why should he worry? The answer is—he usually doesn't. Someone asked one of our big developers if he didn't want to leave any more creditable monument behind him than a spread of subdivisions resembling Siberian penal colonies. His reply was: 'I don't want any monument except a tombstone.'

"If you're going to preserve anything of the natural cover," Lethbridge continued, "you've got to preserve the contours. Lower the grade a few inches, and you scalp it completely. Raising the grade is just as bad. Even the biggest tree is apt to die if you dump soil around it—as little as six inches. To adapt yourself to the land as it is, you have to visualize the finished product before you turn a spadeful of earth. You have to plan every element—location of houses, roads, utilities—simultaneously. Everything depends upon having a builder who cares, one who'd find it hard to live with himself

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if he were known for having loused up the countryside."

Indeed, the builder has to care—that was the main thing I learned from every subdivision in which the natural setting had been carefully protected. Take, for example, Green Acres, a subdivision of $16,500 to $32,000 houses built on a 130-acre tract near Wilmington, Delaware. The forest had been in process of reclaiming the area for the past thirty or forty years. Here the developers, Franklin Builders, dedicated eight acres to public use and preserved belts of woods behind and between the rows of houses. They also left the trees almost untouched right up to the foundation walls, at great extra labor. (I counted twenty trees in one front yard.) The result is an award-winning subdivision, and one in which the governor of Delaware chooses to live in a middle-priced house.

The same care is the hallmark of other award-winning subdivisions, such as Kendallwood near Detroit, where the Thompson Brown Company used curvilinear streets flowing with the contour of the land, as well as retaining walls costing up to $1500 each, in order to limit regrading and to save the trees. Thompson Brown makes a practice of calling in land planners before permitting the first saw on the site. Then, in the Southwest, outside of Tucson, Arizona, is Suffolk Hills, where 195 homes, costing an average of $20,000, on one-acre lots have been creatively tailored to the landscape. Lusk Homes, the builder, was commended by the N.A.H.B. judges not only for preserving the desert vegetation, including saguaro cacti, and ocotillo, but also for siting the houses in a way that blends the rooflines with the rolling terrain. These results were not easily achieved; a dozen plans were prepared by the engineers before one was accepted.

Before condemning the average builder out of hand, it is worth listening to Edmund J. Bennett, one of the builders of Potomac Overlook, an outstanding subdivision. "I figure we spent a year more on the job than we'd have had to if we'd just gone in there and flattened everything. Also by flattening we'd have got twice as many building sites. We located every major tree on a big topographic map and cranked them all into the plan. Each house was carefully sited." Bennett also points out that Potomac Overlook ran into man-made as well as natural obstacles, because of its plans to fit houses to the landscape.

"To avoid regrading, we had to put in driveways with as much as sixteen-per-cent grade," he said. "We could get away with it because we were not dependent on FHA financing. (FHA limits driveway grades to five per cent.) We had to get a waiver from the Department of Public Works for a stretch of street with a fourteen-per-cent grade—that took two or three conferences over a period of three months. Then there were the sewer lines. The Washington Suburban Sanitary Commission says that the floor of a basement may not be more than six feet below the street, which means the first floor must be three feet above the street. But to keep from butchering the land we had to have houses *below* street level—and run the sewers through easements along back property lines in the woods. With all the extra cost of hand labor, the commission hated like the devil to agree to it."

The builder is up against other unyielding facts. There is, probably, a road code. For a secondary residential street twenty-five or thirty feet wide, it will specify a cleared right of way of, say, sixty feet. The permissible grade will be perhaps 10 per cent. When the street meets rising ground, a cut must be made, and the sides of the cut must not be too steep, perhaps only 30 per cent in grade. So our sixty-foot swath becomes ninety or 100 feet wide. Provision for off-street parking will add twenty feet. There is also the matter of "sight distances." The speed limit may be twenty-five miles per hour, but where streets cross, the code may specify leveling the ground far enough back to permit cars doing forty mph to see each other in ample time to stop.

Enters now the Federal Housing Administration. If the builder wishes to be able to offer FHA financing with its low down payments, he will have to limit the grade of his driveways, as pointed out. Because buyers generally do not like to climb long flights of stairs to reach the house, bulldozing out a driveway may necessitate cutting off the top of the entire lot. Another regulation specifies that the lot slope down from the house on all sides. That, too, can mean drastic regrading.

The FHA was not set up to be either for or against trees. Its sole function is to guarantee mortages, and its concern is with market values. The Veterans Administration, which guarantees mortgages under the G. I. Bill of Rights, generally follows FHA's lead.

"I will wager that FHA and VA have received thousands of complaints about poor lot grading, unwanted water from an uphill neighbor or flat spots that don't drain rapidly," says Cushing Daniel, director of the Home Builders Association of Metropolitan Washington, "and probably not one thank you for waiving a grading requirement to permit the saving of a fine tree." As Government agencies don't want complaints, "they have evolved a pat formula," says Daniel. "This results in a 'Jello-mold' type of land plan and the virtual impossibility of saving any original topography."

Many subdivisions are barren not because the builder laid a violent hand on a single tree but because the tract was treeless pastureland to begin with—not that lack of trees justifies the destruction of the natural configuration and topsoil. If the tract is not served by a sewer line, the county authorities will probably insist on an adequate septic field, with every tree within ten feet of the field having to come down. Also, the mere compaction of the soil under the tread of heavy machinery can be fatal to trees—and the damage may not be apparent for a year or more, when the houses will have been built and the removal of a tree will have become costly. So the builder, who often is responsible, is tempted to get rid of any doubtful cases while he can still do it cheaply.

At the end, if the builder has made a burning issue of saving trees, can he be sure his labors will be appreciated? Take the case of Ralph Schacter of the North American Building Corporation. Mr. Schacter is an ardent tree-lover. When you drive into North American's 300-acre Fawn Ridge development north of Peekskill, New York, you are warned by a large sign:

NOTICE TO ALL TRADES
TREES ARE SACRED.
TREES MUST BE KEPT IN PERFECT CONDITION.
DO NOT DESTROY UNLESS CONSTRUCTION
"SUPER" GIVES APPROVAL.
ANYONE GUILTY OF DAMAGING TREES
WILL BE PUT OFF JOB.

The huge oaks and copses of younger trees at Fawn Ridge testify to Mr. Schacter's efforts. To save them costs $300 per lot, he estimates. It is easy to understand his emotion as he points to an oblong oak stump—four feet in maximum width—standing by the entrance to a newly completed house and exclaims, "The trouble we went to to save that tree! And you know what the buyer said? 'Take it away.' That cost us a hundred seventy-five dollars." Many of North American's customers are apartment dwellers buying their first house, and buying in a low price range. These, Mr. Schacter finds, are the least likely to appreciate trees. But he is ready for them. He hauls them into his office and gives them a lecture on preserving nature, illustrated with color photographs. "A year after they've settled in, they're all for trees," he says. "Yeah," comments another official of the company, "and giving builders a headache by their agitation for large-lot zoning to protect the woods everywhere else."

Growing discrimination on the part of buyers—and higher personal incomes with which to back it up—is likely to have an effect on building practices. If buyers pass up the scalped lot, builders will have more incentive to restrain the bulldozer. There are signs that this incentive is working. The Urban Land Institute in its hard-headed *Community Builder's Handbook* states: "Healthy existing trees on the development site should be saved wherever possible. A good tree will add greatly to the value of the lot." Edward R. Carr, a large-scale builder of Springfield, Virginia, whose program of saving trees has been widely praised, says that just by looking at a sales plat he can tell which lots have the best trees; they are the ones that have sold first. In advising builders on HOW TO SUCCEED WITH TODAY'S SERIOUS BUYERS, *House and Home* points out that the leaders in the industry "are finding that attractive neighborhoods give them a big comparative edge, particularly with second- and third-time buyers. They are laying out lots to take advantage of the land."

FHA could well recognize this trend, and encourage it, by giving greater credit for careful land planning, instead of making land scalping all but mandatory on hilly terrain. FHA says it will give "maximum valuations" where the builder's plans call for saving trees, but the differential is small, and the agency shies away from giving an individual lot a higher valuation when trees have been preserved on it. The requirement for virtually level driveways seems to me wholly uncalled-for.

We should ask ourselves, I submit, whether we are building for motoring or for living. Does it make sense to require residential streets to meet the standards of highways, providing drivers with the opportunity and temptation to go tearing through, to the peril of children and anxiety of parents? Must we go on sacrificing the human values of charm, beauty, privacy and peace and fix upon our

## NEXT WEEK

### THIEVES I HAVE KNOWN
Adventures of a Department-Store Detective

### A ROAD OUT OF THE SLUMS
New York City's Bold Program
for "Problem Schools"
By CARL T. ROWAN

**In Color:**

### OUR YEAR OF ESCAPE

### ENGLAND'S CONFUSION ON THE LEFT
A Post Editor reports on the civil war
within the Labor Party.

### BASKETBALL:
Under the Backboards It's Murder
By STANLEY FRANK

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND:

### THE ELUSIVE NEUTRON

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country that open, bare look for the minor convenience of motorists?

It is not written in the Constitution or the Ten Commandments that highway departments shall rule supreme. There is nothing, either, to prevent local authorities, particularly planning boards or county engineers charged with approving subdivision plats, from exercising a stronger influence for good site planning. (Nothing, that is, but the political power of unscrupulous builders.) The town of North Castle, in Westchester County, New York, has adopted an ordinance, typical of those of a growing number of communities, which requires that plans of developments show the areas from which trees will be removed and states that "no live tree exceeding three inches in diameter may be cut down in such areas without expressed consent of the Planning Board." This is not just a statement of pious intent; inspections are rigorous, and the Planning Board makes the ordinance stick. Moreover, says Chief Hergenham of the North Castle police with a wry grin, "If you want to cut down a tree along the highway, the garden club will fight you all the way to Albany."

Conscientious builders would, I believe, welcome tree-saving ordinances as tending to put them on a fairer basis with less-scrupulous competitors. As a matter of fact, a building firm of North Castle has gone the town one better. At Windmill Farm the deeds stipulate: "No trees of any kind located on the highway or road in front of or adjoining the said described plot shall be cut down, destroyed or removed without the written consent of the grantor, its successors or assigns." This subdivision of $33,000-$70,000 homes is being developed by Edward J. Tobin and Mac Welson on a 1000-acre tract of luxuriant forests, reefs of exposed, lichen-covered granite, specimen plantings of hemlock, beech and spruce, topped off by four ponds. It is, I might add, the most beautiful development I have ever seen. The local pride it fires was demonstrated to me on a guided tour by Chief Hergenham, with commentary: "The builders hold all supplies at the barn and bring them to the site only as needed, to keep from piling them on the vegetation. . . . This is the Mesbergs' house. How's that for saving a tree? It goes right through the overhang of the roof!"

If builders, buyers and public boards were uniformly enlightened, we should be a lot better off. But the melancholy fact is that our worries still would not be over. The larger the lot, the more of the topography the builder can save—but large lots present two big problems: (1) Many people cannot afford them and (2) the larger the lots, the faster suburbia gobbles up the countryside. If the large-lot mania continues, says Stephen Sussna, a planning consultant of Trenton, New Jersey, "this nation faces a danger that in the near future there will be no suitable residential building sites available."

Some innovators have come up with an answer in the form of the "cluster" type of development. This draws houses together in fan-shaped groups fronting on a common garden-and-parking courtyard. It reserves unspoiled, in joint ownership, the land to the rear and between the clusters. It amounts to the owners' pooling their spare acreage for the common enjoyment. Not only does this conserve more of the natural setting but it reduces the length of roads and utility lines, thus saving both money and landscape. Stephen Sussna Associates has a partial cluster-type development under way on a seventy-seven-acre tract in Mount Laurel, New Jersey, in which houses have quarter-acre lots, and the project as a whole has over seven acres of park. In St. Louis, architect Roger Montgomery has designed a cluster development for the Ballas Corporation utilizing a rough tract zoned for one-acre lots. By concentrating the houses in nine groups of five to seven each, he found he could reduce street length by a third while serving 15 per cent more dwellings and preserve nearly 50 per cent of the site in its natural state.

The most striking development of this kind now under way is in an outlying section of Philadelphia known as the Far Northeast. Here 17,000 dwellings, many in the $11,500-$13,000 range, are being built on a tract of 1800 acres—nearly ten to an acre—by private builders in accordance with a plan drawn up by Edmund N. Bacon of the Philadelphia Planning Commission. Row houses, which are economical to build and sparing of land, predominate in the project, and the clusters are formed by rows of houses rather than individual units. There are green areas within and between the clusters and in addition some 250 acres of stream valley have been dedicated as parks. In comparison with either treeless city blocks or parkless subdivisions of boxlike dwellings each on its own little plot, the Far Northeast comes out far ahead. In fact, many home designers believe our country will have to go farther in this direction. George Nelson, a New York architect and design co-ordinator for the United States National Exhibition in Moscow, says it is unfortunate that "the possession of the one-family detached house is one of the great American dreams." He believes that it cannot meet our future needs. He maintains that "we are eventually going to have to build towers that can house a large number of families. These towers will not take up much land, and they can be surrounded by parks and gardens that will be for the use of all the families."

Many architects and land planners agree with him. Perhaps our explosion in population eventually will demand that we give up the one-family dwelling as a norm of our national life. But in any case let us use our heads and our good taste to keep a countryside that is a joy to behold, not a treeless, dreary waste.

# The Counterfeiter's Knife (Continued from Page 39)

his eyes, took in a bushel of air through his nose and let it out through his mouth, straightened up, picked up the bottle and poured.

He spoke. "Saul and Fred and Orrie. At eight in the morning in my room."

My brows went up. Saul Panzer is the best operative south of the North Pole. His rate is ten dollars an hour, and he is worth twenty. Fred Durkin's rate is seven dollars, and he is worth seven-fifty. Orrie Cather's rate is also seven dollars, and he is worth six-fifty.

"Oh." I took a sip of milk. "Then you did get an inkling?"

"I got a conclusion—that it would be futile to go on pecking at them. Mr. Leach has been on their flanks for three weeks, and now Mr. Cramer's army has them under siege. My only chance of priority is to surprise him from the rear."

The foam was down to the rim of his glass, and he lifted it and drank a healthy gulp. "It's a forlorn chance certainly, but it's worth trying for want of a better. I am not familiar with the procedures of counterfeiters, but it seems unlikely that an underling would be entrusted with five hundred twenty-dollar bills—ten thousand dollars. We know he had that large supply, and that permits the conjecture that his connection may be not with a mere go-between, but with the source. If so, the quickest way to settle it would be to locate the source."

"Yeah. It's barely possible that Leach has had that idea."

"No doubt. I assume that when Miss Baxter took a room in that house her primary mission was to search the premises for counterfeiting equipment. Obviously she found none. I also assume that, as you suggested, it was known that one of the inhabitants of that house had passed counterfeit money. But it was not known which one, and they were all under surveillance—by Miss Baxter in the house and by others outside. And if I were a Secret Service agent assigned to keep an eye on Raymond Dell, I would suppose that any meeting he had with a supplier of contraband would be clandestine. That is how my mind would work. The first day I followed him to an East Side tenement I would of course make inquiries with due caution. But when he went there five days a week and I learned from Miss Baxter what he did there, my attention would be diverted. But I am not a Secret Service agent. My attention is drawn to that tenement house and specifically to Max Eder, a painter, an artist. I shall send Orrie Cather there tomorrow morning to reconnoiter. Fred Durkin will go to the shop on First Avenue—by the way, I want its address. Harry's Zoo." He made a face. "Saul Panzer will go to the Mushroom Theater. As I said, it's a forlorn chance, but what better can we do with tomorrow? Unless you have a suggestion?"

"I have," I said emphatically. "I respectfully suggest that you start thinking up something for day after tomorrow."

He grunted. He picked up his glass, took a gulp of beer, swallowed it, licked his lips and put the glass down. "'Forlorn' was too strong a word," he said. "I have an expectation that is not wholly unreasonable. Twelve hours of the time of those three men plus expenses comes to more than five hundred dollars. I don't hazard that amount, even of a client's money, on a pig in a poke."

"Then you did get an inkling."

"Well, pardners, guess I'll be moseying along."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Certainly."

"Fine. I hope it's not counterfeit." I swiveled and got the phone and dialed Saul Panzer's number.

I was there at the beginning of the briefing session in Wolfe's bedroom at eight o'clock Tuesday morning; but when the phone interrupted us a second time, Wolfe told me to go down to the office and take it there. The first time it was a *Times* reporter wanting to speak with Wolfe; and when I told him Wolfe was busy and would I do, he said no and hung up. The second call, which I took in the office, was from Lon Cohen of the *Gazette*, who preferred me to Wolfe any day. He wanted to know when he could send a photographer to take a picture of the dirt that Wolfe was going to feed the cops. Evidently one of the two who had carried Hattie out knew a newspaperman. Lon had other questions, naturally, but I told him the answers would have to wait until I found out what they were.

I was considering whether to rejoin the briefing session when the phone rang again. It was Nathaniel Parker. He was sorry he hadn't been able to spring our client, but it had taken him three hours to find out where she was and he hadn't got to see her until midnight. He expected to have her out by noon.

At nine o'clock the trio came down. One of the reasons they are better than most is that none of them looks it. Saul Panzer, undersized and wiry, with a big nose, could be a hackie. Fred Durkin, broad and burly and bald, could be a piano mover. Orrie Cather, tall and trim and dressy, could be an automobile salesman. They stepped into the office, and Saul said they had been told to take three hundred dollars apiece in used bills. I said as I went to open the safe that even with inflation and even with janitors promoted to building superintendents, fifty bucks was the top price for one and that they would (*Continued on Page 74*)

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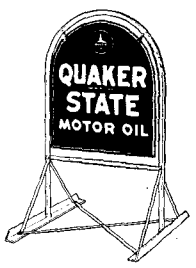


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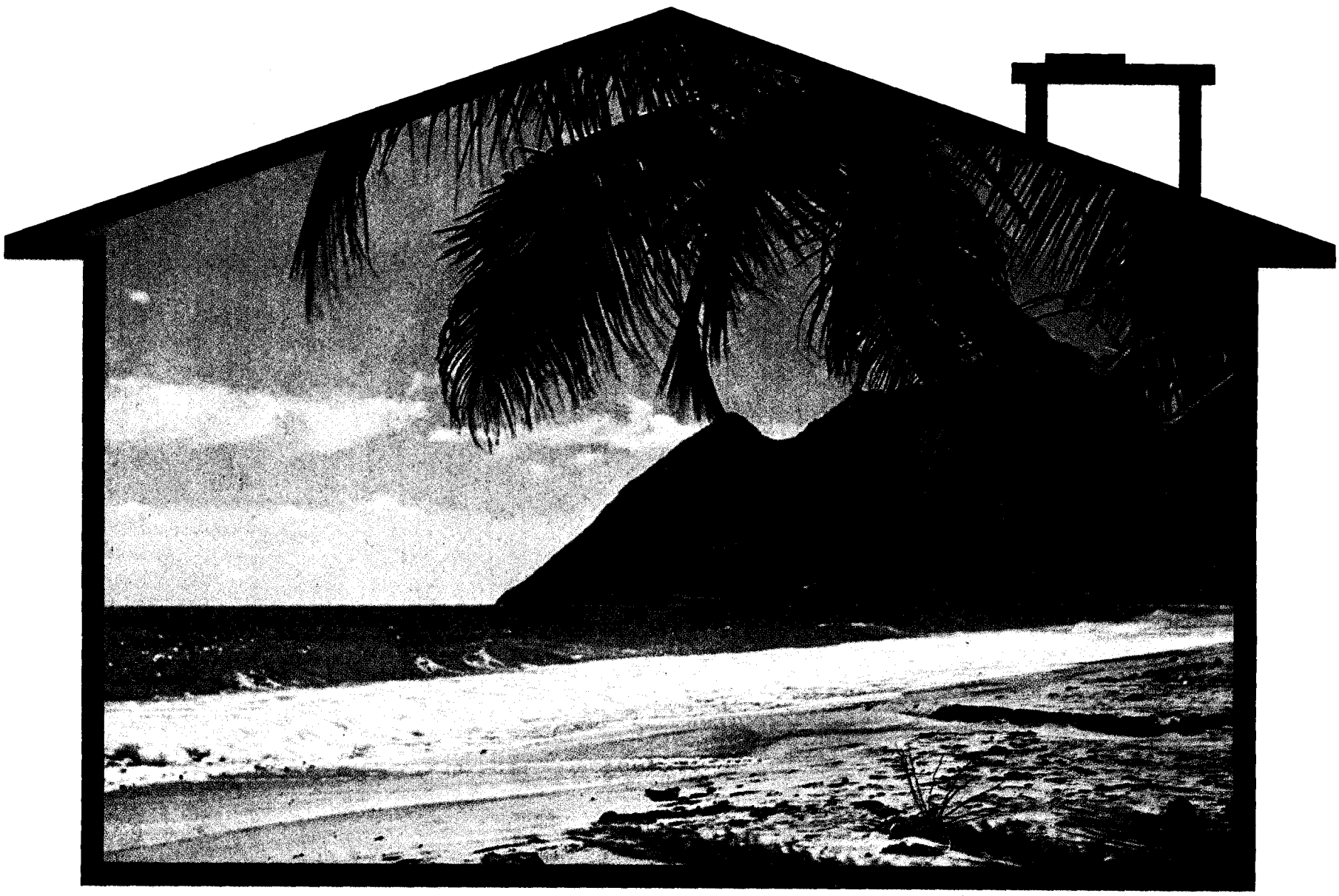

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## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 70*) please return the change. Orrie said that if they had to buy clerks and elevator men and neighbors, there wouldn't be any change. Saul said they would each give me a ring every couple of hours or so.

When they had gone I went on with the morning chores—opening the mail, dusting the desks, filing the cards of propagation and performance records which Theodore puts on my desk every evening. That was just for my hands and eyes; my mind was busy with something else. Of all the things I do to earn my pay, from sharpening pencils to jumping a visitor before he can get his gun up, the most important is riding Wolfe, and he knows it. Sometimes it's next to impossible to tell whether he's working or only pretending to. That was the question that morning. If he were only stalling, if he had sent for Saul and Fred and Orrie just to keep from starting his brain going, the thing for me to do was to go up to the plant rooms and go to work on him. It was the same old problem, and the trouble was that this time I would have nothing to say when he narrowed his eyes at me, as he would, and inquired coldly, "What would you suggest?"

That was what my mind had been on and was still on when the doorbell rang a little after ten o'clock and I went to the hall for a look. It was Albert Leach, with his snap-brim hat down even closer to his ears than yesterday. I went and opened the door.

"Good morning," he said and slipped his hand inside his overcoat.

I supposed he was producing his credentials. "Don't bother," I said, "I recognize you."

But it wasn't credentials. His hand came out with a folded paper. Extending it, he said, "Order of the Federal district court."

I took it, unfolded it and read. I read it through. "You know," I said, "this is a new experience. I can't remember that we have ever been served with an order from a Federal court. Mr. Wolfe will be glad to add it to his collection." I stuck it in my pocket.

"You note," he said, "that I am empowered to search for the object specified if necessary."

"You won't have to. You heard me tell Cramer yesterday that I put it in the safe. It's still there. Come in." I gave him room.

He had excellent manners. He entered, removed his hat, stood while I shut the door and followed me into the office. I swung the safe door open, got a corner of the wrapping paper with my thumb and forefinger, carried it dangling and put it on my desk and went back and brought the lettuce and the string. "There you are," I said. "I didn't rewrap it after I lifted the prints."

His lips tightened. "You said nothing to Inspector Cramer about lifting prints."

"No? I thought I had. Of course, that was routine after Miss Annis told us how and where she found it. You won't find any except hers and mine. I couldn't and I was pretty thorough."

"You tampered with evidence."

"What was it evidence of? Then?" My feelings were hurt. "Anyway the prints are still there. I'll give you a bag to carry it in, but first we'll have to count it, and I want a receipt. It's still the property of Miss Hattie Annis."

He opened his mouth and closed it again. It was a situation. He knew that I knew that he knew that I knew it was counterfeit, and therefore we both knew that Hattie would never see it again. But he was still keeping it off the record. "I'll make a concession," I offered. "We'll weigh it on the postal scale. Put it on."

He picked it up and put it on the scale, and we looked—just under seventeen ounces. I brought a shopping bag from the kitchen and gave it to him, got at the typewriter and tapped out a receipt for sixteen and eleven-twelfths ounces of twenty-dollar bills. I was tempted to add "in good condition," but remembered that he had warned me not to try any fancy tricks with the Secret Service. As I handed him the receipt and my pen, the doorbell rang, and I stepped to the hall.

It was Inspector Cramer. I went and opened the door. He entered. I shut the door. When I turned his hand was emerging from inside his coat with a folded paper. He handed it to me. I read it through. It wouldn't be worth keeping as a souvenir—just the State of New York.

"You'll notice," he said, "that I can search for it if I have to."

"You won't have to. You know where it is."

He strode to the office door and on in. I stopped on the sill. Leach, at my desk, with the shopping bag in one hand and the bills in the other, turned.

"It's a problem," I said. "Leach has signed a receipt for it, but I can tear it up. Why don't you split it half-and-half?"

Cramer stood at arm's length from the T-man. A muscle in the side of his neck was twitching. "That's evidence in a murder case," he said. "I have a court order for it."

"So have I," Leach said. "From a Federal court." He put the bills in the bag, taking his time, and tucked the bag under his arm. "If you'll send a man to our office he'll be allowed to examine it, inspector. We are always ready to co-operate with the local authorities."

He moved, detouring around Cramer. Cramer wheeled and followed him, and I stepped aside to let them by. As Cramer passed he gave me a glare that would have withered a lesser man. I didn't cooperate by going to open the door because I wasn't sure I could keep my face straight, and when they were out and the door had closed I quit trying. A whoop had wanted out the second Cramer produced the paper, and now I let it come. I laughed so loud and so long that Fritz appeared at the kitchen door to ask what had happened.

There was no point in disturbing Wolfe in the plant rooms, so I let it wait until he came down at eleven o'clock. He never whoops, but when I reported and showed him the court orders, he allowed himself an all-out chuckle, and there was a twinkle in his eye. He said it was just as well he hadn't been present, since Cramer would probably have accused him of staging it, and I agreed. I said I was glad the stuff was out of the house, and he agreed.

Calls came from Saul and Fred and Orrie during the next half hour—nothing promising. Orrie had spoken with Max Eder, the janitor of the building and three other tenants. Fred had bought a squirrel and a kangaroo and had spent an hour in the workroom in the rear of the shop. Saul hadn't been inside the building that contained the Mushroom Theater. From the outside it looked as if it might collapse if you leaned against it. He had spent the two hours covering the neighborhood. When I relayed the reports to Wolfe, who was doing a crossword puzzle in the London *Observer*, all I got was a grunt. I had about decided that it was time to go to work on him when the doorbell rang and I went to answer it.

It was our lawyer and our client. I hadn't told him to bring her. I was in no mood for her, and Wolfe certainly wasn't. All I could tell her was that Wolfe either had an inkling or hadn't, and he was spending her money at the rate of fifty bucks an hour. I went and opened the door, but occupied the threshold.

"Greetings," I said heartily. "This is a relief! I'm sorry we couldn't make it sooner, Hattie, but Mr. Parker did his best. You'll take her home, Nat? I'm tied up here."

"Don't call me Hattie," she said, "until I find out what you're up to."

"I brought her here," Parker said, "because she insisted." He looked harassed. "I'll be going. I've canceled two appointments and I'm late for another one. Let me know if you need me." He went.

"Every time I come here," Hattie said, "there you stand. What good does it do to open the door if you fill it up?"

I stood aside, and she entered. She took off the woolen gloves and stuck them in her coat pocket and unbuttoned her coat; and I certainly would have been no good if I hadn't helped her off with the coat, so I did and put it on a hanger. By the time I had it on the rack she was at the office door, entering; and by the time I got to the office she was in the red leather chair, and Wolfe was glowering at her.

"About that lawyer," she said. "I'm not going to pay him, too, and I told him so. When I told Buster I could pay forty-two thousand dollars, that includes everything."

Wolfe looked at me. I nodded. "All right. I told you I was under a spell. I scaled it down."

He looked at her. "Very well, madam, I'll pay the lawyer. You came to tell me that?"

"I told you before not to 'madam' me. First I want to see that counterfeit money, then I'll know I can trust you. Show it to me."

Wolfe looked at me. I have seen him handle many a crisis, but that was too tough for him. "Archie?" he said.

I opened my desk drawer, took out three sheets of paper and handed her one of them. "A cop named Cramer brought that," I said. "Signed by a judge, ordering us to give him the bills and the wrapper. Cramer knows Mr. Wolfe and me and doesn't like us. When he handed me that he sneered."

"I thought so. You're no good. So you ——"

"Wait a minute. We had been afraid that would happen. The cop was too late." I handed her another paper. "A man had already come with that, signed by a Federal judge, and I had turned the money over to him, so the cop was out of luck. I don't say we had arranged it, but facts are facts. The cop was so sore he marched out without a word." I handed her the third paper. "That's the receipt the man signed."

She hadn't even glanced at any of the documents. She handed them back. "I wish I had been here," she said.

"So do I, Miss Annis. You would have enjoyed it."

"Call me Hattie."

"With pleasure." I returned the papers to the drawer and sat. "Did you have a hard night?"

"Not too hard. There was a couch, and I got some naps. But the woman that stayed with me wouldn't turn the lights out, and every two hours they came back and started in again. Cops are too mean to live and they're too dumb. They might have known I wouldn't speak to a cop."

"Didn't you speak at all?"

"No. Didn't I say I wouldn't?"

"Not a word?"

"No. The worst part was I was hungry. They brought some stuff twice last night and again this morning, but of course I wouldn't touch it. I don't know what kind of drug they had in it, something to make me talk."

"You haven't eaten at all?"

"Of course not."

Wolfe grunted. "That's ridiculous. We have a spare room that is comfortable. Mr. Goodwin will take you to it, and my chef will take you a tray. After your fast you should eat with caution. Have you a preference?"

She cocked her head. "You bet I have, Falstaff. Let the lady enjoy herself. I know about your chef. How about some lamb kidneys *bourguignonne?*"

Wolfe doesn't flabbergast easily, but that did it. He stared. "That would take time, mad —— Miss Annis. At least two hours."

"I don't mind, I'll take a nap. Is there a bathroom?"

"Certainly."

"Then I can wash the smell of the cops off. But the other thing I want to know, what about the reward? We want that reward."

"That's problematical. I'll keep it in mind. We have a more urgent matter to deal with. After you are refreshed ——"

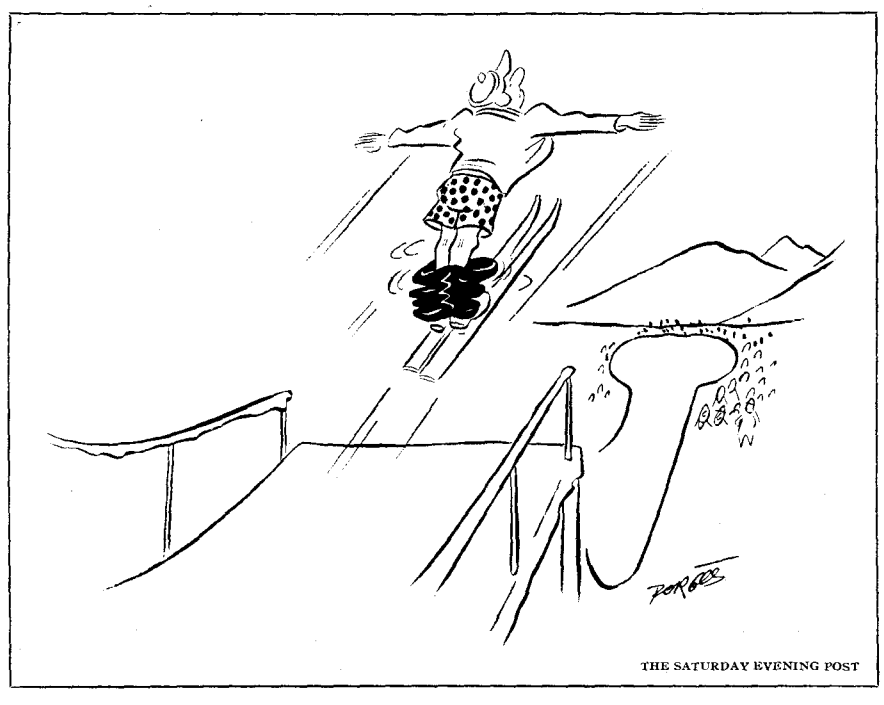
"What matter?"

"The job you hired me for—investigation of the murder committed in your house."

"I hired you to make the cops eat dirt, and you already have. The one named Cramer, is he a big one with a big red face and little blue eyes like a pig?"

"Pigs' eyes are not blue. Otherwise the description fits."

"Then you've already made him eat dirt. I wish I had been here. He was the first one in my room when they busted the door. That's (*Continued on Page 76*)

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(*Continued from Page 74*) part of your job, to make them pay for that door. The murder, that's their job. I'm surprised it was Tammy Baxter because I thought a counterfeiter would have more clothes; but of course when somebody came for the package and it wasn't there, he thought she had taken it and he killed her. But she should have known I had it because I told her yesterday morning."

The phone rang, and I swiveled and got it. A female said that Mr. Mandel wanted to speak to me, and after a wait he came on.

"Goodwin? Mandel of the district attorney's office. I want to see you. How soon can you be here?"

"Twenty minutes, if necessary."

"It's necessary. It's ten minutes past twelve. I'll expect you at twelve-thirty. Right?"

I told him yes, traffic permitting, hung up and arose. "The D.A.'s office," I announced. "I'm surprised it didn't come sooner. You don't need me anyway—you understand each other so well."

I left them.

They kept me at 155 Leonard Street five and a half hours. All I got out of it was two corned-beef sandwiches, a piece of blueberry pie and two glasses of milk, on the house, eaten at the desk of assistant D.A. Mandel. What they got out of it was doubtful. In addition to Mandel, I had conversations with another assistant D.A. named Lindstrom, two detectives attached to the D.A.'s office and District Attorney Macklin himself.

Over the years, I have been suspected of a lot of things by various authorities, from corrupting a cop by buying him a drink to complicity in a murder, and that day they added a new one to the list. None of them came right out with it, but what was really biting them was their suspicion that I was in collusion with the United States Government. Of course, they covered other aspects of the case, all of them and thoroughly, but what they concentrated on was the package of phony lettuce. That was all the D.A. himself asked me about, and he put it to me point-blank—did I know the money was counterfeit? I told him point-blank no and felt better—it's always a relief to get a lie off your chest. He said of course I was lying, that I would have been a nitwit not to suspect it. I said it didn't matter now anyway, since the Secret Service had it, and he blew his top. I admit it's hard to believe that he actually thought I had disposed of evidence in a murder case by arranging for Leach to beat Cramer to it, but I suppose a D.A. has as much right to be crazy as anybody else.

It was a quarter past six when I left the building and flagged a taxi. By the time it turned into Thirty-fifth Street I had decided that I wouldn't wait until after dinner to go for Wolfe. He was too darned lazy to live. Since, thanks to me, Hattie had told him that he had already made Cramer eat dirt, he would consider that no matter what happened or didn't happen he could send her a bill for a modest hunk of the forty-two thousand—say five grand—and why should he strain his brain? She was out on bail as a material witness and in no real danger. We had got rid of the contraband. There was no great hurry. Nuts, I decided. He had to be poked. As I mounted the stoop and put my key in the door, I was choosing my opening remark from three I had hatched. But I didn't get to use it. The rack in the hall was so crowded with coats that I had to squeeze mine between two that I recognized—Inspector Cramer's and Saul Panzer's. Cramer's voice was raised in the office and it was hoarse, as it always was when he was in a huff. As I reached the office door he was saying, ". . . not just to hear you spout! If you've got something, let's have it!"

Wolfe, seated behind his desk with his fingers laced at the summit of his middle mound, was looking at me. "Ah," he said. "Satisfactory. I was concerned."

Sure he was. The bigger the audience the better when he is staging a scene. Before I headed for my desk I glanced around—Cramer in the red leather chair, Sergeant Stebbins at his right, Paul Hannah and Noel Ferris on chairs facing Wolfe's desk, Raymond Dell and Albert Leach, the T-man, behind them, and Martha Kirk and Hattie Annis on the couch to the left of my desk. Saul Panzer was over by the big globe. As I circled around Leach and Dell, Wolfe was speaking.

"You know quite well I have something, Mr. Cramer, or you wouldn't have come. As I told you on the phone, I had a stroke of luck, but I had invited it and I knew where to send the invitation. True, I sent it to three addresses—an East Side tenement, a shop on First Avenue and a building on Bowie Street which housed a theater—but my expectation was centered on the last. When my expectation was realized, I was faced with the question whether to notify you or to notify Mr. Leach. And, preferring not to choose, I asked you both to come and to bring Miss Kirk, Mr. Dell, Mr. Ferris and Mr. Hannah. Miss Annis, my client, was here. I thought the first three had a right to be present. As for Mr. Hannah, since he is both a counterfeiter and a murderer, you and Mr. Leach will have to decide ——"

"That's a lie," Hannah said and was rising, but Leach, behind him, grabbed his arm. Hannah jerked, but Leach held on. "Who the hell are you?" Hannah demanded. With his free hand, Leach got his leather fold from his pocket and flipped it open, and by then Stebbins was there.

"Are you arresting him?" Stebbins asked.

"No, are you?" Leach asked.

"Nobody's arresting me," Hannah said. "Turn loose of me."

"Sit down, Hannah," Cramer growled. He looked at Wolfe. He had seen Wolfe perform before, and Leach hadn't. Not only had he heard Wolfe say that Hannah was a counterfeiter and a murderer but also he saw the expression on Wolfe's face, and he certainly knew that face. He left his chair, put his hand on Hannah's shoulder and said, "You're under arrest as a material witness in the murder of Tamiris Baxter. . . . All right, sergeant," and returned to his chair. Stebbins stood at Hannah's left, and Leach stood at his right.

"That's prudent, Mr. Cramer," Wolfe said, "since I have no conclusive evidence. Up to three and a half hours ago I had merely a surmise. Talking with these people last evening, I got nothing but faint intimations. Miss Kirk? Unlikely. She attended a ballet school regularly, she exercised an hour every morning and she received a monthly remittance from her father, all of which could be checked. Mr. Dell? Also unlikely. He had paid no room rent for three years. Mr. Ferris? Possibly, but with a reservation. His statement that two of the agencies he called at yesterday would corroborate him made it improbable that he had followed Miss Annis here yesterday morning."

"So what?" Cramer rasped.

"So my attention centered on Mr. Hannah. He had lived there only four months. He had paid for his room every week. He had almost certainly lied when he said Miss Baxter had told him that a man had twice followed her to the door. Miss Baxter was an agent of the Secret Service of the Treasury Department and she ——"

"Who said so?" Leach demanded.

"No one. Mr. Goodwin inferred it. You have carried discretion to an extreme, Mr. Leach, in concealing the interest of your organization in the occupants of that house. But you will soon agree that it is no longer needed. . . . So I did not believe that Miss Baxter had told Mr. Hannah that. Finally, Mr. Hannah's account of his movements yesterday left him completely free up to noon. He could have followed Miss Annis here and, when she left without entering, back to her house. He could have stolen a parked car and, when she left her house a second time, tried to run it over her; but, since he failed, that is of little consequence."

"There's damn little consequence in anything you've said," Cramer growled.

Wolfe nodded. "I'm only explaining why my attention centered on Mr. Hannah. I could indulge in speculation—for instance, why did he kill Miss Baxter there and then? Had she seen him try to kill Miss Annis with the car and confronted him when he returned to the house? But you can speculate as well as I, and it will be your job, not mine, to screw a confession out of him."

"I've got nothing to confess," Hannah said. "You're going to regret this. You're going to regret it good."

"I think not, Mr. Hannah." Wolfe's eyes went to Leach, standing, and then to Cramer, sitting. "So when I sent three men to those addresses, with the invitations to luck, I sent Saul Panzer to the Mushroom Theater. Mr. Panzer leaves less to luck than any man I know. He phoned four times to report progress. The third time, around three o'clock, he asked for reinforcements, and I sent them. The fourth time, less than two hours ago, I told him to come here and I phoned you gentlemen. . . . Saul? Will you describe the situation?"

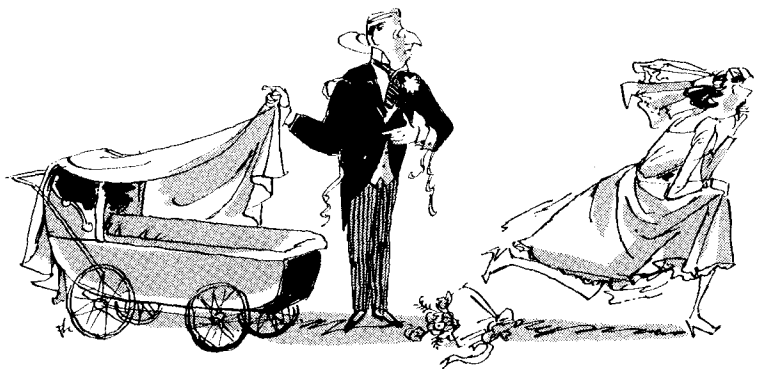
Since Saul was over by the big globe, all but Wolfe and Stebbins and me had to twist their necks. "Just the situation?" Saul asked.

"Lead up to it briefly."

"Yes, sir. The first two hours I covered the neighborhood, but got no lead, so I went inside the building. I didn't tell the superintendent what I was after, just that I wanted to look around for something. And from the way he reacted and the way he accepted forty dollars for his trouble, I decided he was honest. He showed me around the theater and the basement and the second floor. The third floor is occupied by a job-printing shop with two presses and the other equipment you would expect. He told the two men there what I had suggested, that I was an insurance-underwriters' inspector looking for violations. From the way the men looked, I decided I was hot; and I told the superintendent I would have to give the shop a good look and it would take a while, and he left. When I started looking behind things on shelves, they jumped me, and I had to get rough and pull my gun. I didn't shoot, but I had to knock one of them out. There was a phone on a table, and I rang you and asked you to send Fred and Orrie to help me search the place. You said they would be calling in soon, and you would ——"

"That's far enough," Wolfe said. "And now?"

"They're still there. In behind stacks of paper on one of the shelves there are eight stacks of new twenty-dollar bills. In a compartment in the back of a cupboard are four engraver's plates that were probably used to make the bills. The two men are on the floor with their hands and feet tied. I don't know their names. There's only one chair (*Continued on Page 78*)



## You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Before marriage, Joe told Julie he believed in "planned parenthood." Trustingly she assumed this meant limited parenthood. But after the marriage, Joe stunned Julie by announcing that his parenthood plan called for at least six children as soon as possible. Terrified, Julie rushed to get an annulment.

"Even if I did mislead dear little Julie, what's wrong with having a lot of children?" Joe asked. "Isn't that what marriage is for?"

"Joe must have realized that I didn't want a house full of children," Julie sobbed. "So he should not be allowed to beguile and trap me against my will."

If you were the judge, would you free Julie from the bonds of matrimony?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Julie lost. The court said that "it would be incongruous with the nature of the marital bond to annul a marriage because the husband desires to fulfill one of the primary purposes of marriage, the procreation of the human species."

*Based upon a 1958 New York decision.*

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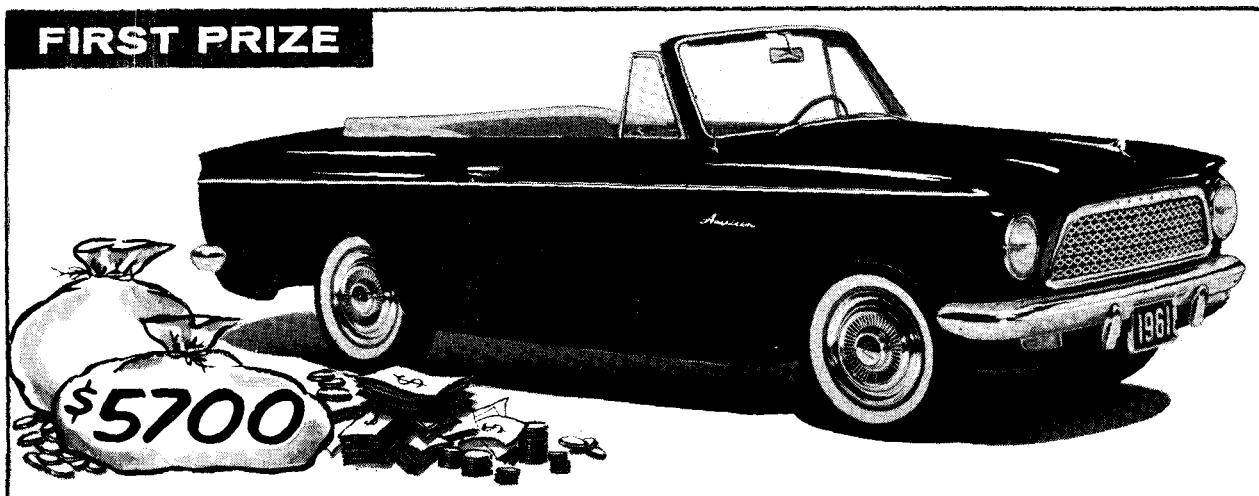


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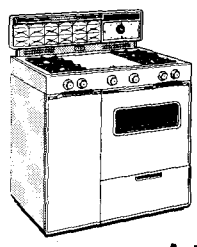

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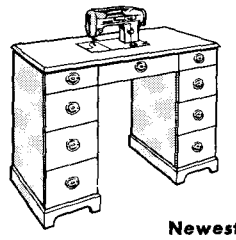

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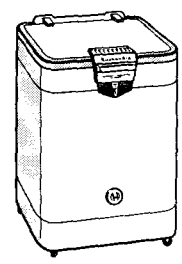

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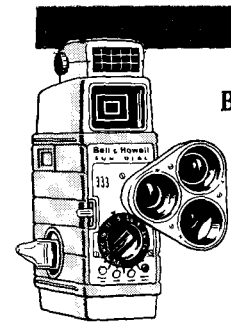

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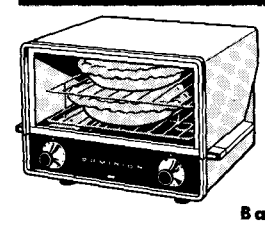

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● **Tell us in 25 additional** words or less why "Red Magic" describes Heinz Ketchup. Use blank below or plain paper. Mail entry with one neckband from regular Heinz Ketchup (14-oz. or family size) to address below. Extra entry blanks —with complete rules—now at food stores everywhere.

*Just complete this sentence (in 25 words or less):*

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Entries must be postmarked by March 31, 1961 and received by April 10, 1961.

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**Mail with neckband from regular Heinz Ketchup (14-oz. or family size) to Heinz Red Magic Contest, Box 5700, Dept. SEP-11, Brooklyn 1, N.Y.**
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**Name**_____

**Address**_____

**City**_____ **Zone**___ **State**_____

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(*Continued from Page 76*) in the room, and Fred Durkin is sitting on it, or he was when I left, and Orrie Cather was sitting on a pile of paper. One of the men has a lump on the side of his head where I hit him with my gun, but he's not hurt much. I gave the superintendent another twenty dollars. That's the situation."

Paul Hannah had started to rise, but hands on his shoulders had stopped him—Stebbins on the left and Leach on the right.

"You might add one detail," Wolfe told Saul. "The name one of them mentioned."

"Yes, sir. That was after Fred and Orrie came and we had them tied and we had found the plates. One of them said to the other one, 'I told you Paul would squeal. The damn murderous rat. I told you we ought to clear out.' Do you want the rest of it?"

"That will do for now. You will of course report in full to Mr. Cramer and Mr. Leach." Wolfe's head moved. "As you see, gentlemen, I was faced with a dilemma, since he was both a counterfeiter and a murderer. Preferring not to choose, I asked you both to come and I leave the question of priority to you. Since Mr. Cramer has him under arrest ——"

The movement that interrupted him was by Paul Hannah, but it wasn't much of a movement. Apparently his idea was to lunge at Wolfe, but Stebbins and Leach had him pinned. They glared at each other, and Hannah glared at Wolfe, and Hattie Annis' voice came from the couch.

"You see, Falstaff? Didn't I tell you?"

She had told him absolutely nothing.

One day three weeks later Wolfe and I were in the office disagreeing about something when the doorbell rang. It was Hattie. I escorted her in, and she sat in the red leather chair, opened her handbag and took out a little package wrapped in brown paper. Wolfe made a face. I thought, *Good grief, she's found another one.* But she reached into the bag again and came out with an envelope that I recognized.

"This check you sent me," she said. "You say in your letter it's for my share of the reward, a hundred dollars. So you kept your share?"

"Yes," Wolfe lied.

"Did you get yours, Buster?"

"Yes," I lied.

"Then that's all right. But what about this bill? Five thousand dollars as a fee for services and six hundred and twenty-one dollars and sixty-five cents for expenses. What did I tell you that day, Buster? Didn't I say I could pay forty-two thousand dollars?"

"You did."

"Then here it is." She tossed the package onto Wolfe's desk. "A man at the bank helped me pick those bonds, and he says there's none better. These are transferred to you. This is the first time I ever let any of them go, and I hope it's the last; but it was worth it. That was a day, the best day I've had since my father died. I didn't like it when I saw in the paper that Hannah had confessed, but that wasn't your fault. I've got no use for anybody that confesses anything to the cops. That Paul Hannah was no good. He even told them how he stole the car and tried to kill me with it because he thought I had the package and knew who put it in my parlor, and he saw Tammy across the street and knew she saw him; and when he went back to the house, she was at the phone dialing a number, and he got the knife from the kitchen and when he got near her and she stood up he stabbed her, and then he carried her into the parlor and left her there with her skirt up to her waist. He was no good. I'll have to be more careful about people that want a room."

Wolfe was frowning. Finally he said, "I can't accept those bonds, mad—Miss Annis. Not all of them. I prefer to evaluate my services myself. I did so and sent you a bill."

She nodded. "I tore it up. The day I told Buster that, that settled it. I hired you and I said what I could pay. Now you say you won't accept it. That's no way to do."

Wolfe looked at me. I grinned. He pushed his chair back and arose. "I have a matter to attend to," he said. "I'll leave you with Mr. Goodwin. You understand each other." He marched out.

It took me half an hour to talk her around, and she told me twice not to call her Hattie. THE END

# The Ice Is Their Enemy

(Continued from Page 21)

American continent of aerial attack. The stations spread from the low arctic coast of Alaska to Greenland at intervals of about 100 miles, with small relay points between; and every plank, electronic device, gallon of fuel and can opener must be brought to them. Planes, tractor trains and ships were used in building the DEW Line, the work proceeding in winter at sixty below, and in summer among swarms of mosquitoes. In winter the shallow, frozen sea pushes 100-foot ridges of pressure ice against the shore; in summer the swampy tundra is impassable. Makeshift airfields permit delivery of fresh food and mail most of the year, but the small planes able to use them cannot carry significant weights of steel or oil. Tractor trains inching over the frozen tundra are slow and expensive. Thus, for resupply, the Air Force personnel, Canadians and United States civilians who occupy the five-to-fifty-man posts must depend on sealifts in summer.

For the first few years, military fleets had the job of getting dry cargo and fuel to places where, for the most part, no ships had been before. They delivered, but at tremendous expense. In the summer of 1957, for example, a task force of the Military Sea Transportation Service, supplying stations from the Chukchi Sea to Tuktoyaktuk, Northwest Territories, mustered forty-six vessels—seven tankers as well as cargo carriers, a command ship, four icebreakers and three salvage vessels. Eleven hundred soldiers went along as stevedores. In one spot underwater demolition teams used twelve tons of explosives trying to break up ice packed against the shore. But they were repelled at ten different landing sites and had to leave their cargo for winter tractor trains. Nevertheless, the fleet went all the way to Tuktoyaktuk and back with only minor damage. Its people were rightfully proud—until a bumptious man with some towboats spoke out.

The man was Jack Bullock, a large, blue-eyed ex-soldier, ex-miner and ex-mail-boat hand who in 1957 had made some deliveries along the Bering Strait and Kotzebue Sound. He now claimed that with a couple of tugs, barges and about thirty-five men he would do everything the huge MSTS expedition had done between Cape Lisburne and Beaufort Lagoon, some 700 miles across the top of Alaska. He would do it—on a no-delivery, no-pay basis—without frogmen, tankers, helicopters or furor, between the departure of shore ice in early summer and the bleak autumn day when the ice returned.

There were people, private and official, who decided Jack Bullock must be out of his mind, and some still think so. But he got some capital to bolster his small tug fleet, operating out of Kotzebue, and formed Alaska Barge and Transport, Inc. This company won a contract from the Army Transportation Corps and the Alaska joint military command. The unofficial attitude was, let these wild men try it; we always can bail them out by whistling up the Navy—whose fleet was kept on stand-by, just in case.

So with pick-up crews and leased equipment, Bullock went to work. Details differ, from year to year, but dry cargo usually is loaded at Seattle, while bulk petroleum is transshipped at Dutch Harbor in the Aleutians. Bullock's principal equipment is the nameless, 299-foot *Barge 539*, with room for 8375 long tons of cargo and 3,075,000 gallons of bulk fuel. This vessel carries its own cranes and houses its crew during unloading in a big house trailer parked on the stern. A 4000-horsepower tug, the *Winquatt*, tows this monster. The power barge *Peyaka* churns along as lighter, thirty-two-ton freighter and towboat. Some smaller barges and floating oil tanks and a little single-engined tug—fine for pushing ice cakes—complete the fleet. A second large tug sometimes goes on independent missions.

Last August, in the uncertain dusk of a Point Barrow evening, Bullock's fleet lay a quarter mile off the black sand beach, nothing to the north of it except hummocks of floe ice, poised a mile or two off shore. Beyond the anchored *Barge 539* nothing moved except individual ice cakes marching slowly toward the east, an occasional startled hair seal popping his round head out of water, and a few misguided ducks, flying low over the sea. On the beach a fringe of phalaropes palpitated over a floating fuel hose leading from the barge to a pipeline on shore.

The *Peyaka* slowly pushed toward shore a small barge loaded with boxes, steel and lumber. But in the last few minutes the wind shifted. Now the *Peyaka*'s way was barred by a 100-foot belt of ice jammed against the beach. Into this the barge crunched, then stopped. The *Peyaka*'s five big propellers dug deeper, but the ice only shifted slightly.

The impasse was resolved by the *Polar Bear*, a bruised thirty-foot tug with an Eskimo skipper, Richard Curtis. Curtis moved in between the barge bow and the shore, nosed against the nearest ice cake and opened his throttle. The *Polar Bear* shoved, climbed the nearest cake with its bow, teetered and fell off backward, leaving a line of rust and a splatter of diesel fuel. Once more Curtis attacked, and once more the *Polar Bear* fell off, defeated. On the third try the ice moved, cake grinding against cake, and the *Polar Bear* widened a little slice of open water. The fourth and fifth tries opened the lead more, and the *Peyaka* shoved its barge into the hole until it grounded on the beach.

From the shore a bulldozer piled sand to create a temporary ramp from beach to barge deck; and from the deck, three unlikely vehicles rolled down. One was a curious truck-monster which operates on soft rubber balloons in place of wheels—a rolligon [See LOOK, MOM—NO WHEELS! June 6, 1955]—the others were wide-track variations of Caterpillar trucks. Fiercely bearded drivers with eyes red-rimmed from sleeplessness—tug crewmen now working for overtime pay—stepped down into the bitter wind to shake hands with a parka-shrouded beachmaster.

This was Ron Riley, the onetime Oregon logger, steamship agent and cranberry-bog owner. With Bullock tied down in Washington State by other business, this year's arctic resupply was Riley's baby.

Charles (Chuck) Daley, in charge of unloading, tested the ramp. John Nusunginya, an Eskimo and an Alaska state legislator, climbed up to start the engine of a cherry-picker crane. Riley said, "All right, let's go."

A mile away the domes of a DEW Line control station stood out above the tundra. A lone checker looked at his watch as the first cargo moved, then stared at the sea ice, now moving a little closer. Almost half the arctic resupply had been completed in the west, but another 400 miles of deliveries lay ahead to the east. The fleet, which had left Seattle June thirtieth, was five days behind schedule by August seventeenth.

Cargo at Point Barrow moved twenty-four hours a day, with sleep postponed until the fleet could go to sea again. Riley brought in extra Eskimo crews to make up lost time. Breakdowns and cargo confusion frustrated his efforts. A section of a prefabricated building had to be carried back to an isolated base to the west because it had been overlooked. A weary crane operator banged a slingload into the *Peyaka*'s wheelhouse, smashing a window. Floating ice, blown away by one wind, was blown back by the next, again blocking the beach.

A whiplash man who maintains good humor even without sleep, Riley ordered the *Peyaka* to the east. If it could deliver oil, lumber, steel and a portable building to a small station called POW A, while the rest of the fleet continued to unload, he might save a day. So John Covey, a three-season arctic veteran at twenty-nine maneuvered the *Peyaka* away from the fleet, towing a sixty-foot floating oil tank. It came (*Continued on Page 80*)

## Sunday Supper

By Richard Armour

At home Sunday nights, it's
each man for himself
As we open the cupboard and
ogle the shelf
And whiff at the leftovers, test
with our thumbs,
And spread stuff on crackers
and scatter the crumbs.

We jimmy a jar and we empty
a bottle,
We finish up foodstuffs before
they can mottle,
We eat what we want, what
we can, what we canned,
What we find, what we fix, and
far more than we planned.

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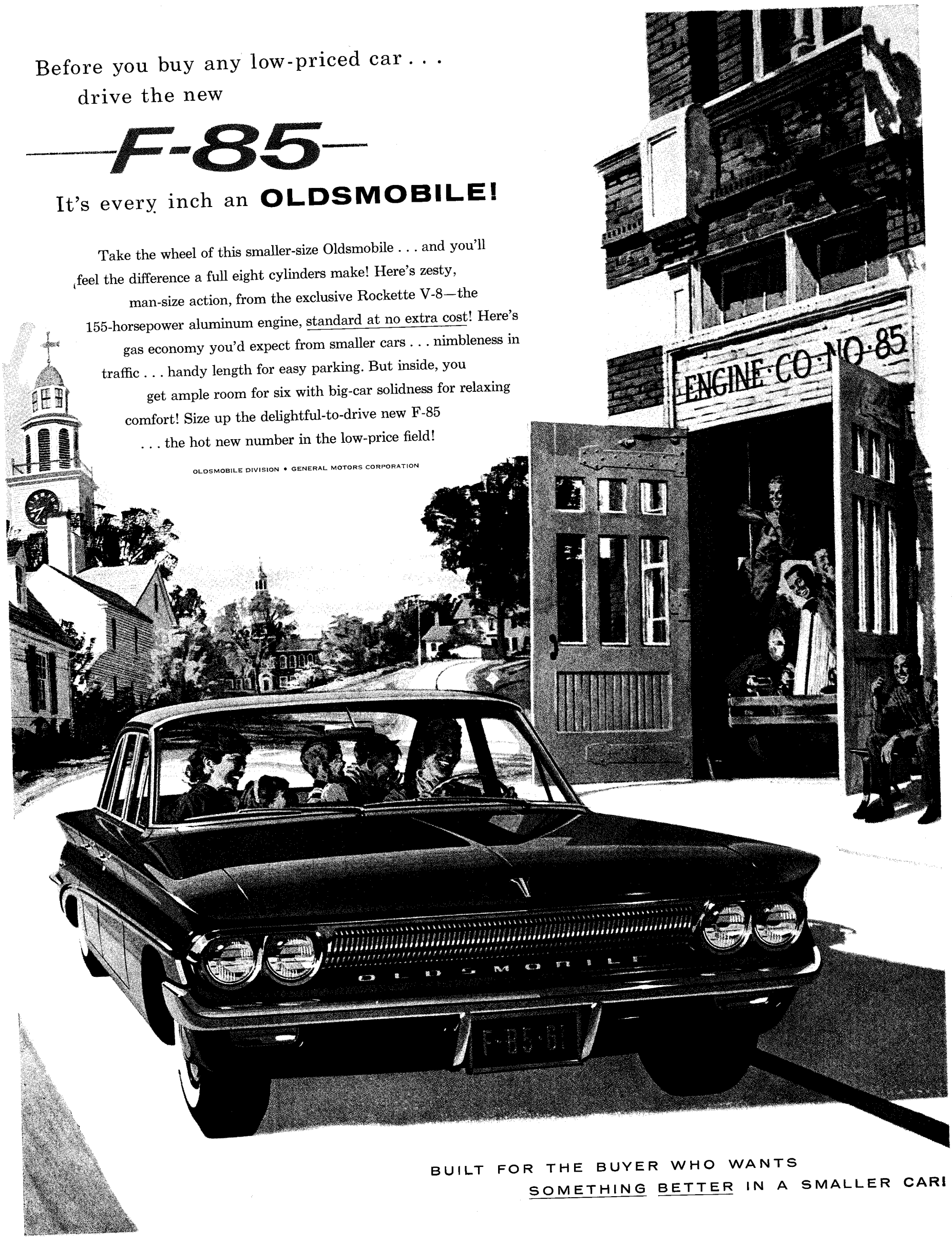
Before you buy any low-priced car . . .
drive the new

# F-85

## It's every inch an OLDSMOBILE!

Take the wheel of this smaller-size Oldsmobile . . . and you'll feel the difference a full eight cylinders make! Here's zesty, man-size action, from the exclusive Rockette V-8—the 155-horsepower aluminum engine, standard at no extra cost! Here's gas economy you'd expect from smaller cars . . . nimbleness in traffic . . . handy length for easy parking. But inside, you get ample room for six with big-car solidness for relaxing comfort! Size up the delightful-to-drive new F-85 . . . the hot new number in the low-price field!

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION




BUILT FOR THE BUYER WHO WANTS
SOMETHING BETTER IN A SMALLER CAR!

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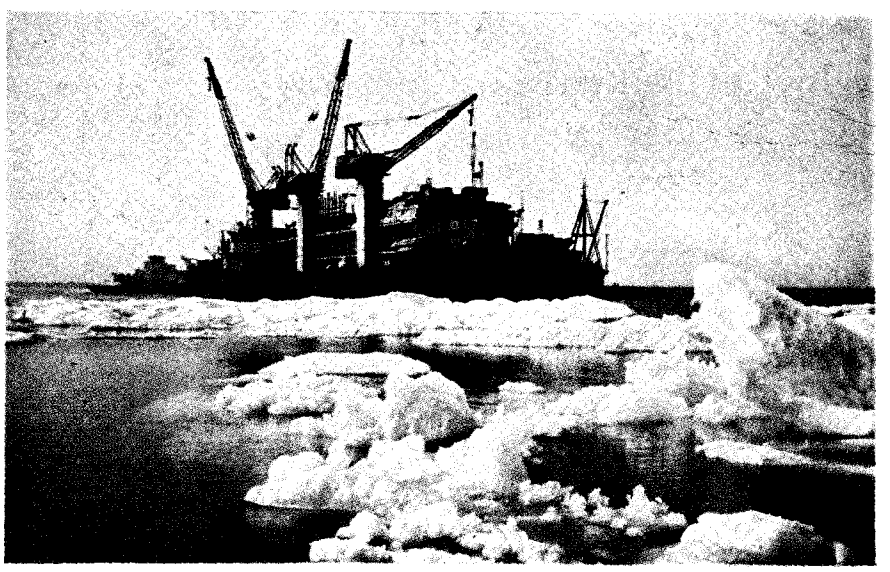
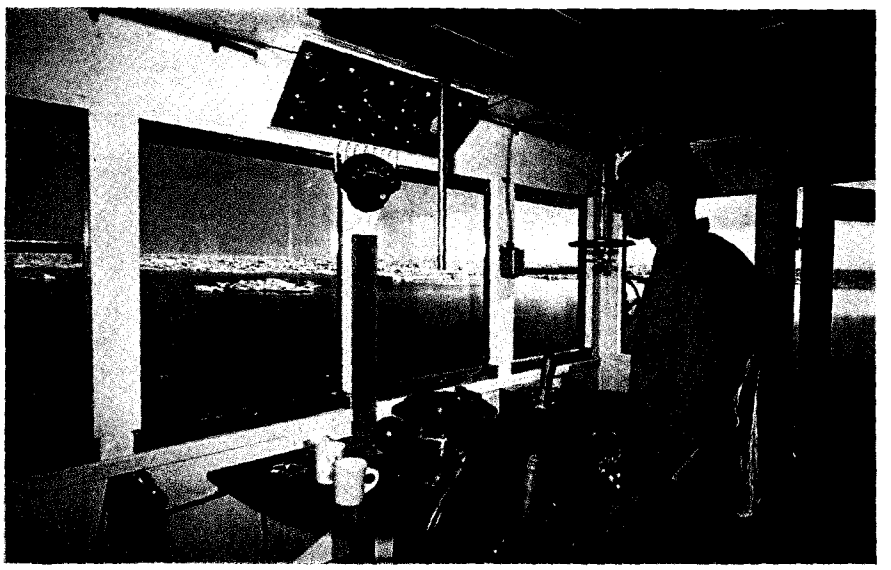
Ronald Riley, leader of the arctic sealift which supplies the DEW Line stations.



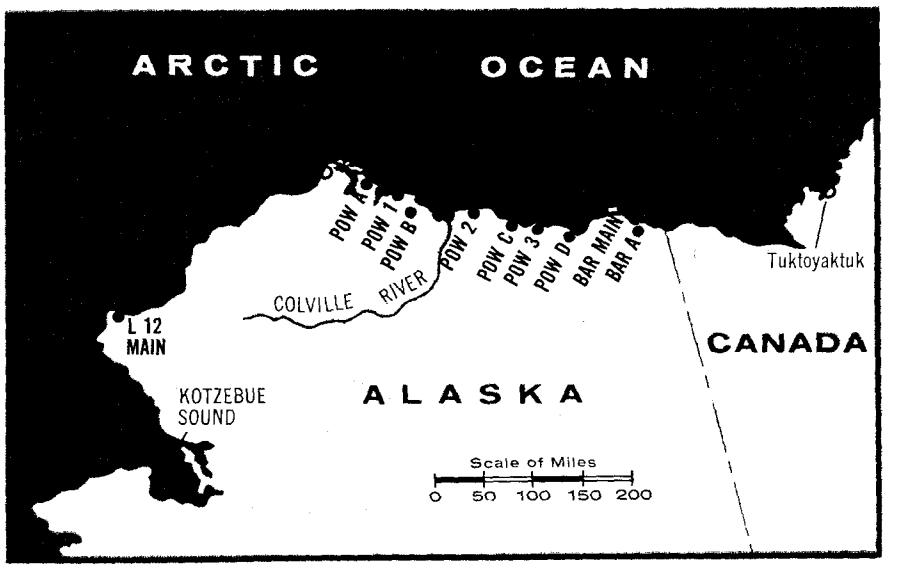
Floe ice drifts dangerously close to Riley's 299-foot barge as it unloads near Point Barrow. Onshore winds can cause floating ice to crush a vessel or lock it in the ice for the winter.

Richard Curtis, an Eskimo, is skipper of the thirty-foot tugboat, *Polar Bear*.



John Covey, a three-season veteran at twenty-nine, is the captain of the *Peyaka*. This power barge is used to carry supplies and tow barges that are not self-propelled.

The sealift extended as far east as Beaufort Lagoon, about 400 miles beyond Point Barrow.




(*Continued from Page 78*) obediently for a few yards, then headed off to the left, almost as if independently steered, until it was stopped by the tow cable, now at a sharp angle off the *Peyaka*'s stern. The oil barge then reversed itself, heading to the right until once again the tortured cable snubbed it.

Covey uttered definite words about keelless barges. "That thing," he said, "is going to give us nothing but trouble. What skeg she had was knocked cockeyed a week ago."

The *Peyaka* turned northeast from Point Barrow. Here the North American continent ends in a whimper of sand, its only feature a wooden tepee to guide navigators.

Drifting ice cakes were all around before the *Peyaka* reached the point. Masses of cakes were ahead, no visible water path between them, as the vessel came abreast of the Plover Islands, a series of sandspits extending eastward.

A channel lies inside these islands, but its exits average only three feet deep at normal water. The Arctic Ocean has no appreciable tides, but an offshore wind can reduce the water level two or three feet in as many hours; an onshore blow can create a tangle of ice and a three-foot water rise. Eskimo skin boats and deep wooden skiffs chugged through the channel, propelled by outboard motors. One carried twenty-five caribou carcasses as well as two cheerful Eskimos. The meat was worth fifty cents a pound at Barrow.

But the channel was not for Covey. He had to steer well out. In the long evening the *Peyaka* moved at five knots, then at two as ice moved closer. The leads were becoming narrower, and wisps of fog were thickening. The depth finder showed fifteen feet of water under the hull, then half that as the ship passed over a bottom ridge. The *Peyaka* turned east and met a solid bank of fog. Out of it an iceberg half the size of a tennis court slid, crashing against the ship's side. As it passed the stern, the vagrant barge on the towline suddenly decided to reverse its angle. Covey said, "She wants one!"

First mate Wally Proux cut the throttles. The towline slackened, but nothing could stop the barge charging down in the fog. Its bow struck the berg full on, then drunkenly slipped to one side. Covey signaled to keep the power off. "That's enough," he said. "If we're going to hit them, I want to see them first."

Proux and Adirin went forward and dropped an anchor. When they came aft, their gloves and shoes broke frost on the ladders. Mercury in a bridge thermometer stood at twenty-eight degrees. Proux said, "What's your plan, John?"

Covey shrugged. "We'll wait. Nothing else we can do."

In the cabins, exhausted crewmen slept while the Arctic Resupply Mission lost another eight hours. The date was August twentieth.

In the early morning a sea gull walked across newly frozen ice around the ship to investigate garbage thrown overboard. But the fog had lifted. The *Peyaka* moved, starring new ice ahead and shoving an occasional old cake aside. The uncertain leads grew narrower. The oil barge climbed another ice cake, snapping a stanchion. Swearing, Proux rigged the tow bridle on the other end, and Covey eased the *Peyaka* ahead. The leads vanished, and a single width of open water between the ice and the islands shrank. Bracing himself against another fall from the bow, Adirin took soundings with a long pole—"Ten feet"... "Nine feet"... "Eight feet."

In the pilothouse Proux said, "She's diggin' mud, John." Covey eased the throttles and watched astern as a brown stain welled up from the bottom past the ice cakes. The fog was back now, but as a low cloud above the water. Covey reported by radio to Point Barrow, and Riley's tense voice presently answered, "We'll take a look and maybe we can find you a lead."

Half an hour later the hum of a small airplane's engines was overhead. The men on the ship could not see the plane, nor did the pilot dare to come down through the overcast. Instead, the plane ranged east. In another hour Riley was on the radio again. "Nothing," he said. "I couldn't see a lead anywhere. You might as well go back, John."

The *Peyaka* slowly clawed its way around and headed back. Presently it passed the garbage thrown out in the morning. The sea gull working on it did not even look up.

Alongside the big *Barge 539* late in the day, Covey went to confer with bargemaster Harry Holmes. A barge crewman voiced his personal opinion. "Last night," he said, "some ice stove in the stern of the *Polar Bear*. They got it fixed, but that Wagner [a tracked vehicle] blowed a transmission. Nobody can fix that. You ask me, I don't think we're goin' to make Barter Island; and if we do get there, we ain't goin' to get out again."

Nobody offered any bets. Arctic Resupply now was another day late.

POW A is one of the least of the DEW Line installations—a big antenna, relay equipment in a single building, a double line of wanigans (shacks on sleds) straggling toward the beach. Between the station and the shore is a quarter mile of marsh, crossed by a pipeline and a tractor road. From the air, ponds and rivulets in the tundra appear weirdly geometric around the 900-foot gravel runway.

Fred Tegtmeier, civilian station manager, was glad to see a plane and visitors. "This doesn't look like much," he said, "but this station wasn't intended to be manned. The idea was that the generators would run by themselves; and every month in winter, somebody would be flown in to inspect them. But it didn't work out that way. The machinery ran all right, but the man flown in would find all the building doors frozen shut, snow drifted in. When it was fifty or sixty below, one or two men weren't enough to dig them out. So now we have five or six here all winter. But the housing's sorry. We're waiting for steel to frame a new building so we all can be under one roof—that is, if the sealift gets here. I'm beginning to wonder whether it will."

So were other people. At Barrow, Riley slept poorly, his dreams a confusion of broken-down gear, ice floes and key dates running closer and closer together. The first date he possibly could finish unloading was (*Continued on Page 82*)

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# The new "Special K Breakfast" and common sense weight control

## It starts your day with important, complete protein—yet supplies fewer than 250 calories. It's quick as instant coffee—and tastes so good you can live with it month after month

© 1961 by Kellogg Company

The temptation is great, when you are conscientiously counting calories, to skimp on breakfast—or skip it altogether. According to the best information on common sense weight control, this is perhaps the worst thing you can do.

A breakfast of only juice and coffee can sabotage your whole reducing program. It gives you too few calories to carry you through the morning—and shortchanges you completely on protein.

The result is all but inevitable. You are so empty and droopy before noon that there is usually the compulsion to overeat the rest of the day.

### Why Breakfast Is Vital

When you wake up in the morning your body is run down. If breakfast is a "minus meal," your body simply has no fuel to help it get going.

No matter how low a calorie quota you have set for the day, the leading nutritionists agree that you should get 20 per cent or more of those calories at breakfast. Your need for protein, vitamins and minerals is also great. Body cells and tissues must be supported, even though excess fat is being torn down.

Eating sensibly at breakfast helps you eat sensibly at lunch and dinner.

### New Special K Breakfast

A breakfast that can satisfy the demanding requirements of common sense weight control has been worked out by ranking nutritionists at an outstanding university and diet specialists at Kellogg's of Battle Creek.

This breakfast is built around a unique cereal food—Kellogg's Special K.

Special K, a good-tasting, high-protein cereal, was "invented" by this same team several years ago. When served with milk, Special K provides a significant amount of complete protein—as well as other dietary essentials—first thing in the morning.

### The Special K Menu

Half a medium-size grapefruit—or
4 ounces of orange or tomato juice

1 ounce (1½ cups) Special K
with 1 teaspoon sugar

4 ounces skim milk

Black coffee or tea

This complete protein breakfast adds up to 240 calories.

### A Bonus in Well-Being

The Special K Breakfast is an easy-to-get breakfast. (It's ready before your coffee is cool enough to drink.) And most folks agree that it is quite delicious, too. It is crisp and light and has a substantial feel in your mouth. It is appetizing to the eye. In short, the Special K Breakfast is one that can be enjoyed week after week, month after month.

And because Special K with milk gives you complete high-quality protein, it also gives you a feeling of well-being. Your body has been pleasantly nourished so you aren't plagued by hunger an hour or two later.

### Moderation Is the Answer

With sensible watching of the foods you eat at other meals—cutting down instead of cutting out—there is no reason why the Special K Breakfast can't help you reach the weight you want—and keep it.

*Isn't that important enough to make you want to give the new Special K Breakfast a good try? If you have any questions on weight control, your doctor, of course, is your best source of information.*

Kellogg's *of Battle Creek*

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(*Continued from Page 80*) receding hourly toward the last date he could get his equipment west from Beaufort Lagoon to Barrow, before the ice surely would close tight against the peninsula for the winter. He also carried two other worrisome dates in his mind—the fleet must be west of Point Barrow by October first and out of the Bering Sea by October fifteenth. The penalty would be cancellation of marine insurance.

Almost daily Riley and Don Esmay, contract pilot, took the little airplane off Barrow's steel-mat airfield. Nothing was reassuring. Bullock's big tug *Mohawk* had towed a floating dry dock all the way east to the Mackenzie River in Canada. On August twenty-first, on her way back, the *Mohawk* radioed that she was stuck in the ice, forty miles offshore and 100 miles east of Barrow. Days later the United States Coast Guard icebreaker *Burton Island* located the *Mohawk*, her propeller bent like a pretzel, and took her in tow.

Riley still could find no way east for his fleet—until the wind changed. Stepping out of a Barrow camp hut one morning, he finally felt a chill breeze on his southerly cheek. An hour later the *Peyaka*, with her stubborn barge, was again forging around Point Barrow at a desperate seven knots. This time a narrow channel opened just off the Plover Islands, and the *Peyaka* sneaked through. Fifty miles southeast, at POW A, her crew snaked the end of a floating fuel hose ashore and started pumping. And Tegtmeier got his steel.

Meanwhile, the *Winquatt*, the *Polar Bear* and their barges also slipped around Point Barrow to wait for the *Peyaka* off POW A. But that bedeviled vessel now was against the shore with packed ice between her and open water. She finally got out with the help of the *Polar Bear*—but Arctic Resupply had lost the five hours she took to go 500 yards.

Seldom is there justice. M. S. Condon and his twenty men at POW I, a large station, had fifteen months of fuel and good buildings all connected. They could have passed the winter comfortably even if new warehouse materials had not arrived. But Riley's fleet had no trouble.

They had less luck, however, on the Kogru River. This is the site of another relay station, POW B, and the schedule allowed one day for unloading. In the *Polar Bear* Riley carefully sounded a lagoon, finding just enough water for *Barge 539* and for a lighter to be brought up against the shore. Confidently crews moved a single rolligon off the lighter—just as an offshore wind sprang up.

Three hours later tugs were shoving barges out of the lagoon as fast as they could. The water level had gone down a foot and still was dropping. Riley directed the fleet to an open beach five miles away. The rolligon ashore attempted the same trip overland, but bogged down in a swamp. Five days later unloading was completed. Nothing had been lost except more time.

From well out in the Arctic Ocean, the *Burton Island* reported by radio that old ice was coming together, pressure forcing enormous bergs clear out of the water. New ice was forming, and every sign indicated an early freeze-up. The date was September second. Riley still had six deliveries to make.

At POW II, shore ice slowed lighterage and knocked another skeg out of line. At POW C, *Barge 530* went aground when water ran out ahead of another south wind. The *Polar Bear* got her off after forty-eight hours. The schedule had called for six hours.

At POW D a pressure ridge of ice twenty feet high on the barren shore slowed deliveries from an expected seven hours to twenty. Crewmen were staggering from fatigue when they finally put to sea again. Even the totals in their overtime ledgers—an ordinary seaman may make more than $2000 a month during this phase of the operation—seemed unimportant now.

What did sound important was a radio message from the *Burton Island*. Paraphrased, it said, "Conditions are worsening fast. All shipping east of Point Barrow should prepare to get out now."

Riley's fleet was 300 miles east, and it kept going. Barter Island was ahead—a five-day unloading job, with luck. Riley sounded a lagoon which offered the only protection. Now and then he glanced at a Navy LST, which had tried to unload some eight years ago. It was now well up on shore, battered by winters of pressure ice.

The lagoon was enclosed by a scimitar of sand, with 130 feet between the point and the shore and a minimum depth of thirteen feet inside, with moorage for *Barge 539* just off the point. Happily Riley directed anchoring on September eleventh. The *539* crew ran out a quarter mile of floating hose to a pipeline ashore, and others shoved a lighter against the beach. They were ready to unload.

But there was a little wind out of the north. Two days later the lighter was still against the shore, held there by four straining tractors. The fuel hose now was twice as long, having been paid out to reduce the probability of snapping. Even so, sixty-five pounds of pressure on the pumps could not force fuel through the four-inch line; pressure of a screaming forty-knot north wind and the seas was too great on the hose's exterior. Riley shut down the pumps, and delivery of 271,000 gallons of oil was delayed for a while. So was everything else.

The wind shifted to the east, howling at forty-five knots across the curve of the scimitar. Ice gathered against the sand and was pushed up on it by other ice. Seas broke over ice and froze as they cascaded down. Then the wind shifted to the west and blew at thirty knots.

When it finally died, crewmen needed no urging to go to work again. They were reeling now, eyes puffed, hands cracked. One man fell and was sent home by plane with a badly sprained hip. Others went to sleep standing up. Galleys on the tugs kept food and coffee hot twenty-four hours a day. Riley again measured the lagoon. The entrance was now thirty feet wide, and he could find no more than thirteen feet of water anywhere inside the lagoon. Sand and wind had filled it in.

There was another message from the *Burton Island:* "Get out—now." New ice was nearly a foot thick alongside the barges in the cold dawn. The date was September eighteenth.

Riley sent the *Peyaka* and a barge fifty miles farther east to Beaufort Lagoon. "It was part of the job," he said later, "that we'd come to do."

Lumber and steel, oil in barrels and oil in the pipeline went ashore, along with stoves and trucks—all the things which could not be handled easily by air. But by air Riley was scouting—first to the east where the *Peyaka* had run head on into another forty-five-knot storm and was unable to make progress with its tow. Riley sent the *Winquatt* to take over the tow—another nine-hour delay.

By radio the *Burton Island* sent its monotonous instruction: "Get out, immediately. The ice. . . ." There wasn't much point in reading the rest of it.

On September twenty-fourth there was another, more definite, message. The *Burton Island* said, "We cannot be responsible nor help you if you do not leave immediately."

Forty-eight hours later the *Peyaka* and the *Winquatt* returned from Beaufort. Nobody wasted much time. *Winquatt* skipper Glen Gordon hooked tow cables to *Barge 539*, another cable from that to a smaller barge and the *Polar Bear* alongside it, a third from the *Polar Bear* back to another barge and the *Peyaka*. Thus the three propellers of the *Winquatt*, the five slower ones of the *Peyaka* and the thrashing little screw of the *Polar Bear* all contributed to maximum speed for the whole fleet. Nobody could go very fast, but nobody was left behind.

Riley took the right-hand seat of the airplane as Esmay headed once more out over the ice. Straight north there was the suggestion of a lead—a spot where new ice was six inches thick, but bigger cakes were reasonably far apart. Into this barrier Riley sent his fleet crashing for twenty miles. Home was south, but they were headed due north—and if they stuck there, they wouldn't get home.

The fleet moved at eight knots, Riley at 150 miles an hour—and he finally located open water, or nearly that, for most of the necessary 400 miles west. But the lead aimed straight for the land, fifty miles east of Barrow. At POW I, Esmay landed at ten P.M. in a pea-soup fog. The wind was from the north. When the fleet came within easy radio distance, one of the tugs sent a plaintive message: "How does it look up ahead?"

Riley is proud of his truthfulness, but men on the boats were dead tired, suffering reactions from a month of overwork. Riley's answer said, "It looks good." His conscience quivered. Half a dozen miles west, ice was firm against the continent, and although Riley and Esmay flew north for fifty miles, they could find no breaks.

Riley said, "Pray for a south wind."

Esmay wondered why.

"East of Point Barrow," Riley said, "the current runs northwest. West of the point, it runs northeast, and those currents meet off the point. If there's a south wind, coupled with that pressure, it just might be enough to break that ice away from the shore. It has to be."

On the morning of September twenty-eighth Riley stepped out of a shore building to feel a slight southerly breeze. Fingers crossed, he and Esmay flew over the ice once more, waggling wings at the train of tugs and barges. One pass over the ice showed nothing, and a second only left Riley's mouth dry with waiting. But on a third trip, only a mile offshore, Esmay took the plane even lower. Like a crack in a china plate, a line was drawn through the ice. As they circled, it visibly grew wider, then wider still. On the radio Riley tried to keep his voice calm. "Just keep going," he told Gordon. "A lead's opening up ahead of you."

Late on September twenty-eighth the battered fleet of the sealift rounded Point Barrow. The navigators' tepee was hidden behind a wall of pressure ice. Ice was solid between the ships and rounded domes of the DEW station; ice crowded almost up to the steel-mat runway of the airfield. But there was a way through.

The fleet spent twelve more hours unloading at Barrow. When it pulled away again, the route west still was open, but against the point to the north there was only ice. The wind had changed, the lead was closed, and no one seriously expected it to open again until spring.

Nobody cared less than Ron Riley and his ragtag fleet. At one more stop Riley and a companion crossed a lagoon with an outboard skiff, stayed a few hours and then had to drag skiff and motor back over ice which had formed in the meantime.

Insurance men and Jack Bullock, still in his office, continued to sweat as the fleet inched through ice and then into the teeth of the worst Bering Sea storm in a decade. But it did get out ahead of the October fifteenth final deadline.

In West Coast ports repairmen had months of work to do on battered propellers, skegs, bent shafts and abused machinery. And months would pass before Bullock, tagged as a madman for trying to make money this way four years ago, could know whether he had made any money this year.

In Seattle in October, Riley took time for a short haircut before going home to Oregon, where he would attempt to make some profits of his own from his cranberry bog and his regular steamship-company job. He admitted he might never find time to go to the arctic again and he was not sure whether the gamble really had been worth while—the risk of ships, even of lives.

"I think," he said, "all of us just figured we had a job to do—so we did it."

THE END

"Ah! That's what we've been looking for—that little stab of pain!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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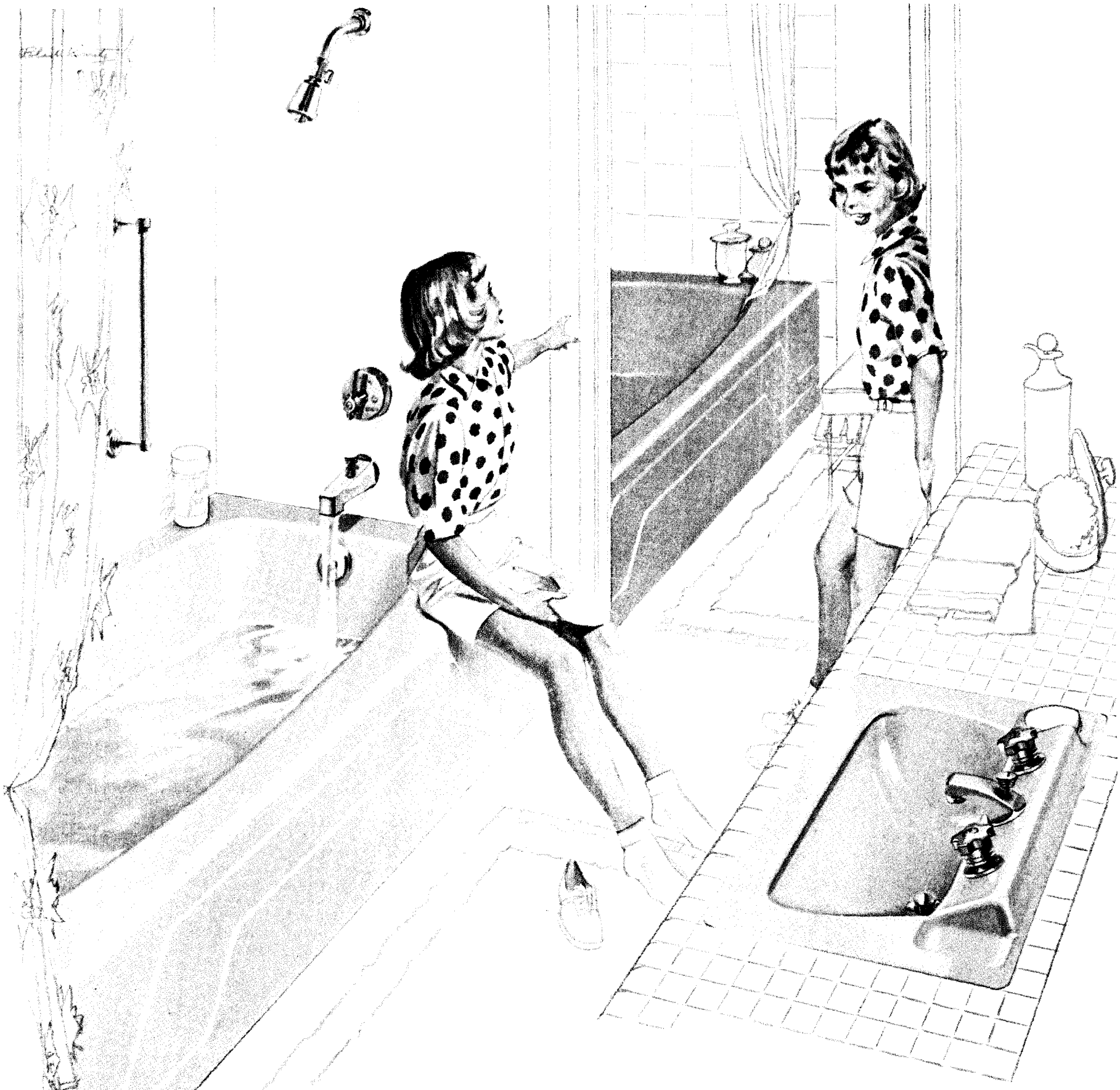

# Just two too

As refreshing as a bath is the individuality of the Peachblow and Cerulean Blue fixtures . . . also available in four other Kohler pastels and in white. Distinctive are the designs of the Dynametric bath and of the Carvel lavatory with its angle mount for the Kohler fittings . . . All-Brass with a star-bright finish of chrome. Consult your Kohler dealer or write for booklet J-54.

*Give your family bathroom emancipation in a home with at least two bathrooms.*

Twins are nice . . . so are twin bathrooms with fixtures by Kohler of Kohler!

The extra bathroom adds to the comfort and convenience of family living.

Kohler bathrooms with fixtures in white or harmonious pastels . . . and with gleaming chrome-plated fittings . . . make a home proud of itself.

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# The Case of the Spurious Spinster

(Continued from Page 18)

"Yes, I know," Susan said, smiling. "I make out the orders for his shoes. Does your daddy know that you have his treasure box?"

"He said we could trade," Carleton said.

"When?"

"Oh, a while back."

"I thought your daddy was going to go out on the golf course this morning."

"He said we could trade," Carleton repeated.

Susan said, "I'd better look in your daddy's treasure box, Carleton, just to see."

He made a convulsive grasping gesture, pressing the box to himself and bending over. "No!" he screamed. "That was where Miss Dow made trouble."

"How did she make trouble, Carleton?"

"She wanted to take it away."

"Why?"

"I don't know."

"I'm not talking about taking it away," Susan said. "I just wondered if your daddy has as many treasures as you do. Do you think he does?"

"I don't know."

"Wouldn't it be fun to find out?" she said, her voice containing an invitation to adventure.

"It's tied up," Carleton said.

Susan smiled at him. "I'm awfully good at knots," she said—and then frowned thoughtfully. "Perhaps, though, those knots would be too much for us. Let's take a look at them, just to see."

Carleton let her inspect the knots. As soon as she saw the neat square knot, she knew that this had not been tied by childish fingers. Whether or not his explanation of the exchange of treasure boxes was correct, there seemed to be no doubt that this was an adult treasure box.

"Let's see how heavy," she said.

He hesitated for a moment, then let her take the box. She moved it up and down in her two hands, estimating the weight, then handed it back to him. "I wonder what makes it so heavy," Susan said and then added, "If your daddy has any business papers in there, Carleton, we'd have to keep them from getting lost, wouldn't we?"

He nodded gravely, hanging onto the box. "I won't lose it."

"Do you know the difference between a square knot and a granny knot?" Susan asked.

"My granny is dead," he said.

"No, no, not your grandmother, but the knot they call the granny. Look, this is tied with a square knot. See? Here, let me show you."

Having engaged his attention and with the box still on the child's lap, Susan worked away at the knot until it was untied. "See how easy it is to untie that kind of a knot?" she said. "Now, a granny is the name of another knot. It's the kind of a knot you would tie if you didn't know knots."

Pretending to show Carleton the different methods of tying the string, Susan managed to get the knotted fish twine off the box. She left the box in Carleton's lap, but surreptitiously raised a corner of the cover as she got to her knees in order to readjust the string.

What Susan saw stopped her cold. The box was well filled with green currency, and the bills Susan saw in that first peek into the box were in amounts of one hundred dollars.

Carleton seemed concerned that someone was going to try to take the box from him.

"Does Miss Dow know this is your daddy's treasure box?" Sue asked.

"Of course. She tried to take that box. She wants my treasure. I don't like her. She's bad."

"I wonder," Sue said thoughtfully, "if your treasure is safe with your daddy. Do you suppose he might lose it?"

The boy's face clouded with the idea.

"I think," Sue said, "that we should find your daddy and tell him that if he takes your treasure, he has to be very careful. Perhaps we could give him his back and take yours, and then yours wouldn't get lost. A golf course is a very big place."

"I don't know where my daddy is. He went out in a car."

"I think he was going to play golf this morning," she said. "You don't want to lose your treasure, do you?"

"I'm going to keep daddy's treasure," the child said, his hands gripping the box tightly.

Sue let her face light up with the inspiration of a sudden idea. "Wouldn't it be fine," she said, "to open the safe, the big safe, and put the treasure box in there?"

Carleton seemed dubious.

"Then we'd close the safe," Sue said, lowering her voice to a conspiratorial tone, "and Miss Dow couldn't get in there. Nobody could get in. We'd lock it up, and the treasure would be safe, and then we could get it again whenever we wanted it."

Carleton's eyes lighted up. "O.K.," he said in almost an eager whisper, "let's open the safe."

Sue crossed over to the big safe, twisted the dials on the two combinations and finally flung the doors open. She unlocked the inner steel door and then rearranged some papers so as to make room for the box.

"All right," she whispered, "let's hurry. We'll put it in there before Miss Dow gets back."

Carleton was dancing with excitement. "We'll close it and we won't tell her where it is."

"Oh, we can tell her where it is," Sue said, "but it won't do her any good. She can't get the safe open. Nobody except your daddy and me can get this safe open."

"Gee, that's swell," Carleton said.

Sue reached for the box. For a moment Carleton hesitated at parting company with it, but then he shoved it into her hands.

"Now we'll get it fitted right in this compartment here," Sue said.

She turned for a moment so that her body hid the box from Carleton, and during that moment lifted the cover.

There were literally thousands of dollars in that box—hundred-dollar bills which had been stacked neatly and bound with rubber bands, evidently, Sue thought in her hurried survey, in lots of five thousand dollars each.

She fumbled getting the cover back on the box, said, "We'll have to tie this string again," and carefully tied the fish cord around the box, knotting it in a square knot as she had found it and then pushing the box into the safe. She hurriedly closed the inner door, twisted the key, then closed the heavy outer doors, pulled the nickeled levers which shot the bolts into place and spun the combinations.

"Now," she said triumphantly, "we've got it where nobody can get it away from you."

Carleton was literally dancing with excitement. "We won't even tell her where it is."

"Oh, if she asks, I think we'd better tell her," Sue said. "But—you know, I think we ought to try and find your daddy and see if he took your treasure box."

"I don't know where he went," Carleton said.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," Susan said. "We'll ring the country club. I think we can find him there. I know he was intending to play golf this morning, and he's out on the links someplace."

"Can we put my treasure in the safe too?" Carleton asked.

"I think so. I think your daddy will let us. Let's see if we can find him."

Sue connected up the switchboard and put through a call to the country club.

"Is Mr. Endicott Campbell on the links?" she asked.

"I'll have to connect you with the office of the pro," the operator said. "Just a moment."

After a few moments a masculine voice said gruffly, "Golf shop."

"Is Mr. Endicott Campbell on the links this morning?" Sue asked. "I'd like to speak with him, and it's quite important. This is his office calling, and if you ——"

"But he isn't here," the voice interrupted. "He hasn't been here all morning. There was a reservation for him as a member of a foursome, but they canceled out. Sorry."

"So what if we are a couple of no-good lazy bums—nobody's perfect."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Thank you," Sue said and hung up. For a long moment she sat thinking while Carleton watched her, his eyes wide with childish curiosity. Then abruptly the switchboard buzzed with an incoming call, and a red light flashed on the trunk line.

She hesitated a moment, then almost automatically plugged in the line. "Corning Mining, Smelting and Investment Company," she said.

A woman's voice, sharply strident, said, "Why isn't anyone here to meet me?"

"I'm sorry," Sue said in her most dulcet voice. "Can you tell me who you are and where you are and ——"

"This is Amelia Corning. I'm at the airport."

"What!" Sue exclaimed.

"Didn't you hear me?"

"I—yes, why—we weren't expecting you until Monday, Miss Corning."

"Monday my foot!" the voice snapped. "I sent you a wire. You should have met me. This is an imposition. I had to get someone to wheel me up to a phone booth and dial the phone for me. Now, you get out here! Who are you? Who's talking?"

"This is Susan Fisher, the confidential secretary of Mr. Endicott Campbell," Sue said.

"Where's Mr. Campbell?"

"He isn't here this morning. This is Saturday morning, you know."

"I know what day it is. Don't tell me what day it is!" the woman snapped. "All right, get out here. I'll wait. I've had a lot of problems with baggage and Customs and all the rest of it and I'm tired."

The phone was slammed at the other end of the line. Susan hung up the telephone in a daze, turned to Carleton and said, "Carleton, do you know where Miss Dow was going?"

Before he could answer, the door to the entrance room opened, and Elizabeth Dow stood on the threshold. "Was he much trouble?" she asked.

"He's a dear," Sue said. "Just a darling. But I've got to run—and I've got to find Mr. Campbell. Do you know where he is?"

"Playing golf, I think. You'd better try the country club—that is, if it's really important. I don't think he'd want to be disturbed ——"

"I'll be the judge of that," Sue interrupted somewhat shortly. "I've tried the country club. I can't locate him there. I simply have to know where he is."

The governess shook her head.

"Well, I haven't time to mess with it now," Sue said. "Come on, I'm closing up the office. Let's go."

"Where are you going?" the governess asked.

"I have a business matter to attend to—a very important business matter. It's an emergency. If you see Mr. Campbell, tell him that he must get in touch with me at once. At once, do you understand? It's a major emergency. Come on now, let's get out of here."

Elizabeth Dow didn't wish to be hurried. She collected Carleton in a leisurely manner and said, "Where's your box, Carleton?"

Carleton started to say something, then checked himself and looked at Susan Fisher. "We've hid it," he said.

Miss Dow said, "I don't think you should be hiding things like that. We'll need to keep your treasure with us. Where is it?"

"It's safe for the time being," Sue said. "I'll get it later."

Sue all but pushed the governess out of the door. She pulled the door closed, bent down to give Carleton a hug, then flew down the corridor to the elevator and rang the bell.

The cage slid smoothly up to the floor. The operator (*Continued on Page 86*)

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(*Continued from Page 84*) smiled and said, "All finished, Miss Fisher?"

Sue could hear Miss Dow's steps around the bend in the corridor and prayed that the attendant would not hear them. "Yes," she said, "and I've got to get a cab in a hurry."

"All right," the attendant said, "let's go." The door slid shut just as Elizabeth Dow, holding Carleton Campbell firmly by the hand, rounded the bend in the corridor. The assistant janitor who was operating the elevator didn't see them, but for a swift moment Elizabeth Dow's eyes locked with those of Sue Fisher. And, as the door started to close, an expression of angry indignation flooded the face of the governess; then Sue saw only the lights marking the floor numbers as the elevator descended.

She hurried across the lobby and found a taxi at the cabstand near the corner. She jumped into it and said, "I've got to get to the airport. Please get me there as quickly as possible."

After she had started, Sue looked in her purse, wondering if she would have enough money to pay the cab. Having decided she could just about make it, she settled back against the cushions, closed her eyes and tried her best to get the situation clarified.

Miss Corning was an irascible but exceedingly clever businesswoman. If she could be stalled off until Endicott Campbell could be located, she would ask her questions of the manager. But Sue had a sinking feeling that Amelia Corning was going to ask questions of her—questions that it might be very difficult indeed to answer. In fact, Sue had been asking herself questions during the last few days while they had been getting statements ready in anticipation of Miss Corning's arrival.

There was, for instance, the question of the Mojave mine known as the Mojave Monarch. The company books certainly showed the Mojave Monarch was operating on a twenty-four-hour basis, three eight-hour shifts a day. But a week ago Sunday, when Susan had taken a drive out by Mojave, she had seen an old weather-beaten sign on a dirt road which said simply: MONARCH MINE. Sue had followed this road out to a place where unpainted buildings were sprawled in the sunlight on the side of a mountain.

Not only did the buildings seem unoccupied but they had about them an unmistakable aura of abandonment—the peculiar odor which comes to buildings in the desert that have not known human occupancy for some time. Only the manager's cabin seemed occupied, but no one had answered her knock.

Puzzled, Sue had driven back to Mojave and asked at a service station about the Mojave Monarch. The man told her there was only one Monarch mine in the vicinity as far as he knew, and that hadn't been worked for more than two years.

At the time, Susan had felt certain there was some mistake, that there must be a Monarch mine the man at the service station didn't know about, and the mine she had found was simply another mine bearing the same name. After all, Monarch was a name which could easily be duplicated simply through coincidence.

During the past week Sue had taken occasion to consult the records on the Monarch mine. There could be no question but what the Mojave Monarch, which was a subsidiary of the Corning Mining, Smelting and Investment Company, was running twenty-four hours a day, three shifts of twelve miners.

There was an office in Mojave where the business affairs were administered. The Corning Mining, Smelting and Investment Company simply made regular checks covering expenses.

There were reports from the mine. These reports indicated that engineers felt they were due to break into a big body of high-grade ore, and were larded with technical terms which meant little or nothing to Sue Fisher when she had given them a hasty perusal. She barely knew the difference between a hanging wall and a footwall. She did know that the vein had "faulted out" and at the time the fault had been encountered the vein was fabulously rich and getting wider.

Sue knew that there had been something in Amelia Corning's correspondence about the Mojave Monarch records. Geological reports had been forwarded to her in South America. That, however, was only one of several matters that had caused Amelia Corning, after a five-year absence from the company, to return to make a personal check on the affairs of the company.

Sue dreaded the barrage of questions which might be asked. She decided to refer everything to Mr. Campbell and play it just as dumb as she knew how. At the airport Sue paid off the cabbie. It took every cent she had in her purse to pay the driver and leave him a thirty-five-cent tip.

"I'm sorry about the tip," she apologized. "I had an emergency matter and—this is every cent I've got."

"Forget it, lady," the cabdriver said with a smile, handing her back the thirty-five cents. "Here, I'll bet you've got some telephoning to do and—you take it."

She looked at his rugged face, the kindly smiling eyes and abruptly gave him her hand. "Oh, thank you," she said. "I feel so—so cheap. Actually I can put this on an expense account, but—well, I don't have the cash with me, that's all."

"Forget it," he told her. "It's a pleasure to carry a lady like you."

Then he was gone, and Sue was hurrying toward the waiting room, searching for Amelia Corning, fearful lest she shouldn't find her, yet dreading the encounter.

Then Susan spotted her. It would, in fact, have been impossible to miss her. She sat in a collapsible wheel chair facing the waiting-room door. Two suitcases and a handbag were parked beside the wheel chair. The luggage was generously plastered with labels of various South American hotels and resorts. The face was far from prepossessing, being set in grim lines with a long bony chin, a firm, straight nose, high cheekbones and glasses with huge dark-blue lenses which completely concealed the eyes.

Susan approached the figure in the chair. "Miss Corning?" Susan asked, trying to keep a quaver out of her voice.

The bony face slowly tilted upward. Susan had the feeling that back of the heavy dark glasses weak eyes were trying to appraise her.

"Yes."

"I'm Susan Fisher, Mr. Campbell's secretary, the one you talked with in the office."

Susan expected some criticism and was surprised when the woman said, in a voice which had lost its truculence, "You're a dear, Susan, to get out here so soon."

"I came as soon as I could."

"I know you did. Thank you."

Susan said, "You're—you're very welcome. Now, do we take a cab?"

"Of course we take a cab."

"I'll have to get your baggage out and ——"

"Call the porter."

"Yes, Miss Corning. I—I'm sorry, I ——"

"Well, what is it?" the woman snapped, suddenly losing her gracious manner. "I hate people who stumble around and try to put a sugar coating on bad news. What's the trouble?"

"I have only a few cents," Sue said. "I used up my meager store of personal pocket money paying the cab fare out here."

"Don't you have a petty-cash fund at the office available for emergencies? Why isn't there a fund available to trusted employees?"

"I—I don't know. There just isn't."

"There's a safe?"

"Yes—of course."

"You have the combination to it?"

"Yes."

"Who else has the combination?"

"Mr. Campbell."

"There should be a fund of five hundred dollars kept available for emergency trips. How do you know when I might call on you to take a plane at once for South America?"

Sue Fisher stood in something of a quandary, hardly knowing how to reply.

"When you get hold of Mr. Campbell, see that such a fund is available. I may want you to come to South America. You're a good girl, Susan. You're frightened to death. After you get to know me better, you won't be so frightened, but you will learn to respect my judgment; you will carry out my orders unhesitatingly. Do you understand? Unhesitatingly."

"Yes, Miss Corning."

"Very well," she said, opening her bag, taking out a billfold and extracting five bills.

"My eyes aren't good. I can't see well in this light. Tell me, my dear, are these ten-dollar bills?"

Susan Fisher said in an odd voice, "No, Miss Corning, they're hundred-dollar bills."

"Thank you. I keep the hundreds in one side and the tens in the other. I guess my billfold must have got turned around."

Her bony fingers moved to the other side of the thick sheaf of bills, and she counted out five bills.

"These are tens, Sue?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"All right, that's fifty dollars. That's expense money. Deduct what you paid for the taxicab and now get me a porter and a cab, and we'll get started. You have reservations for me?"

"The reservations were for Monday, but we can probably get in."

"My wire wasn't received?"

"No, ma'am."

"It should have been."

"It's probably on the way someplace."

"On the way nothing! I left earlier than I intended to on the spur of the moment. That no-good attendant at the airport to whom I gave a big bill so he could pay for the wire tore up the telegram, put the money in his pocket and went out and got drunk. All right, Susan, we'll go to the hotel."

Susan secured a porter and a cab and found herself answering intimate searching questions about the business of the Corning Mining, Smelting and Investment Company during the ride in the taxicab.

At one point Susan ventured to say, "I do wish you'd save these questions to ask of Mr. Campbell, Miss Corning."

"You're in my employ, aren't you?"

"Yes. But I'm directly under Mr. Campbell."

"I don't care whom you're directly under, you're in my employ. You're working for me. You're drawing wages that come out of my pocket. I want loyalty, I want efficiency and I want cooperation. You'll answer my questions, my child, and we won't have any more of this 'Ask Mr. Campbell' stuff.

"I'm going to the hotel just long enough to check in and get my bags put in my room, then we're going up to the office, and you're going to put in the rest of the day answering questions."

"I am?" Sue exclaimed, despair in her voice.

"Yes, my child, you are. And you're going to answer them right. I don't want any attempt to shield anyone, you understand. Yourself or anyone else."

"Yes, Miss Corning."

"Now, for your information," she said, "the reason I arrived on Saturday morning instead of Monday is that I knew good and well Endicott Campbell would be out playing golf or doing something of that sort and I wanted to descend on the office and get some records before he was expecting me. I thought I would find one of Campbell's assistants at the office today. You said that you had the combination to the safe. We're going to open it and we're going to take a look. It's going to be a strain on my eyes, and I'll have to use a big reading glass, but I'm going to check some of the figures, and you're going to give me the information I want.

(*Continued on Page 88*)

"How's my little bride making out with breakfast?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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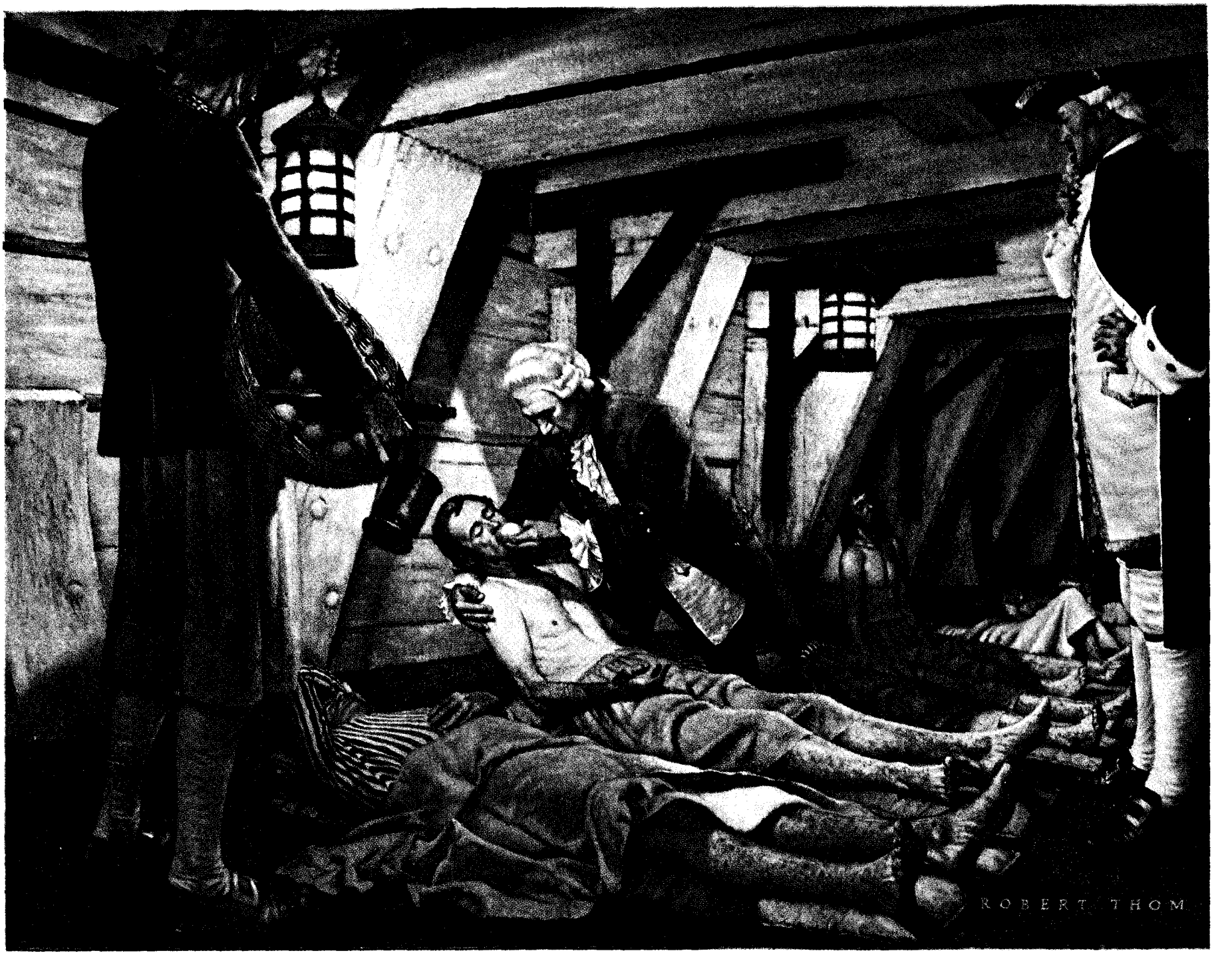


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(*Continued from Page 86*) "Now, then, I'm going to ask you a straight question. Have you any reason to believe that Endicott Campbell is dishonest?"

"I—why, no."

"You hesitated after you started to answer the question. I don't want hesitation; I want straightforward answers. Have you any reason to believe Endicott Campbell is dishonest?"

"Well," Susan said, "there's one matter that's been bothering me—the Mojave Monarch."

"And that's been bothering me. I think we're going to get along together pretty well, Susan, once you've learned to answer questions promptly, frankly and honestly."

At Miss Corning's insistence, Susan went not only to the hotel with her but signed Miss Corning's name on the hotel register for her, then went up to the suite of rooms which had been reserved for Monday the fifth. The clerk said the rooms were presently available and was able to assign them for immediate occupancy.

Then, after the briefest of intervals, Sue escorted Miss Corning to the office.

"Now, then, my child," Miss Corning said, "I want to see the vouchers on the Mojave Monarch mine. As you probably know, I instructed Mr. Campbell to have everything ready for me."

Sue said, "The books are in the safe, but all the detailed information seems to be in Mojave. The canceled checks are in a box—that is, the checks covering the monthly operating expenses."

"All right, those are generally the expenses of the mine. What has been received from it by way of shipments?"

"I can't find those records. I think they are in Mojave. There are reports showing the main vein faulted out, but I know from oral reports Mr. Campbell has made to me that there has been quite a quantity of milling ore brought out of the ground."

"What was done with it?"

"I don't know."

"Open up the safe. Let's see what the books show."

Susan opened the safe, unlocked the inner steel door and pulled out the books pertaining to the Mojave Monarch Gold Mining and Exploration Company.

Miss Corning sent her wheel chair up to within a few inches of the safe, leaned forward to peer from behind those dark glasses. "What's this?" she asked, pointing a long bony finger toward the shoe box which Susan had taken from Carleton Campbell.

For a moment Sue was embarrassed. "Why, that," she said, "that's . . . something private, something of my own that I've put in the safe for a few hours because I didn't want to take it with me when I went to the airport and ——"

"What is it?" Miss Corning insisted.

"Something personal. I wouldn't have put it in there, Miss Corning, if it hadn't been for the fact that you telephoned and your telephone call upset my entire schedule. After all, you know, I'm not supposed to be working today. This is something of a purely private nature."

Miss Corning tilted her head so that the big opaque lenses of her dark glasses were turned directly toward Sue. Then she said, "Humph," and spun the chair around and sent it speeding across the office to the desk where Sue had spread out the books and the statements.

Sue was coming to hold this woman in awe. She had an uncanny ability to read her mind, to interpret the faintest nuance of voice. "Now, my dear, my eyes aren't what they should be. I can only read with this big reading glass, and it tires my eyes. I'm going to have to rely on you. Where's the trial balance sheet?"

Susan got it for her.

"Read me the figures," Miss Corning said.

Sue read the figures.

When she had finished, Miss Corning cross-examined her on them, recalling figure after figure accurately down to the last penny, as though she had the balance sheet right in front of her. Then suddenly she changed the subject. "What about this Oklahoma Royal property?" she asked.

Sue went over to the safe and brought out a statement. At Miss Corning's insistence she read that statement also.

Abruptly Miss Corning said, "I think Endicott Campbell is a crook."

Sue was shocked into frozen silence.

"Get me a suitcase," Miss Corning commanded. "I'm going to take all those papers with me. I want a handwriting expert to look over those. I think those pay checks are phonies. I think they've all been endorsed by Endicott Campbell."

"Why, Miss Corning!" Sue exclaimed. "That—that would be ——"

"Exactly," Miss Corning snapped before Sue finished. "That would be forgery. Now, then, I want something that will hold those records. I want a suitcase—two suitcases. Here."

Miss Corning again picked up her bag, opened it, pulled out the billfold, extracted a hundred-dollar bill and said, "You'll find a baggage store open around here someplace. Go down and get me two suitcases. I don't want them fancy; I want them strong. Get back here just as fast as you can."

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> DAVE MURRAY

"Yes, ma'am," Sue said.

"Hurry along now. I know a handwriting expert here in the city who will go into these things for me. I'm not satisfied with the way things have been going, and you're not either."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"You know good and well what I mean. You're down here working on your Saturday trying to get things straightened up. You've been wondering what you were going to say to me when I showed up. You were hoping you wouldn't have to answer my questions, that Endicott Campbell would do it. For your information, I think Campbell has skipped out. I don't think he can take it."

"I—I—I don't think I should discuss Mr. Campbell with you, Miss Corning. After all, I work for ——"

"Shut up that magpie chatter!" the woman snapped, "and go down and get me those suitcases! I want to get started on this. I want to have this thing all at my finger tips by Monday morning and I want to know how to approach Endicott Campbell. I'm not going to lay myself wide open to a lawsuit by accusing him of anything I can't prove. If I make an accusation, I want to be able to prove it. Now, get started."

"Yes, ma'am," Sue said, feeling very small and insignificant and at the same time very much alarmed.

She went down in the elevator and enlisted the aid of a cab driver who took her to a rather small but well-stocked baggage store, waited while she hurriedly selected two strong suitcases and then drove her back to the office.

Sue, carrying the empty suitcases, found Miss Corning in her wheel chair by the window holding some canceled checks up to the bright afternoon light. A thick-lensed reading glass was held above the checks.

Miss Corning looked up as Sue entered and said, "Humph, just as I thought. This whole deal is completely phony. You got the suitcases, child?"

"Yes."

"Put them out on that table. Start putting these checks in them. Now, I want that book and all of these statements. I'm going over them in the hotel tonight.

"Now, then, just where is Endicott Campbell? I mean, where is he supposed to be?"

"I don't know. I called the golf club this morning trying to locate him. He was part of a foursome that had a reservation there, but it had been canceled out."

"I want to see him," Miss Corning said, "and I want to see him tonight at my hotel. Don't let him come up here. I don't want to see him now; I don't want to see him at *his* convenience, I want to see him at mine! Get on the telephone and get him located."

"I'll have to go to the switchboard," Sue said, "and ——"

"I don't care where you have to go," Miss Corning snapped, throwing a bundle of canceled checks into one of the suitcases. "Get on the telephone and get him located. Phone his golf club again. If he isn't there, get him located. What about his house—he wouldn't be there?"

"I don't know. I just don't know where he is, Miss Corning."

"He's a widower?"

"His wife has left him. There's a daughter, Eve, with her. A younger child, Carleton, is with Mr. Campbell. He has a governess for him."

"Who's the governess?"

"An Englishwoman, Elizabeth Dow."

"All right," Miss Corning said, "get hold of her. Get her on the phone. Dig up some information. I want Endicott Campbell at my suite at the hotel tonight at eight-forty-five. When I say eight-forty-five, I mean eight-forty-five on the dot.

"Now, you get busy on that telephone, and I'll put the things I want in these suitcases."

At the end of a full fifteen minutes spent on the telephone, Sue knew no more than she had earlier in the day. The foursome at the golf club had been canceled. The three other members of the foursome had been advised earlier in the day by Endicott Campbell that he couldn't make it.

A telephone call to the Campbell residence brought the information from Elizabeth Dow that the housekeeper had not heard from Endicott Campbell all day; that he was supposed to be home at six-thirty; that he had asked to have dinner served promptly at seven o'clock.

When Sue Fisher reported to Miss Corning, the woman sat for nearly thirty seconds motionless in the wheel chair. Then she said, "Very well. These suitcases are quite heavy for you. Go down and give the man who runs the elevator a couple of dollars to come and take these down to the sidewalk. We'll get a cab there and go to the hotel."

Sue went to the elevator, explained their predicament to the assistant janitor, who promptly came and picked up the suitcases. Then Sue closed up the safe and the office and she and Miss Corning went to the elevator and down to the sidewalk. Sue hailed a cab.

"What's your address, my child?" Miss Corning asked.

Sue gave her the address.

"Very well," Miss Corning said to the cab driver, "we'll drive by there first and leave this young woman at her

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apartment. Then you can take me to the Arthenium Hotel."

There was something about the way Miss Corning gave orders which caused cab drivers instinctively to touch their caps. "Yes, ma'am," he said.

Miss Corning, with deft skill, whipped the wheel chair alongside the open door of the cab. She could, Sue noticed, use her legs enough to be of some assistance as the driver helped her into the cab, but at one period she leaned heavily on Sue's shoulder, and it was at that moment Sue got the impression of enormous strength in the long fingers which seemed to dig into her shoulder. Then Miss Corning was in the cab, the wheel chair was being folded and put up in front with the two suitcases. Sue got in the other side of the cab.

"Oh, by the way," Sue said, "I neglected to give you the change from the hundred dollars. The two suitcases amounted to forty-six dollars and thirty cents with taxes. And there's the expenses money you gave me at the airport."

"Never mind, my child. Forget it," Miss Corning said. "You've had a hard day today. You did nobly, and I appreciate it. You're honest. Did you think I didn't know those first five bills I showed you were hundred-dollar bills? I was testing your honesty. If you'd told me they were tens, I'd have fired you on the spot. You are honest; you're loyal; you're a nice girl."

"Why—why—thank you," Sue said, completely overwhelmed.

"Not at all," Miss Corning said.

"I don't see how you stand it," Sue said. "You must have had a terrific trip flying up from South America and with all the strain of packing and getting away, and the work you've done in the office and ——"

"Bosh!" Miss Corning interrupted curtly. "It was nothing. Don't you worry about me. I stopped over in Miami and had a good hot tub. I'm as fresh as a daisy."

"You're sure you don't want me to go to the hotel with you and ——"

"What for?" Miss Corning snapped. "I'm perfectly at home there now. I don't like to be babied, young woman. I get along by myself, and as you get to know me better, you'll find I'm very self-reliant.

"Now, sit back and relax. I want to do some thinking and I don't want to have any chatter. If I want you to say anything, I'll ask a question. If I don't ask a question, keep quiet."

"Yes, Miss Corning," Sue said.

They rode in silence until the cab reached Sue's apartment.

"This has been terribly out of your way," Sue said to Miss Corning.

"Not at all. If I'd gone directly to the hotel, you wouldn't have taken the cab home. Now I'm leaving it up to you to get in touch with Mr. Campbell and tell him I want to see him at eight-forty-five tonight."

"What shall I tell him if he asks about what happened today?"

"Tell him the truth. Never lie to anybody. I don't ask my employees to lie and I don't lie myself. If he asks you questions, answer them."

"But—suppose he asks me if you're satisfied? If ——"

"Tell him," Miss Corning snapped, "that I said I thought he was a crook. That's what I said and that's what I meant. He's going to have some explaining to do. Good afternoon, Sue."

"Good afternoon, Miss Corning."

Sue got out and stood at the curb, watching the cab drive away with Amelia Corning sitting straight as an arrow in the back seat, her face completely without expression, the dark glasses facing straight ahead.

Then Sue sighed and took out the latchkey which opened the outer door of the apartment house.

It was twenty minutes after six when Susan Fisher's phone rang and Endicott Campbell's impatient and irritated voice rasped over the wire.

"What the devil's all this about your calling the golf club and trying to get hold of me, Sue? You know I like to have my weekends undisturbed. Now, what's the trouble?"

Angrily Susan said, "Well, I like to have a weekend too. I've been working all day and ——"

"There is a slight difference in our relative positions," Campbell said, "and," he added pointedly, "in our value to the company. I flatter myself that I am indispensable. You are not. Now start talking."

"In the first place," Sue said, "your son came to the office with a shoe box containing a whole flock of hundred-dollar bills and said that that was daddy's treasure, that he and daddy had traded treasures."

"A what?" Campbell demanded incredulously.

"A shoe box with a lot of hundred-dollar bills in it."

"You didn't count the money?"

"No."

"You mean Carleton had that box?"

"Yes."

"You're crazy!"

"All right," Sue said, "then I'm crazy. But your son had the box and he said it was yours. That's all I know about it."

"Where's that box now?"

"I put it in the safe."

"Susan, I can't understand this. I can't—why, I didn't have any treasure. I don't know anything about a shoe box filled with hundred-dollar bills. What's the matter? What are you trying to do? My son never gave you a box filled with money that way. It's impossible. Preposterous."

"All right. I'm a liar then."

"I wouldn't have put it that bluntly, but you're certainly emotionally disturbed. There's something wrong. You say you put the box with the money in it in the safe?"

"Yes."

"Well, then it'll be there now, and we'll try and find out what it's all about. I did let my son play with a box containing a pair of dress shoes. It's preposterous to think there was any money in that box. Now, is that the only reason you had for calling me? This wild tale about my son and a shoe box full of ——"

"And Amelia Corning came in on the plane this morning and has been holding me at the office all day."

"What!" Campbell shouted into the telephone.

"Amelia Corning," Susan said. "She's here."

"She can't be here!"

"All right, then I'm lying about that too," she said. "And if I'm such a little liar, I guess there's nothing more I can do, except to say good-by."

She indignantly slammed down the telephone. She hesitated a moment, then pulled out the telephone directory and looked up the listing of Perry Mason, attorney at law.

TO BE CONTINUED

# Frank Lloyd Wright: Defiant Genius (Continued from Page 32)

newspaper statement that Mamah Borthwick, as Mrs. Cheney was now legally called, had left her children. On the contrary, Wright said, Mamah Borthwick was much interested in her children and had them with her a great deal of the time. No one could understand why it escaped Wright's notice that this point, at least, had been established by the children's terrible fate. But he plunged on: "She felt that she did more for her children in holding high above them the womanhood of their mother than by sacrificing it to them."

Without giving his readers time to ponder on that statement, Wright now turned again to the matter of the publicity surrounding his life. "The circumstances before and after we came here to live among you have been falsified and vulgarized," he went on, "and it is no use now to try to set them straight."

But that, of course, was just what Wright was trying to do; and he closed by speaking of Taliesin, the blackened ruin. Taliesin would rise again. "Little by little," he said, "I shall replace it as nearly as it may be done. I shall set it all up again for the spirit of the mortal that lived in it and loved it—will live in it still. My home will still be there."

For the rebuilding, Frank Lloyd Wright ordered wood cut and stone quarried, and several months went by in this work and the completion of the Midway Gardens. Wright's face was tired and drawn, and he had little to say. Hundreds of letters came to him, but he tied them in a big package and burned the lot.

In order not to destroy the letters of friends, he had his correspondence screened by various assistants, including David Robinson, office manager at Wright's Chicago quarters in Orchestra Hall. Hoping to cheer Wright up, Robinson would sometimes show him an especially sympathetic or well-phrased letter from a stranger. One of these came from a woman signing herself Miriam Noel, who said she too was an artist and so could truly understand Wright's suffering. These words gave momentary comfort, and Wright acknowledged the note. Soon afterward, Robinson said, "Say, boss—here's another letter from that Noel woman. Shall I throw it away?" Wright said, "No, I'd like to see it."

The second letter from Miriam Noel brought the suggestion that Wright grant her an interview, for she not only was an artist but had known great sorrow and might be able to give him helpful advice. When she sat opposite Wright's desk a few days later, he saw a woman who retained much of what had evidently been great youthful beauty.

Richly dressed, with a sealskin cape, she had a pale complexion contrasting with her heavy dark red hair. A monocle hung by a silk cord from her neck, and the general effect was that of a cross between Elinor Glyn and Theda Bara in *A Fool There Was*. A slight but continuous trembling of her fine hands indicated some nervous disorder, but Mrs. Noel's voice was controlled and pleasant.

"How do you like me?" Miriam Noel asked.

"I've never seen anyone remotely resembling you," said Wright.

Mrs. Noel told him that she was a sculptress, living in Paris and forced to return to America by the war. She was divorced, had two married daughters, a grown son, and "nowhere to go and no desires." Her health had been broken, she said, by an ill-fated love affair somewhat like Wright's with Mrs. Cheney; and after reading of the Taliesin tragedy, she had thought about it until she finally had made up her mind to offer help. Wright did not know it, but for all her exotic exterior this lady had been born in St. Charles, in the Fox River Valley, thirty-five miles from where they sat.

This would have made no difference, however, for the visitor's sympathy, rather than her sophistication, was what attracted Wright. He later said that as he looked at Miriam Noel he believed he was in the presence of an enlightened comradeship, a rescuing understanding, and "something to see by." This was a mistake of majestic proportions. Nevertheless, Mrs. Noel and Wright set up a household within five months of the tragedy at Spring Green, and he announced to the world that she was to be the chatelaine of Taliesin II. Needless to say, Wright expended a great deal of time and emotional effort in justifying this move, with statements about "voluntary and open intimacies between independent men and women, with high ideals and self-respect on both sides."

Wright had good reason to believe that his personal life was being considered along with his professional achievements when the *Western Architect*, a highly influential publication, proposed a hall of fame to recognize great designers. John Wellborn Root, Dankmar Adler, Wright's "beloved master" Louis Sullivan, and Solon S. Beman of the Prairie Avenue palaces were there, but Frank Lloyd Wright was not even a doorkeeper in this architectural hall of fame. Wright also felt the disapproval of Albert Nelson Marquis, the proprietor of *Who's Who in America*. Though he conferred the honors of print on thousands of nonentities, Marquis omitted Wright for many years, and was pleased with himself for doing so. Thus Frank Lloyd Wright was convinced, as his forty-seventh birthday came in sight, that he was indeed engaged in a struggle of truth against the world.

Neglect by such respectable weathervanes as A. N. Marquis may or may not have done Wright harm; but there could be no question that he seemed to attract the malevolence of emotional and unbalanced persons as a lightning rod draws charges of electricity, and this did have a most unfortunate effect on Wright's ability to work and produce. For example, his housekeeper at the Cedar Street apartment, Nellie Breen, having seen Mrs. Noel there and hearing that this lady was also established at Taliesin in Wisconsin, wrote to the district attorney to demand that Wright be prosecuted under the Mann Act, a piece of legislation that established penalties for transporting women across state lines for immoral purposes. This act, introduced in Congress by Wright's old Oak Park neighbor, Rep. James Robert Mann, was aimed at certain commercialized activities that were regarded as a national menace at the time. But the law could also be invoked in the harassment of citizens.

As it turned out, the Breen letters deprived Wright of his peace of mind rather than his liberty. Accompanied by Clarence Darrow, Wright visited District Attorney Michael F. Igoe and Federal Bureau of (*Continued on Page 91*)

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(*Continued from Page 89*) Investigation district chief Hinton G. Clabaugh, and explained his relationship to Miriam Noel. Darrow then announced that the officials were "inclined to accept" the arguments that Wright should not be prosecuted.

If a greater humiliation was ever inflicted on an American artist, there is no record of it. And yet Wright could not leave it alone. Within two days he was back in his usual form with a public statement, in which he said that in the last six years he had been allowed no private life. "All that was most precious to me has been stolen, stripped or whipped from me," he said. He maintained that this had been done to satisfy his old enemy, "the man in the street."

That would have been a good note on which to retire from public view for an indefinite period. Unfortunately Miriam Noel now took occasion to show that she had become infected with Wright's mania for public utterance by issuing a manifesto of her own. Editors throughout the land were delighted to print a statement in which Mrs. Noel declared, "Because I love Frank Lloyd Wright and admire him more than all men, and honor the life he has lived, I am here at Taliesin, the beautiful country home." Mrs. Noel then sounded an ominous note by stating that her "real faith" in Wright was still in good repair, but "in attempting to have him understand my ideals I have at times belittled his, have been unfair and impatient in my criticism of him, as he has been unkind and impatient in his criticism of me." This sounded quite different from enlightened comradeship and rescuing understanding. Nevertheless, Mrs. Noel affirmed that "there is perfect harmony between me and Mr. Wright."

There was indeed some question as to the perfection of the harmony between Wright and Mrs. Noel even this early in a relationship that was to include marriage and divorce. The truth was in a letter Wright sent to his son John in a moment of despondency during the period referred to by Mrs. Noel. "A relation that was a disinterested one for me seems to have been a calculated one for her," Wright wrote. "She has made my life a perfect hell off and on during the few months I have known her. . . . I must take the consequences of not caring much what became of me at a time when I was all ready to die for the sake of dying. She caught me in that mood and has taken advantage of it ever since."

In spite of this unenthusiastic private estimate of Mrs. Noel's character and motives, Wright remained loyal to the odd and neurasthenic woman who had invited herself into his life. He was grateful for the help she offered, no matter from what motives. And in these circumstances Wright was pleased when a splendid opportunity to leave the country came his way, in the commission to design and build the great new hotel in Tokyo that was to be named in honor of the divine and sublime personage who ruled Japan.

Wright had first heard of this on a trip to New York in the previous year, when a Japanese delegation waited on him in Suite 223 at the Plaza. Some of these emissaries thought "Wrieto-San" was an architect in the manner of Charles A. Platt or McKim, Mead and White, who put their lordly mark on New York City in many a handsome Italianate structure. Accordingly, Wright did not consider the Imperial commission assured until the fall of 1915, when the hotel manager, Aisaku Hayashi, came to Taliesin and looked at the sketches Wright had prepared. The Oriental feeling in Wright's drawings, and in Taliesin itself, was highly satisfactory to Hayashi, and early the following year Frank Lloyd Wright and Miriam Noel set out for Tokyo.

Here they took an excellent apartment, with a staff of servants on call. Sometimes the employees heard the sound of violent disagreement between the lady of the house and Wrieto-San. He was involved night and day with his plans and the problems of trying to convey his ideas to Japanese engineers and workmen across the language bar, and it was sometimes a trial for him to endure social life in addition to his exhausting work.

His energy never flagged, but he found it tiresome to attend a dinner party and be told afterward by Miriam that his efforts at interesting conversation were ridiculous, if not repulsive, and that she had barely managed to save him from social disgrace by diverting attention from his more outrageous errors. The fact was nearly the exact opposite. It was noticed in the Russian, English and American official and business colonies, where Wright and Mrs. Noel were known, that her continual interruptions were a nuisance to those who wanted to hear Wright talk. It was all most unfortunate, for the unconventional nature of their union need have caused no unhappiness in Tokyo—the Americans and Europeans disregarded it; the Japanese didn't care. In spite of this favorable social and ethical climate, it seemed to Wright that the brilliant, self-sacrificing Miriam was steadily losing her hold on reality.

Meanwhile the cavernous "Impeho" was taking shape, a broad-winged, lion-colored structure of lava and brick. Appropriately Wright had put on paper a touch of his Oriental sympathies, and now they took form, with the entrance at the end of the garden, for example, recalling the marble gateway over the main street in Weihsien, Shantung. But more than decoration was involved; down in the sea beneath Japan there was a dragon who lifted his back from time to time and caused death-dealing earthquakes on the land. Circumventing this beast was Wright's particular object, and to this end he devised a way to absorb shocks by sinking the central supports into soft earth, to hold up the floor slabs "as a waiter balances a tray on his fingers."

All this was new and strange, but no one challenged Wright's engineering competence. It was the business side of the project that caused alarm to spread among the sponsors. This was apparent when it became known that the emperor's interest in the new hotel ran beyond mere nomenclature. It also extended to the hotel's profits as a going concern, for a cut of the money was to be handed to the chamberlain of the imperial household after each day's take had been tallied. With this in mind, some members of the building syndicate began to worry for fear the Wrightian structure might lack the element of commercial success. If the imperial household suffered a financial pinch, face would be lost. It also appeared that the original estimates had been too low and more money must be raised.

At this crisis a meeting was called, attended by Wright and under the chairmanship of Baron Okura, who had impressed the architect by the fact that he had jet-black hair and was still fathering children at the age of eighty. The baron called for order, looked around the table at the nine or ten syndicate members present and asked them to state their views. Wright later recorded the scene in detail, noting how the magnates expressed their high respect for him and their equally great doubt that his plans could be completed, especially in view of the additional yen required. Soon they were all talking at once, and the Japanese Harvard graduate serving as interpreter stopped trying to keep up with them.

Hesitating clients were an old story to Wright, but he could hardly do himself justice with the few words of Japanese at his command. The hotel and much of Wright's future career were now saved by Baron Okura, who had approved the plans and considered his honor involved. His lower lip projecting and quivering—a sure sign that he was in a rage—the baron jumped to his feet and began to pound the table with both fists. He also began hissing, in a more menacing and sibilant manner than Wright had ever heard—and at his peroration the others fell backward as though a cyclone had struck. Afterward the interpreter told Wright that Okura had said money would be found to complete the buildings, that he would guarantee the imperial household against loss—and that they could all go to hell, with his compliments. Thinking over the events of the day, Wright asked himself if Pericles might not have played some such role as the baron's in connection with the Athenian economy and the architectural firm of Ictinus and Callicrates, when the Parthenon was built.

The backers were angry with Wright for causing them to lose face before Okura, and he worked under difficulties until the hotel was completed in 1922. Wright got relief from the pressure by going back to the United States from time to time, hoping to start a practice in California. Here he had trouble in persuading contractors and workmen that he had drawn feasible plans for the big concrete house he designed for Aline Barnsdall, oil heiress and parlor radical.

"This is worse than Japan," said Wright as he struggled to build Hollyhock House, as the Barnsdall mansion was called. But he did not know what lay in store for him in the construction of another famous California house, La Miniatura in Pasadena. Here for the first time he used an invention of precast hollow concrete blocks that could be fastened together on steel cables and then filled with poured concrete. The blocks could be cast with geometric patterns that gave a highly pleasing surface texture. The owner of La Miniatura was Mrs. George Madison Millard of Chicago, for whom Wright had built one of the first "prairie houses" before the death of her husband, a Chicago bookstore executive. Setting up a new life in a new state, Mrs. Millard was an ideal Wright client in her generous trust and enthusiasm. But neither Mrs. Millard nor her architect was gladdened by the sight of a house their contractor was building for himself, while the costs on La Miniatura grew and grew. Here a porch would sprout on the contractor's house, there a second-floor addition, then a grand piano in the parlor. Legal difficulties arose, court proceedings followed—and still La Miniatura was not finished.

But at last the beautiful house stood complete, by virtue of semiprofessional labor—and was nearly washed away by a cloudburst. The difficulty came because La Miniatura's site, cunningly selected like most of those on which Wright houses stood, was in a ravine which turned into a river bed when the big rain fell. One thing was fortunate, as Wright was able to point out to Alice Millard: There was no basement to be flooded. And the loyal client did not blame Wright at the next downpour, when the roof began to leak as though an automatic sprinkler system had been turned on. Nor was the architect responsible, as he discovered while remedying the defect, which was caused by substandard waterproofing rather than any structural flaw. La Miniatura stands today as a small masterpiece—still occupied, and the probable source of the hundreds of stories about leaking roofs and Frank Lloyd Wright.

Problems of this sort put Wright in trim to finish the Imperial Hotel, after which he returned to Taliesin, hoping for a quiet and creative life. He would soon be able to legitimize his union with Miriam Noel, for word had come that Catherine Wright had at last decided to allow a legal end to their marriage. In that same early autumn of 1923, an earthquake struck Japan, and Wright received a radio message from Tokyo.

HOTEL STANDS UNDAMAGED AS MONUMENT OF YOUR GENIUS. HUNDREDS OF HOMELESS PROVIDED BY PERFECTLY MAINTAINED SERVICE. CONGRATULATIONS OKURA.

The publication of this message in the newspapers was the start of the widely believed and printed myth that the Imperial Hotel was the only building in Tokyo to withstand the earthquake. Among the buildings in Tokyo that also stood up throughout the catastrophe were the head office of the Mitsubishi Bank, the Mitsubishi Renting Office Buildings, the Mitsukoshi Department Store, the Bank of Japan, the head office of the Teikoku Seima Company, the Daiichi-Seimei Mutual Life Insurance Building, the Ministry of Justice and the Supreme Court.

Wright was anxious for the durability of the "Impeho" to be widely known,

"What would you say if I told you I never took a lesson in my life?"

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because he believed he was now the object of studied neglect by other members of his profession. The appearance of two issues of the Dutch art magazine *Wendingen*, entirely devoted to his work, with an article by Louis Sullivan praising the Imperial Hotel, did nothing to make Wright feel better about the attitude of his other American colleagues. Wright felt that the best of these men owed him something, in one way or another, and that he should still be recognized as their leader, as he had been nearly a quarter of a century before, when the annual publication of the Chicago Architectural Club gave more than half its pages to his work. But when Sullivan died in 1924 the managers of the funeral put Wright in a back row, and another hand designed the Graceland Cemetery memorial.

If Wright could make no gesture toward his memory of Sullivan, he did make an important one to show his loyalty to Miriam Noel. Shortly after his divorce from Catherine, a midnight ceremony was held on the middle of a bridge over the Wisconsin River, making Miriam Noel the wife of Frank Lloyd Wright. They chose this odd ritual to symbolize the bridging of all estrangements between them. But the exact opposite was reported by a Chicago psychiatrist who interviewed Miriam three times and said that her neurasthenia was so advanced it would be dangerous to oppose her in anything. In a few months Miriam went to Los Angeles to "live a life of her own." Then she told Wright there would have to be a divorce and a settlement. Worn and discouraged, Wright agreed that lawyers should be instructed to work things out.

Wright now found it necessary to drive himself to the drawing board. But he had a stimulating client in Albert M. Johnson, president of the National Life Insurance Company, who laid out $20,000 in cash for studies of a new sort of skyscraper, to be built on Water Tower Square in Chicago's near North Side. "I want a virgin, Mr. Wright—a virgin!" cried Johnson, and the architect found his relationship with this client as stimulating as his manner of speech.

Johnson resembled his contemporary, J. Pierpont Morgan, in a fondness for the company of clergymen, perhaps because he had been moved to conversion after hearing a sermon by Evangelist Billy Sunday. Though he refused for years to admit it, Johnson was backer for the eccentric known as Death Valley Scotty and once drove Wright clear across the country in a touring car to visit the famed desert recluse.

"I believe *you* are the hidden gold mine Scotty is always talking about, Mr. Johnson," said Wright as they rolled out on the desert, heading back for Chicago. Johnson replied, "If that is so, I've been more than paid off in laughs."

For all his enthusiasm, A. M. Johnson never got around to building the great National Insurance skyscraper. Had he done so, that part of Chicago would now be dominated by glass, instead of the stone piers of the Palmolive Building. In the face of this disappointment, Wright recorded in private that "Taliesin no longer seemed to know how to live. Dissension and discord had shamed the place, outraged its friendly walls and lifting ceilings. A hope only lived there, wishing as always to bring back happiness."

This hope was realized by a chance meeting of the sort that fiction writers no longer dare use. One afternoon Wright and an artist friend named Jerry Blum booked two balcony box seats for the matinee of the Russian dancers at the Auditorium. A third seat in the box was empty. Just as Karsavina's performance began, a woman was quietly ushered to this vacant place. Blum and Wright noted with approval that she was slender and elegant, wearing no hat, with her dark hair parted in the middle and smoothed over her ears. During the intermission Blum found that he and the lady had mutual acquaintances, then introduced his friend, "Frank Lloyd Wright, the noted architect." The lady had never heard of him, but graciously acknowledged the introduction in a low, musical voice. With equal grace she accepted Wright's invitation to tea after the performance at the nearby Congress Hotel.

Over the teacups—with Blum out of things more and more—Wright learned that this lady was a Montenegrin named Olga Iovanovna Lazovich Hinzenberg, in Chicago to confer with her husband, from whom she was divorced. She had a young daughter named Svetlana. She herself was generally called Olgivanna, a combination of her first two names. Her

"Now, where the tarnation . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

next two names were those of her father and maternal grandfather—one a chief justice, the other a general who had been a hero in Montenegro's fight for independence. Soon she was going back to France to continue her studies with Gurdjieff, the noted Asiatic savant who had founded an institute for "the harmonious development of man." Anything like this, of course, was fascinating to Frank Lloyd Wright. Before he rose from the tea table, he was in love with this attractive lady.

This time he was making no mistake. Olgivanna—in her country the nickname was a respectful form of address—was not only attractive but shrewd, durable, sensible and smart. No wonder Wright was enchanted—no two better suited people ever met. Almost from that day until his death thirty-three years later, Olgivanna was to stay at his side; but the years that immediately followed were to be extraordinarily trying, both for Wright and his Montenegrin lady.

Granted that flouting of convention is sure to cause trouble, no matter how good one's intentions may be, many of the things that happened to Wright and Olgivanna seem inordinately severe. The greatest difficulty was that Miriam held up the proceedings that she herself had asked for. She decided to charge Wright with desertion and Olgivanna with alienating his affections. Reporters trailed Miriam, encouraging her to make appalling statements about Wright.

Flocks of writs, attachments and unpleasant legal papers of every sort began to fly through the air. The distracted Miriam would agree to a settlement, through her lawyer, then change her mind and make another attack on Wright as a person. At last her lawyer, Arthur D. Cloud, gave up the case because she turned down three successive settlements he arranged. "I am an attorney, not an instrument of vengeance," said Cloud. But another lawyer took his place.

Two years of this strange warfare were to ensue. Again and again, Miriam Noel Wright would charge that Wright and Olgivanna were misdemeanants against the public order of Wisconsin. Yet somehow, when officers were prodded into visiting Taliesin to execute the warrants, they would find neither Wright nor Olgivanna at home. This showed that common sense had not died out at the county and village level—though why the unhappy and obviously unbalanced woman was not restrained remains a puzzle.

Miriam would sometimes conduct a raid in person, which always proved hideously embarrassing for everyone involved. One of the most distressing of these scenes occurred at Spring Green on a beautiful day in June. Urging on Constable Henry Pengally and followed by a battery of reporters, Miriam was stopped at the Taliesin gate. Foreman William Weston came out to parley. He said that Mr. Wright was not in, and so could not be arrested on something called a peace warrant that Miriam was waving in the air. Miriam ordered Pengally to break down the gate, but the constable said he really couldn't do that. At this point Mrs. Frances Cupply, Wright's daughter by his first wife, came from the house and tried to calm Miriam as she tore down a NO VISITORS sign and smashed the glass pane on another sign with a rock.

Miriam Noel Wright said, "Here I am at my own home, locked out so I must stand in the road!" Then she rounded on Weston and cried, "You always did Wright's dirty work! When I take over Taliesin, the first thing I'll do is fire you."

"Madame Noel, I think you had better go," said Mrs. Cupply.

"And I think *you* had better leave," replied Miriam. Turning to the reporters, she asked, "Did you hear her? 'I think you had better leave!' And this is my own home." In the silence that followed, Miriam walked close to Mrs. Cupply, who drew back a step on her side of the gate. Then, with staring eyes and lips drawn thin, Miriam said to the young woman, "You are ugly—uglier than you used to be, and you were always very ugly. You are even uglier than Mr. Wright."

As if to make certain that Wright would be unable to pay any settlement at all, Miriam wrote to prospective clients denouncing him; she also went to Washington and appealed to Sen. George William Norris, the Fighting Liberal of Nebraska, from whose office a sympathetic but cautious harrumphing was heard. Her new lawyer, a heavy-faced young man named Harold Jackson, spoke of Wright in astonishingly aggressive tones for an advocate in a civil matter. Jackson also became the representative of Olgivanna's divorced husband and persuaded him to sue Wright for a tremendous sum of damages, alleging that the architect had alienated the affections of his little daughter, Svetlana.

In the midst of this relentless legal assault another disastrous fire broke out at Taliesin. Doggedly insistent that a Taliesin III should rise, Wright went deeper into debt. Then it became known that a baby had been born to Wright and Olgivanna—a girl named Iovanna. Though this child was lucky in her parentage, her arrival in the world caused such a sensation that Wright's friends advised him to take Olgivanna and the two children and disappear from Taliesin for a while. Accordingly he moved into a lakeside cottage outside Minneapolis.

Here the most incredible episode of all took place when a party of law officers, led by Harold Jackson, broke in. Seven-year-old Svetlana was terrified when the marshals restrained Wright, who had started for Jackson as the attorney looked into the children's room.

"You have frightened her, and her heart will break!" said Olgivanna, and the marshals withdrew from the cottage, taking Jackson along. But they were not going away; it was only to allow Wright, Olgivanna and the children to prepare for the trip to the county jail.

Wright and his family were kept overnight, released, jailed for another night when Jackson thought of the Mann Act—and at last allowed to go as some sort of sanity returned to Minneapolis officialdom. But no one ever apologized to Olgivanna or to Frank Lloyd Wright. As for Harold Jackson, he came to a bad end. After serving as prosecutor for a suburban speed trap on a piecework basis, he died while under indictment for suborning witnesses in a damage suit against the Monon Railroad.

Shortly after the Minneapolis episode, another serious Taliesin fire caused anxious moments for the bankers who were already mentally measuring the place as they saw Wright's earning power crack and buckle under the strain of persecution by the obsessed, badly advised Miriam. Then, in the summer of 1927 Miriam suddenly permitted the divorce. The papers announced that she was heading for Paris, with a $30,000 settlement and Wright's first alimony check in her bank account. One year later the law allowed Wright and Olgivanna to marry, and the ceremony was performed in Santa Fe, New Mexico. For a wedding present, they had a message that the banks were closing in on Taliesin.

Next week the author describes Wright's final years, when he at last received the recognition so long denied him. —THE EDITORS

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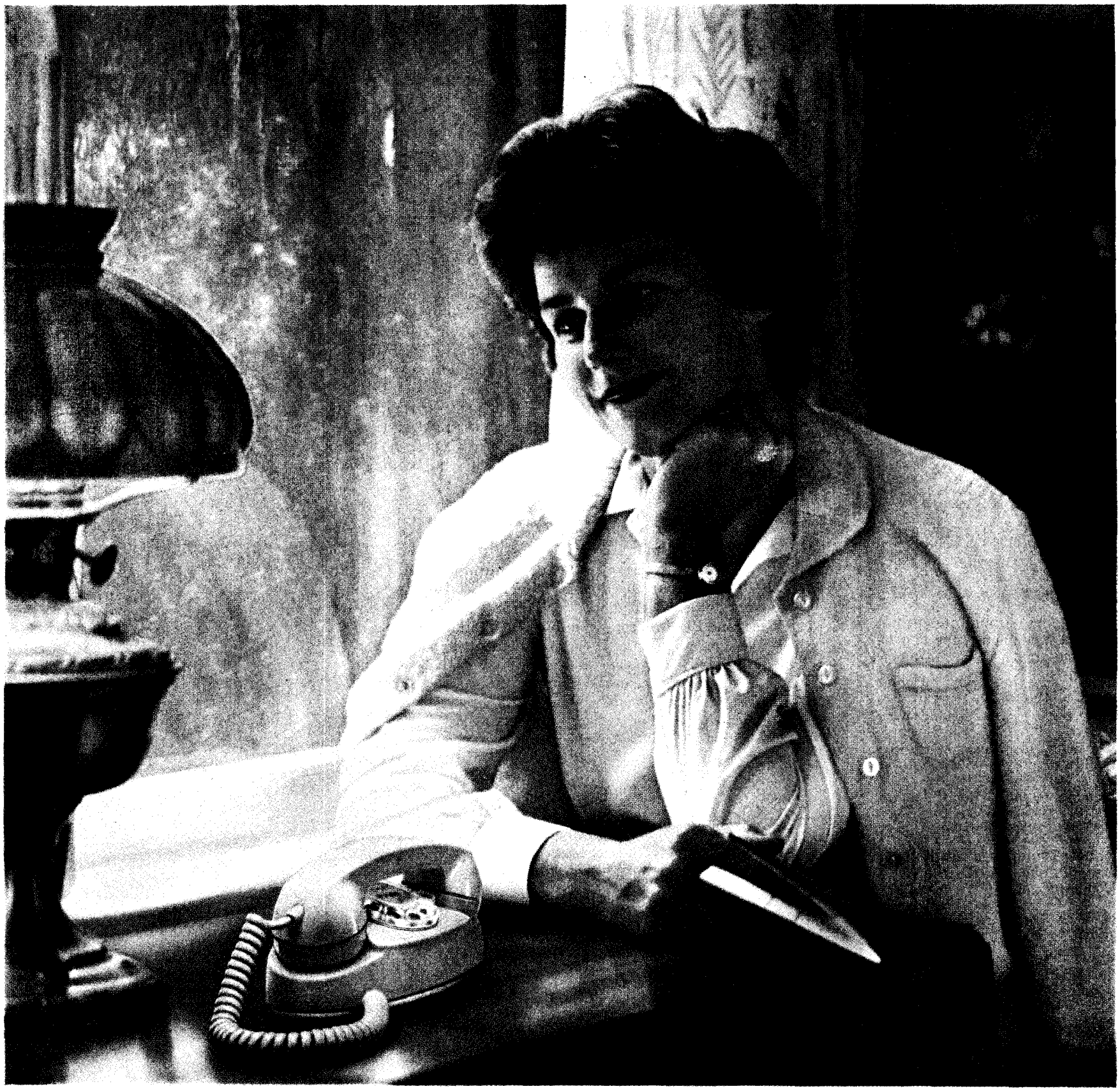

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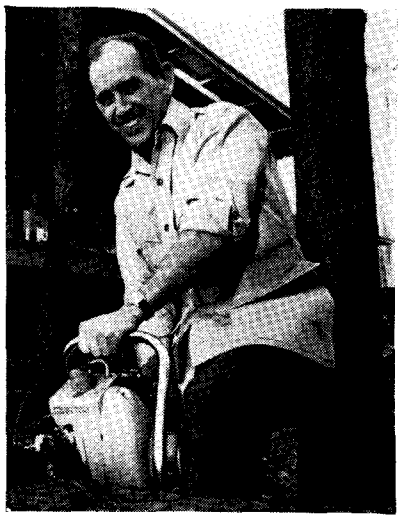
# Keeping Posted

## A Marauder Who Loves Trees

THE BATTLE TO SAVE THE TREES (page 28) is the work of a man—**Charlton Ogburn Jr.**—who has been a tree bug, so to speak, for many years. When he was working for the State Department a few years ago, he spent his lunch hours snipping off slips of some of the most desirable shrubs in Washington. And when he and his wife moved into their new house in Oakton, Virginia, they brought with them sixty trees and shrubs from their previous residence. They also brought with them their two tree-named daughters, Holly and Nyssa. ("*Nyssa sylvatica*," says Ogburn, "is one of the most beautiful of American hardwoods.") Trees are so plentiful on their property that Ogburn must slice up a scraggly one every so often (see photo) to allow elbow room for the healthier ones.

This is our first Ogburn article, but we have published two of his stories. His most distinguished recent work is *The Marauders*, a brilliant history of Merrill's Marauders, who fought their way across Burma's jungles and mountains in 1944. Ogburn, who participated in that bloody campaign, is pleased with the success of the book. Production is scheduled to begin next month on the Warner Brothers film version, and the book was an alternate selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club—"the hitch there being," says Ogburn, "that the other choice happened to be *Advise and Consent*."



Charlton Ogburn Jr. and his trees.

## Mystery Writer Reaches for the Sky

Now that **Rex Stout**'s current Nero Wolfe whodidit, THE COUNTERFEITER'S KNIFE, is drawing to a conclusion (page 38), the time is ripe for our tale of two young gunslicks who jumped to a conclusion. They are Chris and Reed Maroc, aged three and four and a half. We find them (right) in grandfather Stout's study in Danbury, Connecticut. (The house is in Danbury; its mailbox is across the state line, in Brewster, New York.) The boys' mother had told them not to bother grandpa because he was busily involved in a counterfeiting plot. The boys deduced that he was making bogus currency and decided to apprehend him. "They had a point," says Stout. "It could be argued that all fiction writing is counterfeiting."

Grandpa had the scene re-enacted, with authentic costumes. But the photograph won't make the youngsters liable to charges of false arrest. "A reconstruction," says Nero Wolfe's creator, "is no good as evidence."

Rex Stout and his grandchildren.

## No Time for Crocodiles

G. H. Calpin.

**G. H. Calpin** grew up in England, moved to South Africa in 1932 to establish a Quaker school and, when that experiment failed, became an editor, radio commentator and writer. From Durban, where he lives with his wife and daughter, he writes us, "I am essentially a political writer, having no leisure, leisure being a torment to me. Always, I am enmeshed in work and time, taking no vacations, needing none, and I enjoy every moment at my desk. Occasionally I turn to a piece of fiction as an escape from the baleful portents of history." One such turn resulted in THE SHALLOWS OF DOOM (page 33), a baleful tale concerning the sport of crocodile hunting in Zulu country. Author Calpin does not pretend to be an accomplished hunter of crocodiles. "A stupid exercise for a busy man," says he.

## A Glance at the Girls

**Hannah Lees**, a writer of fact and fiction and the wife of Dr. Ferdinand Fetter of Philadelphia, avers that it is possible for females to employ sex appeal and intellect simultaneously (WOMEN SHOULD NOT PLAY DUMB, page 27). Does authoress Lees practice what she preaches? "It is dangerous enough writing pieces about how I think women ought to operate without also telling whether I live up to my advice."

**Lenora Mattingly Weber** of Denver is the mother of six grown children and the author of thirteen *Post* stories. Her parents homesteaded on the plains when she was twelve. "And hard-scrabble years they were, battling prairie dogs that ate our garden, chicken hawks and coyotes that pounced on our chickens and turkeys, and droughts and hailstorms that ravaged crops. It was that background I used in ON THE DEVIL'S DOORSTEP (page 26)."

**Olga Connolly** of Santa Monica, California, was Olga Fikotova of Prague, Czechoslovakia, when she participated in the 1956 Olympic Games in Melbourne. She won the discus-throwing event that year, and Harold Connolly, who was to become her husband, won the hammer throw. Both were defeated in 1960, but Harold still holds the world record—230 feet, nine inches. In less than four years in this country, Mrs. Connolly has mastered the English language so successfully that she was able to prepare her captivating article on page 15, LOVE MADE ME AN AMERICAN, without the help of a professional writer.

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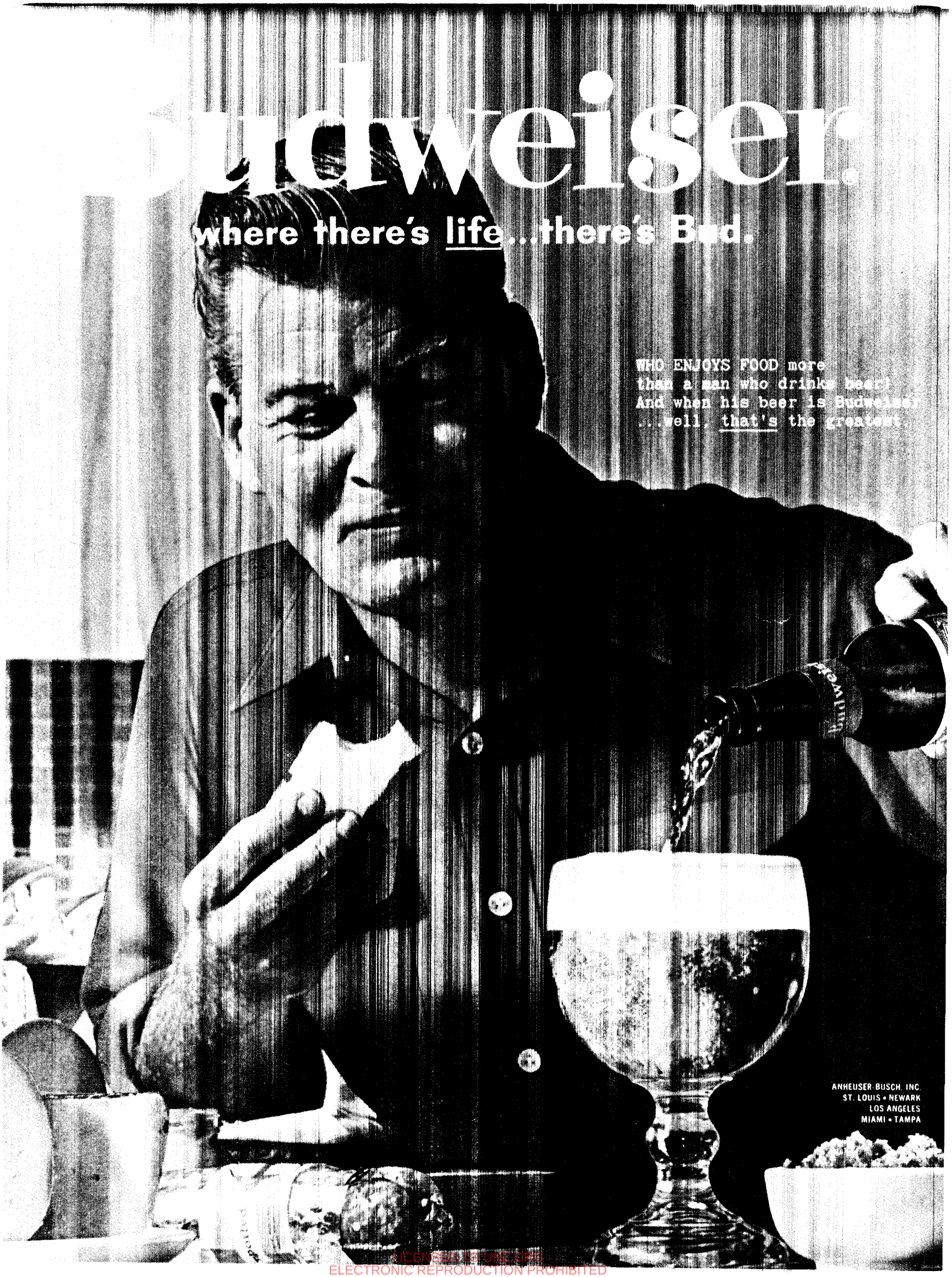


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**AVALANCHE HUNTER** Rod Triplett of the Ski Patrol at Squaw Valley Lodge, site of the '60 Winter Olympics, actually kicks loose small avalanches before they become big ones. Triplett is a Camel smoker. He says no other cigarette comes close to Camels for real satisfaction every time he lights up.

## Are you smoking more now but enjoying it less?

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*Rod Triplett*

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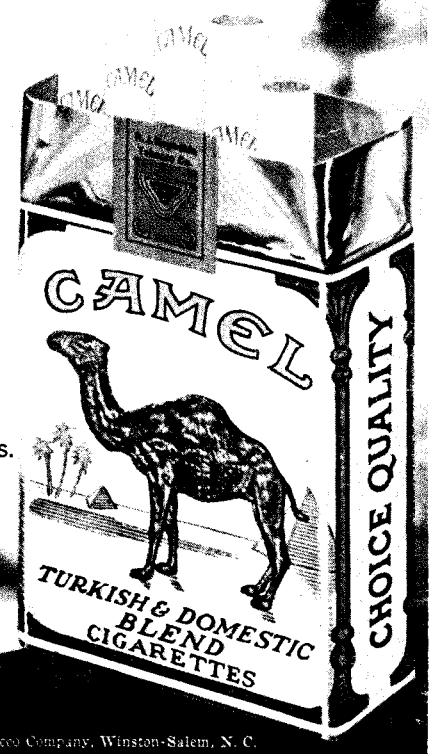


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